

THE GRAPHIC

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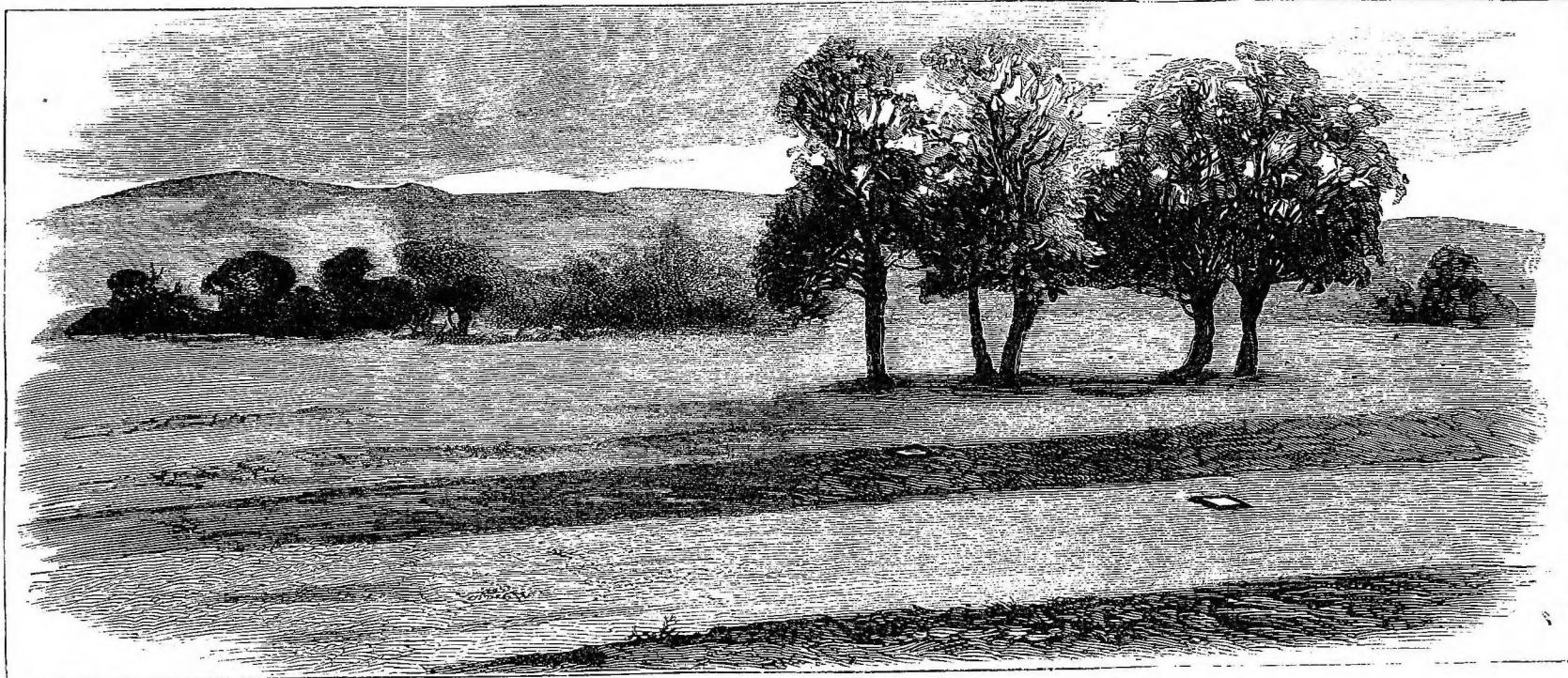
The Assassination of Lord F. Cavendish & Mr. Burke

ON SATURDAY, Earl Spencer, after being sworn in as Lord-Lieutenant, transacted some business at Dublin Castle, and about 6 P.M. rode home, attended by an aide-de-camp, to the Viceregal Lodge. The Chief Secretary and Under Secretary, who were to have dined with His Excellency, also left the Castle, the former setting out on foot at six o'clock, and the latter, who left somewhat later, riding in a hack car until he overtook Lord Frederick at the park gate, when the two walked on together. They passed along the main road, and had just reached a point immediately opposite the Viceregal Lodge when they were attacked from behind by four cowardly assassins, who with daggers or bowie-knives rained a perfect shower of fearful wounds upon them with such sudden and terrible effect, that they do not appear to have had a chance of crying for help or of defending themselves. The deadly struggle only lasted a few minutes, and the murderers, leaving their dying victims on the ground,

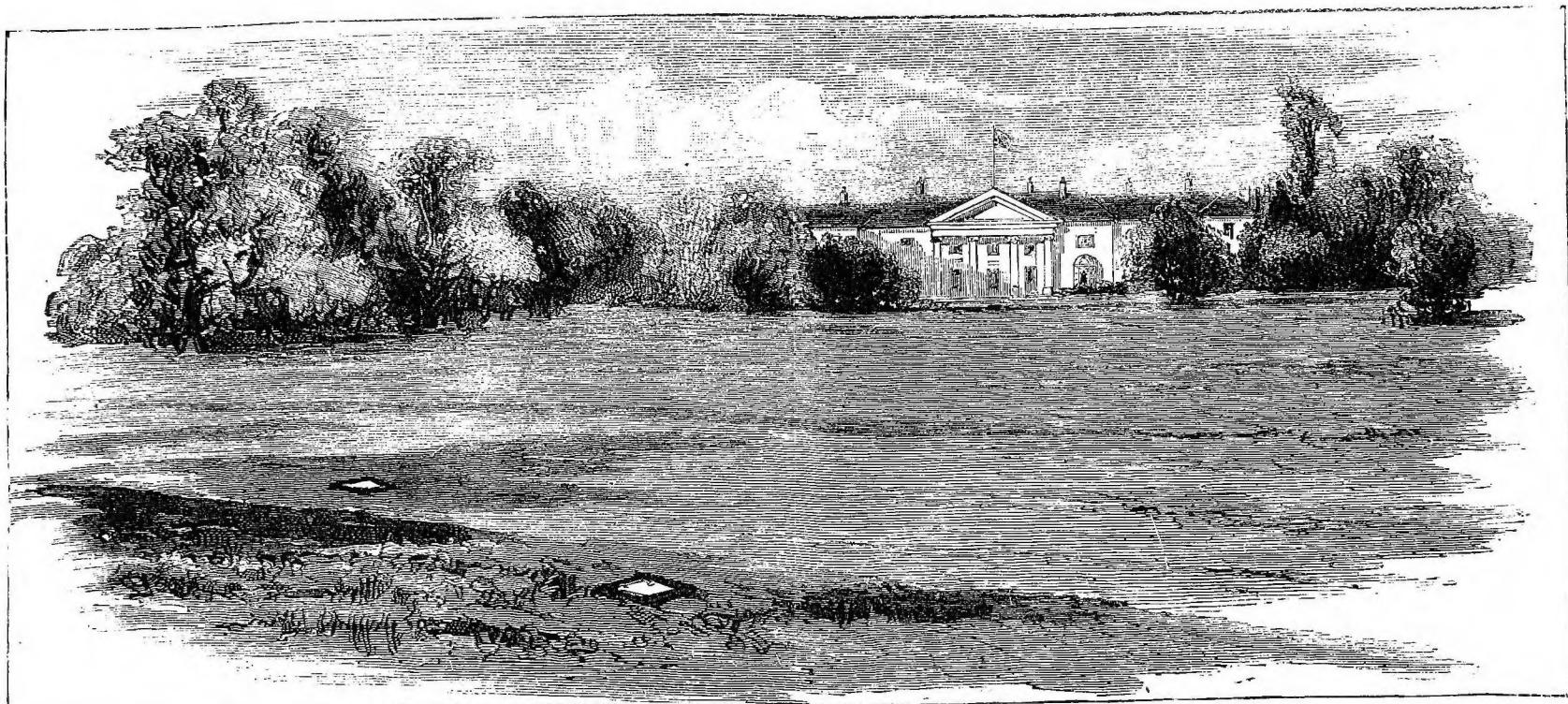
drove off towards the Island Bridge entrance and got clear away. The most astonishing and bewildering circumstance in connection with the shocking outrage is that it was perpetrated in broad daylight in full view of a number of people who were sitting or strolling in the Park, and who, one and all, thought nothing at the moment of the struggle which was going on before their eyes, believing it to be a friendly wrestle, or at most a vulgar brawl. The mangled bodies were discovered by two gentlemen named Maguire and Foley, who, riding on tricycles, had passed them alive only six minutes before, and having ridden to the Phoenix Column, returned to find them lying in pools of blood about thirty feet apart, Mr. Burke on the path, and Lord F. Cavendish in the roadway. One of these gentlemen remained on the spot, and the other rode off on his machine to inform the police. Meanwhile, a crowd soon collected, and the people fell to comparing notes as to what they had seen of the shocking affair at a distance. The military

guard arrived from the Viceregal Lodge, and the bodies were taken to Steevens' Hospital, to await the arrival of the Coroner, some medical men having first examined them and declared life to be extinct. The subsequent examination showed the desperate and determined nature of the attack. The body of Lord F. Cavendish bore wounds in the side, the neck, and the right lung, as well as several others in the right arm, one of the bones of which was broken ; that of Mr. Burke had eleven wounds in the heart, neck, breast, and throat, whilst the flesh of the left hand was much lacerated. Lord Cavendish's features bore a placid expression, which seemed to tell of instant death, whilst Mr. Burke appears to have died in great agony. The inquest was formally opened on Sunday morning, and after the jury had viewed the remains, which were then at once removed to the Chief Secretary's Lodge, was at once adjourned until next day, when it was resumed and concluded, the Attorney-General

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SCENE OF THE OUTRAGE LOOKING FROM THE VICEREGAL LODGE



SCENE OF THE OUTRAGE LOOKING TOWARDS THE VICEREGAL LODGE

NOTE.—The square patches mark the exact spots where the bodies were found.



THE PHÆNIX PARK MURDERS.—Writing as we necessarily do so long after the event, expressions of sympathy and abhorrence appear stale, flat, and unprofitable. Everything of this kind which can be said has been said already by hundreds of newspapers, and by thousands of speakers, public and private. Murders of an agrarian or political type are unfortunately well-known phenomena in Ireland, especially during the last two years, but these murders exceed all their predecessors in the interest which they have aroused, because of the prominent position of the victims, the daring coolness with which the plot was organised, and the desperate savagery with which it was executed. It is easy now to blame the police for not taking greater precautions beforehand, but it seems to us that this blame is unjust. If Mr. Forster, who was odious to a number of the Irish people because he carried out a particular kind of policy, escaped unscathed, there seemed little likelihood that his successor, who came expressly to reverse that policy, would be selected as a victim. As for poor Mr. Burke, he had been for years on the spot, his person was perfectly familiar, so that, if his death had been resolved upon, there must have been plenty of previous opportunities of killing him. On the whole, therefore, the conclusion would seem to be that the new Chief Secretary was the intended victim, and that Mr. Burke was slain because he chanced to be in his company. It is in accordance with that cruel irony of fate which so often occurs, that the murderers wreaked their vengeance on two such blameless and inoffensive servants of the Crown. Mr. Burke was a mere instrument in the hands of his superiors, intensely conscientious in the fulfilment of his duties; Lord Frederick Cavendish, a hard-working man in other posts, had had no official connexion with Ireland until on Friday week he made his fatal journey thither. The wisdom of the Government in offering an enormous reward is rather questionable. Genuine conspirators are usually proof against such bribes. Men who will not hesitate to murder will often refuse blood-money. Such offers, therefore, are apt to be either altogether futile, or else they bring to the surface a base crew of false accusers.

THE INSTIGATORS OF THE DEED.—Everybody against whom the slightest suspicion might naturally lie vigorously repudiates any complicity with this foul and monstrous atrocity. This is a new phenomenon. The long roll of previous outrages, which substantially differ little in quality from the Phœnix Park butcheries, elicited no such protests. Mr. Parnell, for example, and his fellow-suspects, who had barely emerged from their prisons when those deadly daggers were brandished almost under the eyes of the Viceroy, are filled with sorrow and confusion. The Land Leaguers, both at home and in America, say "It is none of us." The Fenians stoutly allege that they had no hand in it. Indeed, we are confidently assured that it was the work of persons who were neither Irishmen nor Catholics. Who, then, are the criminals? One Continental print, with the complacency of pure ignorance, surmises that they were Orangemen; malignant M. Rochefort attributes it to the "millionaires," fearful of losing their arrears of rent; while the ingenious Mr. Patrick Ford, editor of a New York paper called the *Irish World*, lays the blame on some landlord angered because he cannot get his rents. To our thinking, there are a good many people who are approximately responsible for these assassinations. First and foremost, the conductors of those "dynamite" newspapers which, published under the protection of the American flag, openly advocate violence and bloodshed, and which are eagerly read in Ireland. Secondly, all those Irish orators and patriots, from Mr. Parnell downwards, who in some form or other have counselled resistance to the law of the land, and have either failed to rebuke, or have offered half-hearted apologies for, all kinds of dastardly outrages. Lastly, Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues, though their intentions, unlike those persons referred to above, were beyond reproach. They really desired, we may honestly believe, to make Ireland contented, and yet to preserve it as an integral portion of the British Empire. But they have blundered egregiously. By their own admission, they found Ireland comparatively tranquil when they assumed office; but by their reckless assertions, their disquieting legislation, and their apathetic attitude towards the Land League, they allowed the island to get into such a state of turbulence that they were obliged to sue Parliament for the re-enactment of coercive measures which they had before scornfully abandoned. No previous Government of the present century has ever succeeded so completely, by the see-saw policy which has been pursued, in at once discouraging and alienating the Haves, and irritating and infuriating the Have-Nots. If the names of all those who (some of them with the best of motives) helped to murder Lord Frederick Cavendish were engraven on his tombstone, the list would be a long one.

IRISH DISORDER AND THE GOVERNMENT.—It is a striking testimony to the good sense and moderation of the English people that the Dublin murders—crimes as hideous as any that were ever perpetrated—have not given rise to a cry for measures of blind vengeance. At the same time

there is a deep and settled resolve that now at last Irish disorder, let the cost be what it may, shall be suppressed; and there can be no doubt that the stability of the Gladstone Government will depend on the vigour with which it gives effect to this determination. The theory on which it has hitherto acted has been that outrages in Ireland were due exclusively to the existence of grievances which it was in the power of Parliament to remedy. This view has been finally, and in a very terrible way, disproved. It has been made evident that there are Irish malcontents who would be satisfied with no concession which it would be possible for England to offer. Even the creation of a peasant proprietary and the establishment of Home Rule would not pacify these revolutionists. What they demand is that Ireland shall be altogether severed from this country, and they have shown that there is no deed of horror from which they will shrink in order to accomplish their purpose. That many of the so-called agrarian murders have been their work is highly probable; but, whether that be so or not, it is impossible to hope for a settlement of Irish difficulties until the irreconcilables have been utterly crushed. The task of the Government in waging war against the enemies of civilised society will be very much lightened by the temper, provided it is genuine, which appears to prevail in every district of Ireland. Let us hope that we may accept as sincere the expressions of anger and loathing which these murders have called forth even among classes of Irishmen who have not hitherto been willing to move a finger in aid of constituted authority. Irishmen who have dallied with revolution seem at last to be startled into the conviction that they have been used as the instruments of a policy which they did not understand; so that we have some reason to hope that, for the first time for several years, public sentiment may henceforth be on the side of law and order. Had the assassinations led to measures of a violently reactionary character, popular feeling might still have been opposed to repression; but there seems to be a general disposition in Ireland to believe that Parliament will sanction only such proposals as are absolutely necessary for the effective administration of justice.

ARREARS IN IRELAND.—The consideration of what are called remedial measures for Ireland is not to be abandoned because of the latest and most appalling manifestation of Irish discontent. This decision has met with general approval, and it is obviously right. True, England knows now—what accurate observers have said all along—that remedial legislation will not conciliate a certain violent section of Irish politicians; but there is all the more reason why the British Parliament should do what it can to remove every cause of reasonable discontent. The most important of all the proposals which it will have to discuss is, of course, the scheme for the extension of the purchase clauses of the Land Act; but the question of arrears is one of even greater immediate interest. Multitudes of unfortunate tenants are liable to eviction because they are unable to make good arrears which are due chiefly to a succession of bad harvests. It is useless to urge that they are not worse off than many other debtors who have been unfortunate. Eviction means to these poor people absolute ruin, and if the State can without injustice help them to overcome a terrible difficulty, we need not be much troubled by the argument that its intervention is opposed to some of the rules based on political economy. The circumstances are exceptional, and it may be expedient to deal with them in an exceptional way. It may, however, be questioned whether Parliament would be justified in adopting the method of "gift and compulsion." Dishonest tenants would not have much inclination to pay their rents if they fancied that in the last resort they would always be relieved at the expense of taxpayers. Surely it would be possible to devise some method by which the necessary money might be advanced as a loan on easy terms. By this means every landlord would get his due, the tenants who are threatened with the loss of their homes would be able to remain, and nothing would be done to weaken their motives for industry and thrift.

CONTINENTAL OPINION.—Time was when we sat placid and tranquil, administering excellent advice to the French nation, who were usually involved in a crisis of some sort, warlike or revolutionary. Whereas now the political cyclone no longer originates in France, but blows from the two extremities of Europe—from Ireland and from Russia. Hence the tables are turned, and the French have the pleasure of lecturing us. Some of the most unblushing Socialist organs excepted, no journalist attempts to palliate the Phœnix Park assassinations, but there is, as might be expected, a marked difference of opinion between the Conservative and the Republican organs. The Conservatives recommend a stringent treatment, having their eyes, however, fixed, in actual fact, not so much on Hibernian malcontents as on their Republican foes at home. The Clerical journals are apt to utter a somewhat uncertain sound. They sympathise heartily with the Irish as devout Catholics, but, on the other hand, there is a highly objectionable *libre-penseur* element about Fenianism and some of the other "isms" which the discontented Irish affect; and then the Clericals are well aware that the British Government which Irish patriots desire to expel treats Roman Catholicism with more fairness and consideration than most other civilised Powers. It is both interesting and really a matter of practical importance to consider the probable ecclesiastical position of Ireland, if

the island were, without civil war or foreign aid, to attain virtual independence. As, in such a case, the Protestants would neither be driven out nor exterminated, they would exercise considerable influence; while the American ideas, with which the modern Irish mind is so largely imbued, would be hostile to priestly authority. On the principle of the vulgar old proverb, "Better the devil you know, than the devil you don't," we imagine that Cardinal McCabe and his coadjutors would prefer the present régime of slavery and degradation under the heels of Great Britain, rather than all the brilliancy of a "rare" Irish Republic.

CO-OPERATION.—Great efforts are being made to secure a successful series of meetings at the approaching annual assembly of the Co-Operative Congress. The subject of co-operation has attracted much attention during the last few years, and it is almost certain that we shall hear a great deal of it hereafter. It may be doubted, however, whether the co-operative method is fitted to solve so many problems as its advocates suppose. For the distribution of commodities it seems to be—to some extent, at least—admirably adapted; but there is no satisfactory evidence that it would lead to good results if applied on a large scale to production. In the first place, when a number of workmen combine to carry on a particular industry, they inevitably tend to become an ordinary joint-stock company, conducting their enterprise by means of paid *employees*. Their undertaking may succeed; but its success in these conditions offers no novel suggestion for the improvement of the position of workmen as a class. Again, even if associations of workmen were formed for the purpose of dividing profits equally among all who contributed their labour to the common object, it is difficult to believe that their affairs would be as well managed as a business directed by a single head. A multitude of counsellors is not generally supposed to conduce to energy and despatch, whereas a capitalist has the strongest possible motives to act both with promptitude and with vigour in the development of his resources. These circumstances may prevent co-operative societies for productive purposes from being a very important element in the commercial life of the future; but the question can only be finally decided by experience. The plan can hardly be said to have had a fair trial as yet, and on the Continent it has been rather discredited by the Socialists, who insist that every body of workmen who propose to co-operate ought immediately to receive the necessary capital from the State.

THIEVES AND RECEIVERS.—Lord Cairns has got a useful Bill before the House of Lords, which we hope Parliament will find time to pass. At present robberies of plate and jewellery are encouraged by the ease with which the stolen property can be got rid of. Your spoons and forks, adorned with the family crest, are popped into the melting pot, whence emerges an innocent and utterly unidentifiable ingot of silver. In like manner jewels can be freed from their gold settings and disposed of separately. Lord Cairns's Bill endeavours to discourage these malpractices in two ways. First, by enacting that a certain time must be allowed to elapse before articles thus purchased can be melted down; and secondly, by giving the police greater facilities for searching the houses of persons suspected of secreting stolen property. It is worth considering in this connexion whether the pawnbroking business ought not to be placed under greater restrictions. No doubt the majority of pawnbrokers, and the majority of their customers, are honest people. At the same time, when we read how Mr. Baker, of Mint Street, who has just been convicted of the manslaughter of his "mate" in Finchley Wood, used to send out his myrmidons to successive "uncles," one with a meerschaum pipe, another with a pair of lady's boots, and another with a set of Shakespeare's works, and that the said "uncles" advanced cash at once without asking any awkward questions, we feel that these commercial facilities are a great boon to the burglar. Why should it not be enacted that certain articles must be left in the custody of the pawnbroker for (say) twenty-four hours before any money is lent upon them? This would not affect the honest poor, who are in the habit of chiefly pledging clothing, bedding, and tools; but it might discourage such errands as those on which Mr. Baker sent his pals "Chick" and "Curly."

CITY CHURCHES.—There can be no sort of doubt as to the expediency of the measure introduced by the Bishop of London into the House of Lords for the compulsory union of certain benefices in the City. Within the area to which the Bill refers there are no fewer than sixty-one churches, with endowments which are steadily increasing. It is possible that at one time this provision for the spiritual wants of the City was not excessive, but now it is altogether unnecessary. City men no longer live near the scene of their daily labours; they prefer the suburbs, and the last place they would think of going to on Sundays would be Lombard Street or Cheapside. The consequence is that on Sunday the interior of a City church presents a truly dreary spectacle. Excluding official attendance, the average congregation does not occupy more than one-tenth of the available accommodation; and in many cases the numbers do not nearly reach even this modest figure. On the other hand, the suburbs, whither the City population has migrated, are very inadequately supplied with churches; so that, if the Bill were passed, the ecclesiastical authorities would

have no difficulty in knowing what to do with the funds which would be placed at their disposal. The only serious objection to the measure is that it does not make proper provision for the preservation of churches of architectural and historical interest. Most of them are the work of Sir Christopher Wren, and it would be a terrible blunder to pull down edifices which are among the most picturesque and attractive in England. Even if they were not used for religious services, they might still be left open. Many a passer-by would be well pleased sometimes to take refuge in them for a few quiet minutes from the hurry and pressure of the streets.

NOTICE.—THE GRAPHIC this week consists of TWO WHOLE SHEETS. For binding the Two Sheets must be placed as directed by their pagination.

NOW OPEN.
THE GRAPHIC GALLERY,
190, STRAND.

TEN YEARS' HOLIDAYS IN SWITZERLAND.
A SERIES OF WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS FROM NATURE
BY THE MANAGER OF THE GRAPHIC.



L YCEUM.—Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. HENRY IRVING, EVERY EVENING, at 8, ROMEO AND JULIET. Romeo, Mr. Irving; Juliet, Miss Ellen Terry; Nurse, Mrs. Stirling; Messrs. Fernandez, Terrell, Howe, &c. MORNING PERFORMANCES, Saturdays, May 13, 20, and 27, at 2 o'clock. Box Office (Mr. Hurst) 10 to 5. Seats can be booked two months in advance.

HORSE SHOW.—AGRICULTURAL HALL, ISLINGTON.—ENTRIES CLOSE May 15, Show OPEN May 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, and June 1 and 2. Prize Lists and forms of Entry may be had on application to the Office, Barford Street, N. AGRICULTURAL HALL COMPANY, LIMITED.

By Order,
S. SIBNEY,
Secretary and Manager.

MASKELYNE and COOKE, EGYPTIAN HALL, give their Marvellous Entertainment of Illusions and Sketches every afternoon at three and evening at eight. For further particulars see daily papers.

M R. and MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT. Managers, Messrs. Alfred Reed and Corney Grain.—St. George's Hall, Langham Place. "THE HEAD OF THE POLL," by Arthur Law, Music by Eaton Fanning, and a New Musical Sketch by Mr. Corney Grain, entitled "NOT AT HOME." Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday at Eight. Thursday and Saturday at Three. Admission 1s. and 2s., Stalls 3s. and 5s. No fees.

R OYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.—THIS EVENING (Saturday), May 13th, Meyerbeer's Opera, DINORAH. Dinorah, Matilda Sembrich; Un Caprota, Madame Trebelli; Hoel, Signor Cotogni; and Corentino, Signor Prapoli. Conductor, Mons. Dupont.

Monday, May 13th, Verdi's Opera, AIDA (to commence at 8.15). Aida, Madame Fursch-Madi; Amneris, Madame Stahl; Amonasro, Signor Pandolini; and Radames, Mons. Verga.

Tuesday, May 16th, Ambrosio Thomas's Opera, MIGNON. Mignon, Madame Albani; Filina, Madame Valleria; Federico, Madame Trebelli; Lotario, Mons. Gaillard; and Guglielmo, Signor Lestanelli. Doors open at eight o'clock, the opera commences at half-past.

The Box-office, under the Portico of the Theatre, is open from 10 to 5. Orchestral stalls, £1 5s.; side boxes on the first tier, £1 3s.; upper boxes, £2 12s. 6d.; balcony stalls, 15s.; pit tickets, 7s.; amphitheatre stalls, 10s. and 5s.; amphitheatre, 2s. 6d.

Programmes with full particulars can be obtained of Mr. Edward Hall, at the Box-office, under the Portico of the Theatre, where applications for boxes and stalls are to be made; also the principal Librarians and Music-sellers.

M R. GANZ'S ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS, ST. JAMES'S HALL.—Third Concert, SATURDAY AFTERNOON, May 20th, at Three o'clock. The Programme will include Liszt's Symphony to Dante's Divina Commedia. Ouvertures Oberon and Tannhauser; Chopin's Piano-forte Concerto in F Minor, No. 2 and Vocal Music.—Piano-forte, Monsieur Vladimir de Pachmann (his first appearance in England). Vocalist, Miss Carlotta Elliott. Conductor, Mr. Ganz. Sofa Stalls, 10s. od.; Area Stalls (numbered), 5s.; Balcony Stalls (front row), 7s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s.—At Austin's, Chappell's, the usual places, and of Mr. Wilhelm Ganz, 126, Harley Street, W.

MUNKACSY'S GREAT PICTURE.

MUNKACSY'S CHRIST BEFORE PILATE

I S NOW ON VIEW at the Conduit Street Galleries, 9, Conduit Street, Regent Street, W., from ten to six daily. Admission One Shilling. Under the direction of Thos Agnew and Sons.

A RTHUR TOOTH and SONS' SPRING EXHIBITION of ENGLISH and CONTINENTAL PICTURES is NOW OPEN, including BASTIEN LEPAGE'S New Picture, BAS MECHE, at 5, Haymarket, opposite Her Majesty's Theatre.—Admission, One Shilling, including Catalogue.

T HE LION AT HOME. By Rosa Bonheur. This splendid chef-d'œuvre, the latest production of this celebrated Artist. Also the complete engraved works of Rosa Bonheur. Now on Exhibition at L. H. LEFEVRE'S GALLERY, 12, King Street, St. James's, S.W. Admission One Shilling, 10 to 6.

SOCIETY OF LADY ARTISTS, Gallery, 48, Great Marlboro Street.—Will CLOSE SATURDAY 6th, will RE-OPEN SATURDAY 10th (for short time). Works not sold re-arranged. Admission, 1s. Free to Art Union Prize Holders.

FRENCH GALLERY, 120, Pall Mall.—The 29th ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF PICTURES by Artists of the Continental Schools is NOW OPEN, from 9.30 to 6 o'clock.

T HE GROSVENOR GALLERY.—SUMMER EXHIBITION NOW OPEN, from 9 till 7. Admission One Shilling; Season Tickets, Five Shillings.

T HE EIGHTEENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION of Pictures by Artists of the British and Foreign Schools is NOW OPEN at Thomas McLean's Gallery, 7, Haymarket.—Admission, including Catalogue, 1s.

D E NEUVILLE'S GREAT BATTLE PICTURE—"THE CEMETERY OF ST. PRIVAT." Now on View at Messrs. DOWDESWELL'S, 133, New Bond Street, two doors from the Grosvenor Gallery. Admission, One Shilling.

S AVOY GALLERY OF ENGRAVINGS, 115, STRAND.—NOW ON VIEW. "Besieged," Painted by F. Holl, Etched by Waltner. "What are the Wild Waves Saying?" Painted by C. W. Nicholls, Engraved by G. II. Every. All the Modern Publications On View.

D ORE'S GREAT WORKS, "ECCE HOMO" ("Full of Divine dignity,"—*The Times*) and "THE ASCENSION," with "CHRIST LEAVING THE FRÆTORIUM," "CHRIST ENTERING JERUSALEM," and all his other great pictures at the DORE GALLERY, 35, New Bond Street. Daily 10 to 6. One Shilling.

B RIGHTON.—The NEW PULLMAN LIMITED EXPRESS Lighted by Electricity, and fitted with the Westinghouse Automatic Brake, now runs between Victoria and Brighton.

From VICTORIA, Weekdays, at 10.00 a.m., and 3.50 p.m. This New Train, specially constructed and elegantly fitted up by the Pullman Car Company, consists of four Cars, each over 58 feet in length.

The Car "Beatrice" (Drawing-room) contains also a Ladies' Boudoir and Dressing Room. The Car "Louise" (Parlour) contains also a separate apartment for a private party.

The Car "Victoria" contains a Buffet for Tea, Coffee, and other Light Refreshments, also a Newspaper Counter.

The Car "Maud" is appropriated for Smoking.

The whole Train is lighted by Electricity, the system being that of Edison's incandescent Lamps in connection with Faure's system of Accumulators.

Lavatories are provided in each Car, and a separate compartment for Servants is also provided in one of the Cars.

The Staff attached to this Train consist of a Chief Conductor, Assistant Conductor, a Page Boy, and two Guards.

There is Electrical communication between the several Cars and the Conductors; a passenger travelling in any one of the Cars can therefore call the attention of the Conductor by pressing one of the small Electric discs.

There is a covered gangway communication between each Car, thereby enabling the Conductors to pass from Car to Car.

B RIGHTON.—EVERY SUNDAY.—A Cheap First Class Train from Victoria at 10.45 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon. Day Return Tickets, 10s.

A Pullman Drawing Room Car is run on the 10.45 a.m. Train from Victoria to Brighton, returning from Brighton by the 3.30 p.m. Train. Special Cheap Fare from Victoria, including Pullman Car, 15s., available by these Trains only.

Tickets and every information at the Brighton Company's General Offices, Regent Circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square; City Office, Hays' Agency, Cornhill; also at the Victoria and London Bridge Stations.

(By Order) J. F. KNIGHT, General Manager.



THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO EPPING FOREST

THERE was a time, and, comparatively speaking, not so very long since, when London was belted on every side by forests. As recently as two hundred years ago the primeval woods prevailed over a large portion of the country. Our ancestors were not so favourably impressed with the wildness and solitude of these woods as are their more impressionable descendants. They dreaded them as haunts of highwaymen, and he who cleared away the trees, and sowed wheat or barley in their stead, was viewed as a public benefactor.

Change of circumstances causes change of opinion. Population since the days of the Stuarts has been advancing by leaps and bounds, One Enclosure Act succeeded another, till, except in a few of the more extensive private parks, and amid the hilly ranges of the North and West, there was scarcely an acre of land left in England which did not wear an artificial aspect.

Londoners did not wake up a moment too soon to the value, for purposes of health and recreation, of the strip of primitive woodland which still existed at Epping. Bits of the Forest were perpetually being filched away by the surrounding occupiers, and less than thirty years ago the Government sold its Crown rights in the Forest to the Lord of the Manor of Loughton. Out of evil, however, good sometimes comes. With the purchased connivance of the commoners, the Lord of the Manor began energetically to enclose. His proceedings aroused the wrath of the people of Loughton, who were loth to surrender their forestal privileges. An old labourer named Thomas Willingale was one of the most conspicuous of these resisters to encroachment. Then followed long period of struggle and litigation. In most cases a few lightly interested individuals are sure to get the better of a languidly interested public. London very nearly lost Epping Forest. The Government of the day offered a compromise,—half-a-dozen recreation grounds of 100 acres each. Fortunately those who desired to preserve the Forest in its entirety had some good men on their side, learned in commonage law, energetic, and persevering,—such men, for example, as Mr. Robert Hunter, now Solicitor to the Post Office. But it is doubtful if even they would have succeeded had they not been backed by the prestige, the influence, and the long purse of the Corporation of London. Those ardent Radicals who want to improve the Corporation off the face of the earth must admit that it is not always steeped in turtle soup, and that its successful efforts for the preservation of Epping Forest deserve the gratitude of generations yet unborn.

When we look at the convenient little map of the Forest, published by Mr. Henry Sell, of Bolt Court, Fleet Street, we realise the importance of the victory which has been won. In place of half-a-dozen insignificant little parks we see a long green patch, very narrow at its southern end, but broadening considerably towards the north. This is Epping Forest, as now officially recognised. "It begins," says a writer in the *Daily News*, "at Wanstead Flats, to which Wanstead Park has just been added, and extends, with a few breaks, through the parishes of Woodford, Chingford, Loughton, and Waltham Abbey, to Epping Town, and even beyond it. The Forest thus constitutes a tract of picturesque and open country, with hill-sides and woods and meadows and forest glades, within easy reach of the most densely-peopled district in the metropolis." This proximity to the East End is matter for rejoicing, seeing that the West End has got nearly all the good things of which London can boast—the picture galleries, the museums, the palaces, and most of the parks. The East End has only Epping Forest. But this recalls the story of the American discussing with a European the natural curiosities of the two hemispheres. "I guess," he observed, "that we have a Niagara which could put out all your volcanoes in about five minutes." And so the good folks of Mile End, Bow, and Stratford can boast that their Epping Forest is big enough to swallow all the West End pleasure grounds, even including Richmond Park among them.

It was to mark the final dedication of this splendid public domain of 5,000 acres to popular uses that the Queen paid her visit to Epping last Saturday. As usually happens on such occasions, she and her loving subjects were favoured with excellent weather. It is true that a steady rain descended the night before, but as a day of sunshine followed, the rain enhanced all the natural charms of the woodlands, freshening the tender leaves which had suffered during the storm of the week before, laying the dust on the roads, and causing that sweet spring smell of moist greenery which is more refreshing than the destitute distilment of the perfumer.

There were two processions to the Forest. There was the Royal Procession and the multitudinous procession of the public which went to see the Royal Procession. Let us speak of the last first.

In Eastern and North-Eastern London the day was observed as a general holiday. There was an almost universal exodus of the population forestwards by road and rail. Except that the crowd was far more orderly, the road reached the road to Epsom on the Derby Day. There were four-in-hands and private carriages, omnibuses, waggonettes, picnic cars, and costers' barrows. The Great Eastern Railway poured train loads of passengers into the Forest at Chingford, Loughton, and other parts.

"What with their arrivals," says *The Times*, "and with the great stream coming from East London by road, the pretty woodland paths of the Forest converging on the various points of interest were thronged throughout the day by good-humoured crowds of the Bank Holiday type. Crazy vehicles of all kinds, pressed into service locally for the benefit of family parties who found the distance too great to walk, or who desired to view the Royal procession from a perambulating platform, added to the confusion. But all the dust and bustle so arising was strictly confined to the Forest pathways. In the vast area of the Forest itself, with its endless glades and vistas, and its sweeping expanses of pasture land, on which the signs of recent enclosure are still apparent, the arriving crowds were lost to the eye, and served only to fringe the Royal route."

It was arranged that the Queen should arrive at Chingford about four o'clock, and proceed by way of the Forest Hotel and Fairmead Plain to High Beech. This route was well-calculated to show Her Majesty both the beauties of the virgin Forest itself, and the extent of land that had been lately rescued from the clutches of the enclosers. The three miles of woodland path were lined by a cheering multitude, some of them ensconced in pollarded trees. There must have been half a million people on the ground, but they were spread over such a prolonged space, that the crowd nowhere seemed dense, until they began to move homewards, when blocks became of frequent occurrence.

The drive from the prettily-decorated station at Chingford to the summit of High Beech Wood must have been more enjoyable than the preludes to most Court ceremonials. At High Beech many thousands of persons had assembled, for here the Corporation had erected a pavilion for the reception of the Queen, and an amphitheatre for the accommodation of some hundreds of privileged guests. In front of the Royal pavilion was an open space, enclosed by a breast-high hoarding, over which the compact mass of the public could see the whole of the formalities. There was plenty of colour. The gay robes of the Corporation, and the red, blue, and green uniforms of Volunteer guards of honour; there were military

bands, and six-pounder cannons ready to proclaim the new Charter of Forest Rights conferred by Her Majesty. While waiting for the Queen to come there was plenty to amuse the assembled crowd. They speculated as to the status of various gaily-dressed officials, identified the Home Secretary and Lord Granville, or watched Sir John Bennett, in brown wide-awake and white waistcoat, caracoling on horseback and surveying the assemblage through an opera glass.

At last the Royal outriders dashed into the enclosure, the combined bands struck up the National Anthem, and then the Royal carriages followed. The Royal carriage arrived so quickly under the pavilion that the Lord Mayor and Recorder (who had also been in the procession) had to hurry forward breathlessly in order to receive Her Majesty on the raised dais without loss of time. This little incident, by the way, illustrates the absurd over-devotion to Royalty to which we lately referred. If it was needful that the Lord Mayor should be in the procession, why should his lordship run the risk of a fit of apoplexy for fear of keeping his august fellow-mortals waiting a couple of minutes? To return. Little Miss Victoria Buxton having been lifted up to the Royal carriage to present a bouquet, Sir Thomas Chambers, the Recorder, read the Address of the Corporation, to which the Queen replied: "I thank you sincerely for your loyal and dutiful address, and it gives me the greatest satisfaction to dedicate this beautiful Forest to the use and enjoyment of my people for all time. I thank you for your continued solicitude for my welfare."

The Lord Mayor then mounted a seat, and said in a loud voice: "Her Majesty has commanded me to declare in Her Majesty's name this beautiful Forest open, and dedicated to the delectation of the public for all time."

Prolonged cheering followed, then formal presentations to Her Majesty, who presently drove back to Chingford amid a salvo of artillery, which closed the ceremony. The Queen reached Windsor in less than an hour and a half after leaving Chingford, a feat not equalled by many of her liege subjects, who discovered on trying to go homewards that the crowds were indeed vast, and locomotion consequently difficult.

There was a tree planted in honour of the occasion by permission of the Queen, but she did not wait to see the operation, and the beech wood adjacent to the locality of the ceremony is to be called Queen Victoria Wood. Why not Dedication Wood? The name would equally have recalled the circumstances, and would have had a greater touch of novelty than Victoria, which has been used for christening purposes till people are weary of it. In the evening there was an illumination near Chingford, and an elaborate display of fireworks, which were witnessed by a vast multitude. Altogether, the holiday was a complete success, and will long be remembered in the traditions of East London.

"MARION FAY"

MR. TROLLOPE'S New Story, illustrated by W. Small, is continued on page 477.

THE ELECTRIC LIGHT AT CHESTERFIELD

CHESTERFIELD, we believe, can claim the distinction of being the first English town to adopt electricity wholly as a means of street lighting. The experiment has been partially tried in numerous other places, but gas has been in reserve in the event of accident. At Chesterfield, however, the Corporation, having disagreed with the Gas Company with respect to the terms charged for the street lamps, concluded a contract with Messrs. Hammond and Co. to light the whole of the town by means of arc and incandescent lamps, for a sum of 885*l.* against 920*l.* charged for gas. The extent of streets illuminated amounts to about nine miles, and these are now lighted by means of twenty-two Brush arc and a hundred Lane Fox incandescent lamps. The electricity is conducted by means of overhead wires, carried on wooden poles, which in many cases also serve for lamp-posts. When not fixed on these the arc lights are placed on iron standards, varying from 14 to 26 feet in height, while the incandescent lamps are fixed at a distance of 12*1/2* feet from the ground. The latter lights are placed in a special form of lamp, which consists of a glass globe, or rather bell, similar to the old form of street lamp. The arc lights are arranged in two circuits, so that every alternate lamp can be extinguished at midnight without affecting the remainder, while safety "cut-outs" are provided for the incandescent lamps, so that, should one meet with an accident, the others will not break down. The electricity is supplied from a central station, being generated by two dynamo machines, known as "Brush 40-lighters," each being able to supply forty arc lights of 2,000 candle power, or one circuit of 320 incandescent lights of 15-candle power. Only one machine is used at a time, working the whole of the lamps through fifteen miles of wire. The dynamo is driven by one of Messrs. John Fowler and Co.'s Yorkshire compound engines, which is capable of developing 60-horse power indicated. The result of the venture is said to be completely successful, the lights burning with great steadiness and brilliancy. The Market Place, which covers an area of 57,500 feet, is lighted by an arc lamp of 2,000-candle power, placed at a height of 21 feet, with such effect that a newspaper can be read in almost any part of the area. The Corporation of Chesterfield certainly deserve great credit for their energy and enterprise in thus being the pioneer in adopting a system which few people can fail to acknowledge must become our mode of illumination in future years.

"THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL"

SHERIDAN'S *School for Scandal* is always a trump card in the hands of a manager with first-rate comedy company. So Messrs. James and Thorne found it in 1872, when it ran for 400 nights at the Vaudeville Theatre, and so Mr. Thorne, now sole manager of the same house, finds it now. The cast, of course, is widely different, though Mr. William Farren is still Sir Peter Teazle and Mr. Henry Neville the laughter-loving Charles Surface. The part of Joseph Surface, however, which was so characteristically played by Mr. John Clayton, is cleverly portrayed by Mr. Frank Archer, while that of Lady Teazle, then taken by the late Miss Amy Fawcett, is now filled by Miss Ada Cavendish. The piece is admirably put on the stage and excellently acted in every respect, Mr. Thorne being a capital Crabtree, Mrs. Arthur Stirling an excellent Mrs. Candour; while Mr. Maclean and Mr. Righton are good as Sir Oliver and Moses. Our illustration represents the famous Screen Scene, where Lady Teazle is discovered in Joseph Surface's room by her husband, who, together with the sanctimonious Joseph, is somewhat boisterously chaffed by the irrepressible Charles. Writing of the admirable acting of Mr. W. Farren, the *Athenaeum* justly remarks that "So strong is the affection of Sir Peter for his wife that it arrests the mirth which ordinarily follows the disclosure of her presence, and substitutes for it a feeling of pathos. . . . The waggishness of Charles becomes atrocity in the presence of grief such as Sir Peter displays."

NOTE.—We are asked to correct our statement last week that the Crown Prince of Würtemberg was at Rome at the time of the Princess Marie's death. The King of Würtemberg was absent in Italy, but the Prince, notwithstanding the cares of the Regency, was in constant attendance on his wife throughout her illness.—The number of visitors to the Edinburgh Fisheries' Exhibition, given in our Illustration article as 38,000, should have been 138,000.

"THE NORFOLK BROADS"—As a number of letters have reached Mr. G. Christopher Davies, asking for further information on this subject, he requests us to state that full particulars, including a chart, will be found in the "Handbook to the Broads," written by himself, and published (price 1*l.* 6*d.*) by Messrs. Jarrold and Son, Norwich.

being in attendance by direction of the Lord-Lieutenant to render any assistance that might be necessary. Dr. Whyte, the city coroner, in opening the proceedings spoke of the shocking nature of the crime, remarking that the assassins could scarcely be called human beings but demons; declaring that all those who failed to give even the slightest clue that would lead to their being brought to justice, would be as morally guilty themselves; and expressing a hope that all Christian men would do their duty without shrinking from the bullet of the assassin. The evidence was then taken, and the jury after a brief retirement returned a verdict of wilful murder against some persons unknown, adding as a rider expressions of their extreme abhorrence of the foul crime, their sympathy with the bereaved relatives, their hope that the assassins would speedily be discovered, and their approval of and intention to assist to their utmost the proposed subscription for a reward for information tending in that direction.

The news of the monstrous crime, which, following so closely upon the change of Government and the commencement of a more conciliatory policy in Ireland, has sent a thrill of horror and indignation throughout the entire kingdom. It came upon us with such startling and appalling effect that there is little wonder that many at first refused to believe it. Later telegrams, however, confirmed the first rumours, and now the whole world stands amazed at the insensate and brutal enormity of these wanton murders. Throughout the whole of Ireland, as well as in England and Scotland, there are universal expressions of sorrow and sympathy. Popular demonstrations of rejoicings which had commenced, and were to have been continued in consequence of the release of the Suspects, have been postponed, and instead of bonfires, illuminations, and triumphal processions, we have reports of closed shops, flags at half-mast, muffled peals of bells, and votes of condolence with the bereaved, accompanied by the most outspoken denunciations of the hateful crime by town councils, political societies of all complexions, and by the general body of the Press throughout the United Kingdom. High and low have alike joined in the all but unanimous repudiation of all sympathy with the barbarous perpetrators of the cowardly and inhuman act; the only reported exceptions being two: the *pronunciamento* of O'Donovan Rossa, said to be written for the next number of the *United Irishman*, in which he declares that "the men who struck this blow have no condemnation from us"; and the letter in Tuesday's *Times* from Miss Anna Parnell, in which she says that "if there are any who are surprised that the assassin's arm is not idle, they must forget that there is such a thing as human nature among Irishmen." If this letter is genuine so much the worse for the lady's estimate of "human" nature. In strong and gratifying contrast to this letter is

THE LAND LEAGUE MANIFESTO,

SIGNED by Messrs. Parnell, Dillon, and Davitt, and

sent by them in the shape of a placard to be scattered broadcast throughout Ireland. They speak of it as a blow, the disastrous consequences of which cannot be exaggerated; express the profoundest sympathy with the people of Ireland in the calamity that has befallen their cause, and an earnest hope that assassination is deeply and religiously abhorrent to their every feeling and instinct. They appeal to the nation "to show by every manner of expression possible that amidst the universal feeling of horror which this assassination has excited no people feel so intense a detestation of its atrocity, or so deep a sympathy for those whose hearts must be seared by it, as the nation upon whose prospects and reviving hopes it may entail consequences more ruinous than have fallen to the lot of unhappy Ireland during the present generation." And finally they declare that "no act has ever been perpetrated in our country during the past fifty years that has so stained the name of hospitable Ireland as this cowardly and unprovoked assassination of a

friendly stranger; and that until the murderers of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke are brought to justice that stain will sully our country's name."

The news of the tragic event reached London late on Saturday, and produced the most profound consternation, grief, and indignation at the Clubs, and amongst the members of the Government who were the first to receive the intelligence. Mr. Gladstone immediately communicated with his colleagues, most of whom afterwards assembled in Downing Street to discuss the situation. Sir W. Harcourt broke the mournful news to Lady F. Cavendish, and Lord Hartington, who was amongst the first to learn the sad fate of his brother, despatched

the various speakers an opportunity of expressing, however inadequately, the intense feeling of mingled indignation, disgust, sorrow, and sympathy which has been excited in the minds of the whole nation, and throughout the whole civilised world by the dreadful crime which had just been committed in Dublin. In the House of Lords, Earl Granville, Lord Salisbury, Lord Cowper, the Duke of Marlborough, and Lord Carlingford successively referred to the appalling character of the crime, and bore testimony to the estimable personal qualities of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke; those who had been officially connected with Mr. Burke adding that he had always performed his duties with thorough impartiality; and remarking that the malignity of the traducers who represented him as "arbitrary and tyrannical" was only equalled by their ignorance. In the House of Commons the scene was equally sombre. The House was crowded, and nearly all the members appeared in mourning. Mr. Gladstone, speaking evidently with suppressed emotion, and with a voice at times scarcely audible, said that in Mr. Burke the country had been robbed of one of the most able and eminent of its Civil servants, and in Lord F. Cavendish "one of the noblest hearts had ceased to beat at the very moment when it had been devoted to the service of Ireland, full of love and hope for her future, and full of capacity to render her service." The Premier then said that the event necessitated the recasting of the Government arrangements, and gave notice of the immediate introduction of a Bill for the repression of crime in Ireland, to be followed at an early date by one dealing with the question of arrears. Sir Stafford Northcote next spoke, echoing the sentiments expressed by the Premier as to the horrible nature of the crime, and assuring him of the hearty co-operation of the Opposition in measures needful to restore and preserve peace in Ireland. These speeches had been received with low sympathetic cheering, and when Mr. Parnell rose a single cry of "Oh," was immediately drowned by an indignant cheer from below the gangway. Speaking in low tones, and with a manner which betrayed much emotion, Mr. Parnell expressed on behalf of himself, his party, and his country, the most unqualified detestation of the horrible crime which he believed had been committed by men who absolutely detested the cause with which he had been associated, and who had devised and carried it out as the deadliest blow at the hopes of his party and the new course on which the Government had entered. Mr. Forster, who was received with prolonged cheering from the Conservative benches, in feeling terms and with occasionally uncontrollable signs of the deepest emotion, bore his personal testimony to the integrity, courage, sound judgment, and patriotism of Lord F. Cavendish, and to the energy and devotion of Mr. Burke, in whom, he said, the poor tenant farmer had lost a firm friend, who treated his own tenants well, and who always stood up for tenants in a place where they think their interests are sometimes forgotten. Mr. James Lowther also joined in these eulogies of Mr. Burke, whose loss he said was irreparable; and the House adjourned, the entire proceedings having occupied little more than half an hour.

THE LATE LORD F. C. CAVENDISH

LORD FREDERICK CHARLES CAVENDISH, who has been so wantonly assassinated immediately after his acceptance of the office of Chief Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant, was born in November, 1836, and was the second son of the Duke of Devonshire and of Lady Blanche Howard, daughter of the sixth Earl of Carlisle. He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge. In 1859 he became private secretary to Lord Granville, who was then Lord President of the Council, and he held this post up to 1864. He was private secretary to Mr. Gladstone for a short time in 1872. In 1865 Lord Frederick was returned for the West Riding of Yorkshire, which seat he only vacated on his accession to office last week.



LORD FREDERICK CHARLES CAVENDISH, M.P.

THE LATE NEWLY-APPOINTED CHIEF SECRETARY FOR IRELAND

BORN NOV. 20, 1836

ASSASSINATED MAY 6, 1882

an immediate message to the Duke of Devonshire at Chatsworth. The Queen, as soon as she heard the news, telegraphed to Lady Frederick Cavendish "her great grief at the dreadful outrage that had filled her heart with sorrow." Innumerable messages of sympathy were also sent to her ladyship from other sources, one being a telegram from the Ladies' Land League at Cork, begging her not to believe that the Irish people were sunk so low as to take the life of one who had brought peace offerings to their land. Very many calls were also made at Lady F. Cavendish's residence in Carlton Terrace, whence her ladyship departed on Monday to go to Chatsworth, whither also have gone Lord Hartington, Lady Louisa Egerton, Lord and Lady Edward Cavendish, Admiral Egerton, and the Hon. Mr. Lyttelton in order to be present at the funeral.

THE ADJOURNMENT OF PARLIAMENT

The proceedings in both Houses of Parliament on Monday were confined to the motions for adjournment, which gave

He was appointed to a Lordship of the Treasury in 1873, and held the office up to the resignation of Mr. Gladstone's Ministry in the following year. Two years ago he became Financial Secretary to the Treasury, and this he resigned on his appointment to the Chief Secretarship of Ireland. He married in 1864 Lucy Caroline, second daughter of George William, fourth Lord Lyttelton, but he leaves no issue. "Lord Frederick was best known," says *The Times*, "as an industrious administrator, who seldom spoke in the House of Commons except upon subjects of which he had official cognisance or special experience; but he took an interest in educational questions, and had spoken upon them at local meetings in the West Riding. He had endeared himself to all who had been brought into contact with him, and, although a slight impediment of speech interfered with his success as a speaker and debater, his knowledge of business and his devotion to it, and the ability he had displayed at the Treasury, secured him the best wishes of members of both sides of the House in the arduous task he had just undertaken with so little reason to anticipate his untimely fate."

THE LATE MR. T. H. BURKE,

THE Under-Secretary for Ireland, whose assassination, together with that of the Chief Secretary, has cast such a gloom upon the country, was born in May, 1829. He was the eldest son of the late Mr. William Burke, of Knocknagur, Galway, his mother, Fanny Xaveria Tucker, having been niece of the late Cardinal Wiseman. His father resided at Bruges, and he himself was educated in Belgium and Germany, and was a proficient linguist. When Sir Thomas Redington was Under-Secretary in Ireland he appointed Mr. Burke his private secretary, and nominated him to a junior clerkship in the Castle. From the time he entered the Castle to the hour of his death, he was unremitting in his attention to his official duties. He was private secretary to Lord Carlingford, Sir Robert Peel, and Lord Hartington, while they were Chief Secretaries for Ireland. Though he belonged to the Liberal party, he strictly, and with implicit fidelity, carried out the views and directions of the Government of the day. Mr. Burke, who was unmarried, had had long experience in the Chief Secretary's office at Dublin Castle, having served there under the late Sir Thomas Larcom, whom he succeeded in 1868 in the office of Under-Secretary. Mr. Burke was a Roman Catholic, and heir-presumptive of his cousin, Sir John Lionel Burke.

The Times says:—
"From the habits acquired during so many years of office he was extremely cautious and reserved; to some, indeed, he appeared haughty; but he was a gay and cheerful companion, and much beloved by his intimate friends, who will deeply feel his loss. These with whom he was officially connected had an unbounded respect and esteem for him. He was a man of undoubted courage, both moral and physical, straightforward, of the most sensitive honour, and a stranger to every form of intrigue. Perhaps the most remarkable feature of his character was the devotion to his family, and the sacrifices which he made for them."

THE FUNERALS

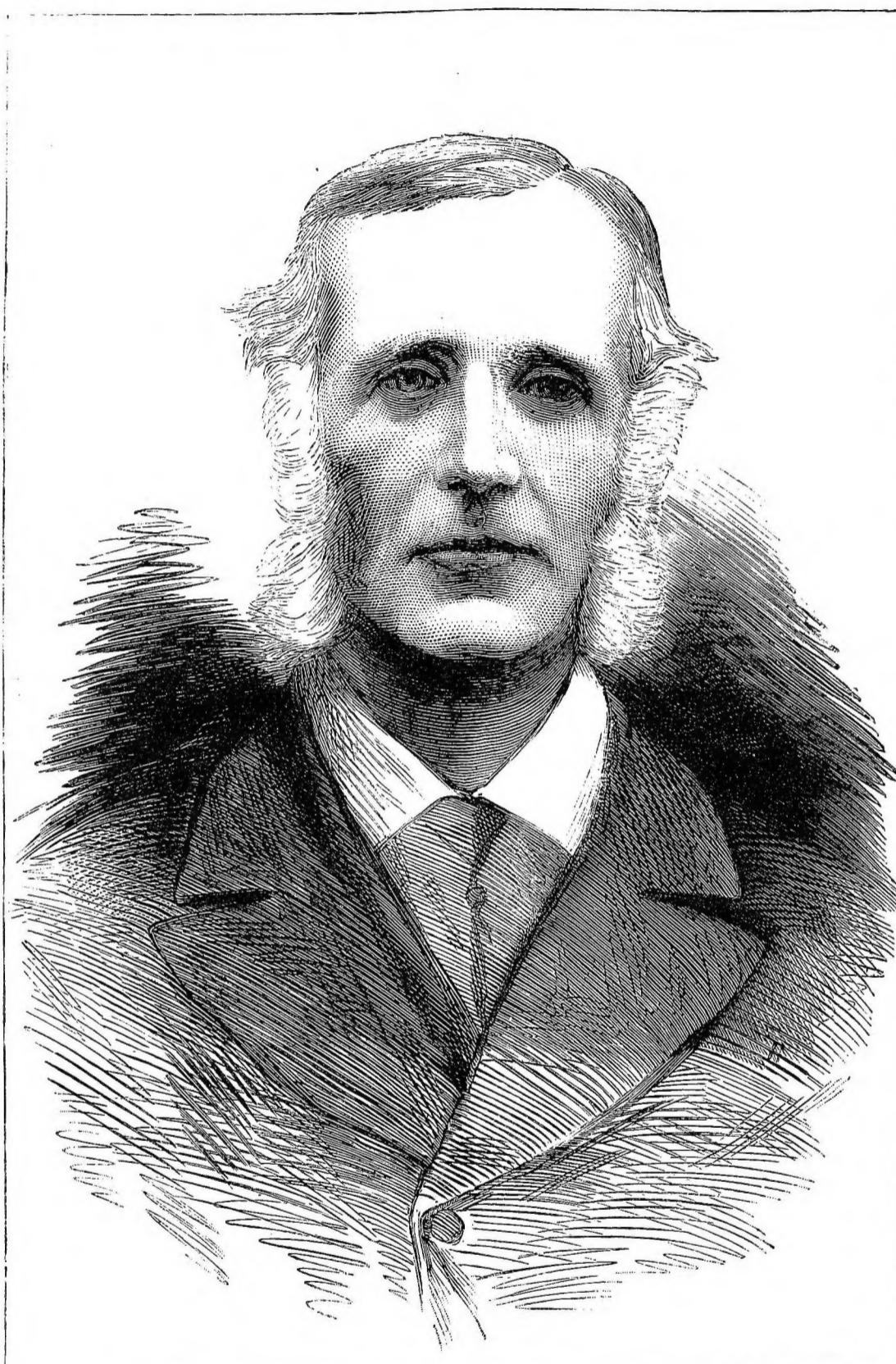
THE remains of Mr. Burke were interred early on Tuesday morning at Glasnevin Cemetery. Throughout the city there was a very general closing of shops, and mourning was very extensively worn by the people who assembled along the line of route and at the burial place. The funeral was of a private character, but it was largely attended, and many of those present were visibly affected. On Monday evening the body of Lord F. Cavendish was taken to England, under the charge of the Hon. A. Byng, who was to represent Lord Spencer at the funeral on Thursday. The coffin was placed upon a gun-carriage, and escorted to North Wall

Pier by a body of mounted troops, some of whom bore it shoulder high on board the steamer, where it was placed in a box on the deck, and covered with the Union Jack. The whole route through Dublin streets was crowded with spectators, who stood in silent grief, even the roughs uncovering their heads as the *cortege* passed by. The funeral was to take place on Thursday, the remains being laid in the "Dukes' burial ground," Edensor Churchyard, near Chatsworth House, the residence of the Duke of Devonshire. The ceremony was to be of the most simple character, in accordance with the wish of the family, but Mr. Gladstone and several other members of the Cabinet would probably

in 1861; created D.C.L. of Oxford in 1863, and LL.D. of Cambridge in 1864; he was Groom of the Stole to the late Prince Consort from 1859 to 1861, Groom of the Stole to the Prince of Wales from 1862 to 1867, and Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland from 1868 to 1874, during which period he was Grand Master of the Order of St. Patrick. His Lordship was sworn a member of the Privy Council in 1857, nominated a Knight of the Order of the Garter in 1865, and has been Lord-President of the Council since 1880. He was married in 1858 to Charlotte, daughter of the late Mr. Frederick Charles Seymour, and granddaughter of the first Marquis of Bristol.

STATE ENTRY INTO DUBLIN

LORD and Lady Cowper took their departure from Dublin on Thursday last week amid general expressions of kindly feeling and good-will, and on the Friday evening Earl Spencer and suite and the late Lord Frederick Cavendish, the new Chief Secretary for Ireland, left London for Dublin by the Irish mail from Euston Station. The Viceregal party included the Hon. C. R. Spencer, M.P., Major H. A. G. Byng, A.D.C., Mr. Courtney Boyle (private secretary) and Mr. Jenkinson (private secretary). They crossed the Irish Sea in the Royal Mail steamer *Ulster*, arriving at Kingstown at seven A.M. next morning, and about noon they landed at Carlisle pier, amid a large crowd of spectators, and were conveyed thence by special train to Westland Row, where they were received by the Lord Mayor and Corporation of Dublin, and the customary ceremony of laying the keys of the city at the feet of the Lord-Lieutenant was gone through; after which his lordship mounted a horse, and rode in procession through the streets of the city to the Castle. All along the route, which was kept by a double line of troops, the manifestations of welcome were general, the houses being gaily decorated, and the assembled crowds cheering the Lord-Lieutenant and his suite as they passed, whilst military and other bands, posted at intervals, added the strains of the National Anthem to the sounds of vocal greeting. The only untoward incident in connection with the progress of the procession was the throwing of a bag of flour at the Lord Mayor's carriage, in Nassau Street, in front of Trinity College, an action which led to a fight between some roughs and a number of students, in which sticks and stones were freely used, and which was continued for three-quarters of an hour before the police put in an appearance. On reaching the Castle the Lord-Lieutenant was received in the Throne Room by the Lords Justices, and thence conducted to the Council Chamber, where the Lords Justices, the Duke of Leinster, the Master of the Rolls, and Sir Thomas Steele, Commander of the Forces, together with the principal members of the Privy Council, the Lord Chief Justice, the Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, the Lord Chief Baron, Judges Fitzgerald, Barry, Lawson, Flanagan, and Ormsby, and a number of specially



MR. THOMAS HENRY BURKE
THE LATE UNDER SECRETARY FOR IRELAND

BORN MAY 29, 1829

ASSASSINATED MAY 6, 1882

attend, the House of Commons having been adjourned until nine o'clock that evening.

THE NEW LORD-LIEUTENANT

THE Right Hon. Sir John Poyntz Spencer, Earl Spencer, K.G., is the eldest son of Frederick, the fourth Earl, by his marriage with Elizabeth Georgiana, daughter of the late Mr. William Stephen Poyntz, M.P., of Cowdray Park, Sussex. He was born in October, 1835, educated at Harrow and Cambridge, taking his M.A. degree in 1856, and sat in the House of Commons for South Northamptonshire from April, 1857, to December of the same year, when he succeeded his father in the earldom. His Lordship was a Deputy-Lieutenant for Northamptonshire from 1857 to 1872, when he was appointed Lord-Lieutenant in the place of the late Lord Southampton, and was formerly Chairman of Quarter Sessions for the county of Northampton. He was appointed Major of the 1st Battalion Northamptonshire Rifle Volunteers

privileged visitors were already assembled. Lord Spencer, who looked anxious and worried, stood uncovered at the council-table while the letters-patent were read and the usual oaths administered by Dr. Kaye, Assistant-Under-Secretary and Clerk of the Council. His Excellency was then invested by Sir Bernard Burke, Ulster King of Arms, with the collar of the Order of St. Patrick as Grand Master of the Order, and the late Mr. Burke, Under-Secretary, formally presented to him the Sword of State, which was immediately returned to its bearer. The Lord Lieutenant then took his seat at the head of the Council, who, with the Lords Justices, immediately uncovered their heads in recognition of his authority. Lord Frederick Cavendish also took the oath as Chief Secretary, and the completion of the ceremony was announced by rockets sent up as signals to the artillery in the park, who discharged a Royal salute in honour of the event. After the installation Earl Spencer remained some hours at the Castle engaged in the transaction of business, and

in the evening proceeded to the Viceregal Lodge, from the grounds of which he was soon afterwards an actual spectator of the dreadful murders which we have already described.

THE NEW MINISTERIAL APPOINTMENTS

MR. GEORGE OTTO TREVELYAN, son of Sir C. E. Trevelyan, Bart., has been appointed to succeed the late Lord F. C. Cavendish as Chief Secretary; and Mr. R. G. C. Hamilton succeeds the late Mr. Burke in the Under-Secretaryship. Mr. Hamilton had just been appointed Permanent Secretary of the Admiralty, but held the post only one day.

THE SEARCH FOR THE ASSASSINS

Is being actively carried on by the police, not only in Dublin and throughout Ireland, but also in other parts of the kingdom, a large number of arrests having been made in various places both in Ireland and England, all the ports and railway stations in both countries being narrowly watched. Up to Thursday, however, no satisfactory clue had been obtained, although on Tuesday the Lord Lieutenant issued an announcement that a Government reward of 10,000/- would be given to any person who shall, within three months, give such information as shall lead to the conviction of the murderers, and a further sum of 1,000/- for such private information as shall lead to the same result, with a free pardon to any person not the actual perpetrator of the murders, with full protection in any part of Her Majesty's dominions. In addition to this a reward of 5,000 dollars has been offered by telegraph by the San Francisco Branch of the Land League, and a public subscription for a subsidiary reward has been started in Cork. The Dublin police are indefatigable in their efforts to trace the assassins. All the

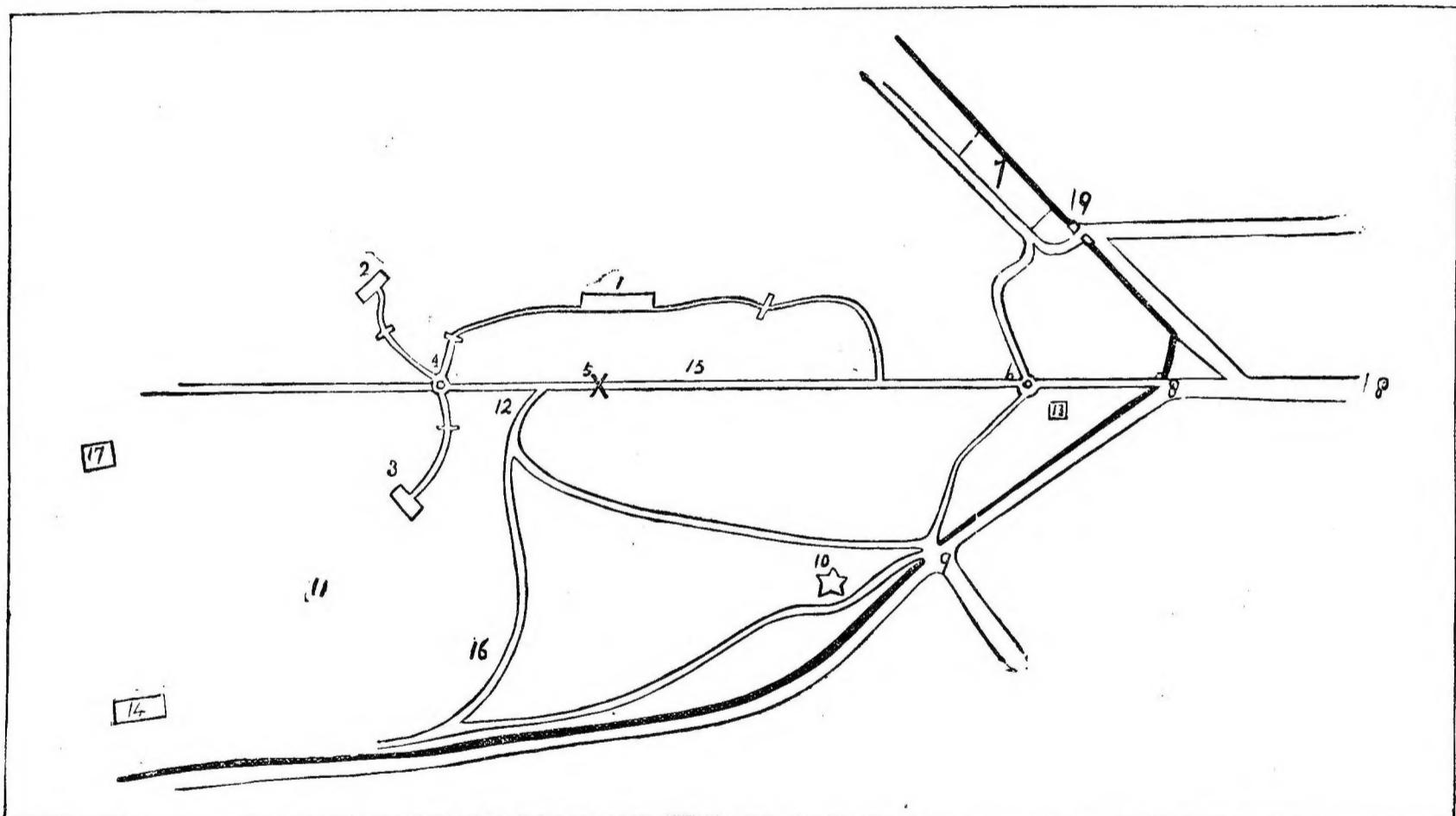


THE RELEASE OF THE "SUSPECTS": TORCHLIGHT PROCESSION CROSSING GRATTAN BRIDGE, DUBLIN

public cars with red panels, and the cab-horses of a bay colour, have been paraded in the police-yard at the Castle. The River Liffey is being dragged, in the hope of finding the weapons or anything which may serve as a clue, and every suspicious-looking

individual is at once arrested and keenly examined. The general body of the people of all grades and classes likewise exhibit a fervent anxiety for the capture of the guilty parties, and in spite of the harsh criticisms which have been made in some quarters as to the genuineness of their apparent horror and detestation of the crime, we are disposed to hope at least that the atrocious criminals may before long be brought to justice, and the honour of the country cleared of the foul stain which now blackens it. It is as yet extremely difficult to estimate the value of the various statements and rumours that have been published in relation to the crime. Two men named Meagle and Fry, in the employ of the Southern Railway at Inchicore, say that they rode past on bicycles at the very moment of the murders, and heard Lord F. Cavendish exclaim "Ah! you villain!" just before he fell. These men, being too much afraid to interfere, rode off as fast as possible, without giving any immediate alarm. The two tricyclists who gave evidence before the Coroner remember having seen these men, but so far from the scene of the murder as to throw doubts on their account of having been such close witnesses of the crime, the earlier reports of which differ from the later in which they declare that they regarded the scuffle as only a drunken row, and had no notion of its serious character, although Fry still maintains that he saw a large knife in the hands of one of the murderers. Another startling statement is that on Saturday Lord Chief Justice Morris and Mr. Justice Barry, while walking together together in the park, were accosted by a rough-looking fellow, who said, "Michael Morris, the Chief Secretary and Under Secretary have been murdered; and you are the next man spotted." Supposing the man to be a lunatic, they passed on without taking any notice, and soon afterwards heard that the report of the murder was true. It is also stated that Mr. Clifford Lloyd has received notice that a number of men are on their way from America for the purpose of assassinating him. Many conflicting statements have been made as to the route taken by the assassins in the car, but it is now said that it can be traced by a perfect chain of evidence through Chapelizod (where it nearly ran over a carman who was washing his vehicle), over the bridge towards Inchicore, and thence back up Richmond Hill, near to Dolphin's Barn, where the clue breaks off, but whence it is conjectured to have made its way round the Circular Road, and so back to the city.

Our portraits are from photographs: Earl Spencer and Lord F. Cavendish by the London Stereoscopic Company, 110, Regent Street, W.; and Mr. Burke, W. Lawrence, 5 and 7, Upper Sackville Street, Dublin. The plan of Phoenix Park and view of Steevens' Hospital are from sketches by P. B. Kirwan, 60, Summer Hill, Dublin; the remainder of our engravings being from sketches by our special artist.



SKETCH PLAN OF THE SCENE OF THE ASSASSINATION OF LORD F. C. CAVENDISH AND MR. T. H. BURKE IN PHÆNIX PARK, DUBLIN

breadth demonstrate how far she is from the slightest touch of moral complicity in so black a deed."

ELECTION NEWS.—There is likely to be a contest for the seat made vacant in the North West Riding of Yorkshire by the death of Lord Frederick Cavendish, who would otherwise have been doubtless re-elected without opposition. Mr. A. Gathorne Hardy, third son of Viscount Cranbrook, is the Conservative candidate, whilst the Liberals, who at first thought of asking Mr. Forster to stand, have now selected Mr. Isaac Holden, of Oakworth, as their Candidate. The tidings of the murder of Lord F. Cavendish created great excitement in the county, and at Brighouse on Monday an attack was made upon the Irish quarter of the town, many of the houses being wrecked, and their residents badly beaten, while the remainder fled from the town.—No opposition will be offered by the Conservatives in the Border Burghs to the re-election of Mr. G. O. Trevelyan as the new Chief Secretary for Ireland.

THE REFORM CLUB.—Earl Granville presided last week at a meeting of the members of the Reform Club, at which the Marquis of Hartington proposed that the election of members to the Reform Club should be conducted by a committee, instead of by a ballot of the whole Club, and that the General Committee should draw up a detailed scheme for carrying out the change. His lordship said that the Club had higher functions than those of a merely social kind, and in the interest of the party it was desirable to put an end to the epidemic of blackballing which had of late years prevailed. Mr. John Bright supported the motion, speaking of the habit of blackballing as "scandalous, unclublike, foolish, and ungentlemanly, and destructive of the political character of the Club." Earl Granville,

also supported the proposition, which was opposed by Lord Waveney and Mr. P. H. Muntz, which latter gentleman suggested as an amendment that any rejected candidate might again put up for election at the next ballot if he could get the consent of the committee and fifty members of the club. This was rejected by a large majority, and the original motion was carried, but Mr. Muntz's supporters demanded a ballot, which is to be taken on Thursday next.

MR. BRADLAUGH AND HIS SEAT.—On Wednesday a crowded meeting was held in St. James's Hall in support of Mr. Bradlaugh's claim to take his seat in the House of Commons. Mr. Councillor Adams, of Northampton, presided, and delegates attended from more than a hundred provincial towns. Letters of sympathy were read from several members of Parliament, and several others, including Mr. Labouchere, Mr. Dilke, and Mr. Broadhurst, took part in the proceedings. Mr. Bradlaugh, who was the last speaker, declared that he would fight the question in every Court and in every way, and that when it seemed to him best he would take his seat again, and leave the House to its right of again sending him to his constituents.

THE IRON AND STEEL INSTITUTE commenced its annual meeting on Wednesday, under the presidency of Mr. Josiah Smith, and after the transaction of some business, and the passing of a vote of sympathy and condolence with the Duke of Devonshire, an adjournment was made, to enable the Council to attend the funeral of Lord Frederick Cavendish, who was a Vice-President of the Institute.

PRESENTATION DAY AT THE LONDON UNIVERSITY was remarkable as being the first occasion upon which "girl graduates" appeared in their academical robes. Several young ladies had



POLITICAL AFFAIRS, other than those appertaining to Ireland, have been completely laid aside during the week, in consequence of the intense dismay and excitement respecting the terrible outrage in Dublin, an account of which we have given in our Illustration columns. On Wednesday it was announced in Parliament that Mr. Gladstone had received a flood of telegrams and communications from every part of the three kingdoms, expressive of the universal horror and indignation which are felt at the atrocious crime, among which it was just to say that none were more remarkable for fervour and evident sincerity than the very large number which proceeded from all parts of Ireland. Separate acknowledgment of these being impossible, the Premier wrote at once to the public journals to express his sense of the genuine feeling and just aim of these communications, and his personal thanks for the abundant assurances of sympathy with himself and his family which they contain. Replying on Sunday to a sympathetic telegram from the Mayor of Cork, Mr. Gladstone wrote: "I thank you for the telegram you have been good enough to send me. It is my firm belief that there will be but one common sentiment throughout the three kingdoms concerning the terrible assassination of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke, and that Ireland in particular will throughout her length and

obtained distinctions, and were heartily cheered as they came up to receive them at the hands of the Vice-Chancellor (Sir G. Jessel), who in his subsequent address referred to the connection of the Duke of Devonshire with the University as its first Chancellor, and stated that the Convocation had passed a vote of condolence and sympathy with him and his family in their great sorrow. Sir J. Lubbock also spoke, testifying to the high qualities which characterised the late Lord F. Cavendish, and referring to the loss which science had sustained by the death of Mr. Darwin.

THE SALE OF RAILWAY TICKETS at street offices as well as at railway stations is gradually becoming more common in London, and we doubt not that the plan will extend more rapidly as its conveniences get to be better understood by the public. The system is one which might also be adopted by tram and omnibus companies, and might, with increased advantage, be coupled with the abolition of dated tickets. If a certain sum is paid for a certain service, it cannot greatly matter to the contracting company upon what particular day that service is rendered.

"**THE GALE OF SATURDAY**, the 29th ult., proved most disastrous to the fisher-folk of Ramsgate, from which port no fewer than seven fishing vessels are missing, there being little or no hope but that all were lost with their entire crews, numbering some thirty or forty men, a large proportion of whom have left widows and orphans.—News has been received that the *Western Monarch*, emigrant ship, with 350 passengers, which was reported to have been wrecked, rode out the gale in safety, not, however, without the loss of three of her crew, who were swept off the jib-boom and drowned, the drifting spray hiding them from view, and thus defeating the efforts of those on board to save them. The *Western's* life-buoys, which were picked up in the Channel by other ships, and thus led to the supposition that she had been lost, were those thrown overboard to these unfortunate men.

THE AHERSTONE COLLIERY EXPLOSION.—No fewer than fourteen explorers of the Stratford Pit, including Mr. Dugdale, the owner of the mine, have now died of the terrible injuries they received, which were mostly internal burns from inhaling the inflammable gas. This brings the death-roll up to twenty-three, including the nine men who were entombed by the first explosion, and whose bodies have not yet been reached, but who could not have lived many hours. The surviving explorers, are still in a very critical condition. The Marchioness of Hastings and other ladies are attending most assiduously to the wants of the sufferers. Great distress prevails in the homes of many of those who have been thrown out of work by the calamity, and a subscription fund has been started for their relief, over £1,200. being subscribed at the first meeting held.



We have from time to time many scenes in the House of Commons, not a few of a painful character. But the memory must go back a long way in search of parallel to the one of Monday night. Less than a week earlier Lord Frederick Cavendish had been in his place on the Treasury Bench arranging the business of the House. On Wednesday it was scarcely noticed that he was not present, because this being a private members' day his duties were not exacting. On that same day Mr. Chamberlain was everywhere hailed as the Chief Secretary of Ireland, and it was noticed that he was already in personal communication with the Irish members. He seemed, with characteristic promptitude, to have forestalled the duties of his actual appointment. On Thursday the House learned with amazement that Lord Frederick Cavendish had been appointed Chief Secretary, and that his seat was already vacant in view of the necessary re-election.

What followed thereupon doubtless added a fresh pang to the sorrow that filled the land on Sunday. There was a general consensus of opinion that Mr. Chamberlain was the right man for the place. It was believed that the policy on which the Government had freshly departed was in an especial manner his. Those who believed in its efficacy, and those who doubted its success, agreed in fixing upon Mr. Chamberlain as the man to carry it out. When, therefore, it became known that not only was Mr. Chamberlain not appointed, but that Lord Frederick Cavendish was, there burst forth such a storm of derision and doubt such as rarely marks a Ministerial appointment. Lord Frederick was known to every one who had business within the House of Commons as an able, painstaking, and courteous official, a man with a clear head for business, though of somewhat stammering speech. Mr. Forster often had a difficulty in holding his own with the glib and adroit tongues of the Land Leaguers. The Attorney-General for Ireland is no match for them. What would happen when Lord Frederick, with his impetuous nature and his faltering tongue, came to the table, was only too clearly forecasted in men's minds. No bounds were fixed to the freedom of criticism, and Lord Frederick Cavendish, travelling to the scene of his duty by the Irish mail, might have bought all the newspapers in the country without finding himself cheered by one kind or encouraging word.

On Monday night, when the House met, it knew that Lord Frederick Cavendish would nevermore stand at the table, whether as Chief Secretary or in any other capacity. "For Lycidas was dead—died ere his prime." In fitting tribute to his memory it had been arranged that both Houses of Parliament should immediately adjourn, and members gathered slowly and solemnly to add the dignity of numbers to the occasion. The House of Commons was crowded in every part, not omitting the gallery, where the peers sit. Their lordships were still in session, Lord Granville, the Marquis of Salisbury, Earl Cowper, and others uplifting their voices in mourning for the murdered man. But the superior attractions of the House of Commons operated on the minds of at least a score of noble lords, who, leaving their own place, hastened over to the Commons and filled their bench. It was noticeable that every member wore mourning more or less pronounced. Not the least demonstrative in this respect were the Irish Members. When the crowd was gathered, filling the benches, standing in double rows in side galleries, and massed in a throng at the bar, one of the most prominent figures was Mr. Biggar, dressed in deep mourning, even to black studs, and with his thumbs in the armholes of his waistcoat. With an unusually depressed look on his face he stood in the front centre of the crowd at the bar, occasionally his wandering gaze fixing itself upon his particular seat below the gangway, now occupied by a Conservative member. The occasion must have been very remarkable indeed in which Mr. Biggar was forestalled in his habitude of securing his accustomed seat.

Mr. Gladstone came in at the very last moment, apparently shirking the task as long as was possible. Unlike its usual mood when presenting this crowded appearance, the House had been very quiet. So low were the tones in which men whispered, and so sad the prevailing look, that a stranger might have thought the bodies of the murdered men were actually in the chamber, and that what was about to take place was the funeral service. As the Premier entered there was a slight sound as of a muffled cheer; but it fell away, and solemn silence filled the chamber, whilst the Premier dropped into his seat as if he could not have gone a step further, and covered his face

with his hands. It was, however, necessary that some one should think of ordinary business, and this naturally fell to the lot of the Speaker, who in a tone that differed nothing from its every-day manner proclaimed the "Order! Order!" which precedes the introduction of business. Thereupon the Premier slowly rose and commenced his painful task.

At first his voice was scarcely audible. When he raised it a little it seemed as if it were only preliminary to hopelessly breaking down. He was literally crushed with grief, and instead of the eager animated figure with its aggressive mien which the House is accustomed to see stand at the table, it saw an old man with bent figure, eyes red with past weeping, and now filled again with tears, who spoke in a voice choked with sobs. There were few dry eyes in the assembly as Mr. Gladstone laboured through his task. He commenced with a reference to Mr. Burke, to whose memory he paid a fitting tribute. He paused when this portion of his task was done, and commencing again with the remark, "But the hand of the assassin has struck nearer home," he quite broke down, and it seemed that he would not be able to conclude his task. He managed somehow, partly by being brief, and partly by avoiding direct mention of Lord Frederick Cavendish by name. Coming to the conclusion of his speech, and stepping for a moment into the more bracing atmosphere of politics, he announced that the tragedy of Saturday would compel the Government to reconsider and recast their arrangements; that without delay a measure would be brought in for the preservation of peace and order in Ireland; that it would be immediately followed by a Bill dealing with the Arrears question, and subsequently with the Bright Clauses of the Land Act. In the meantime, the Procedure Resolutions would be postponed.

Sir Stafford Northcote seconded the resolution in a short speech, which did justice to the kindness of his heart and the fulness of his sympathy. The rising of Mr. Parnell was a critical moment. Some member uttered a cry of indignation at the appearance on the scene of the Land League leader; but this was an isolated demonstration which had the effect of eliciting for Mr. Parnell a much more friendly reception than he might otherwise have met with. Nothing was lacking in warmth of denunciation in his speech, nor of apparent sincerity in his declaration that the terrible deed was the work of some men who by it had struck the hardest blow in their power at the new policy of conciliation upon which the Government had embarked. Mr. Forster bore testimony to the personal qualities of Mr. Burke, in which Mr. Lowther joined, and the painful scene came to an end.

On Tuesday the paralysis of obstruction was taken advantage of by both sides of the House to make substantial progress with business. On Thursday the brief term of mourning came to an end, and the House was once more embarked on the stormy sea of Irish politics.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY

II.

MRS. J. PETTIE is seen to more advantage in two pictures of moderate size, hanging in the First Gallery, than in the very large work already mentioned. The first in order (18), suggested by Hood's "Dream of Eugene Aram," together with some inequalities of execution, displays considerable power of expression, the emphatic earnestness of the old sinner, and the look of wonder on the face of the boy who is listening to him, being extremely well rendered. In his second picture Mr. Pettie has realised Macaulay's description of "The Duke of Monmouth's Interview with James II." (30) with great dramatic power. Contempt, combined with unrelenting malignity, are well expressed in the face of the King as he looks at his nephew who, with his arms bound behind him and his face livid with fear, is grovelling at his feet. On the opposite wall is a picture by the Hungarian painter Munkácsy, "Avant la Fête du Pape" (64), which attracts attention by its force of effect and obtrusively displayed dexterity of handling, but entirely fails to satisfy the critical judgment. There is no more vitality in the lady, who is arranging a bouquet of flowers on the table, or in the children playing on the floor, than in the numerous still-life objects around them, and they are not so well painted. The harmonising influence of tone is entirely absent, and the painter's habitual want of artistic moderation is shown in many ways, especially in the sudden transitions of light and dark and the violent contrasts of commonplace colour. Near this is a characteristic half-length figure, by Mr. G. H. Boughton, "The Burgomaster's Daughter" (63), in the quaint costume of the seventeenth century, painted with conscientious care and completeness, but less interesting than his scenes of modern Dutch life; and a small picture, by Mr. Marks, of a mediæval student looking up from his work in the hope of arresting "A Fugitive Thought" (56), unpleasantly opaque in colour, but natural in expression and gesture.

In this first gallery hangs the most attractive, if not in every way the best picture that Mr. Millais this year exhibits. It is the portrait of a young girl, "Dorothy Thorpe" (43), who is seen kneeling on a cushion with two small spaniels in front of her, patiently waiting for the biscuit that she holds between her fingers. The picture is most harmonious in colour, and every part of it, including the richly-chased silver bowl, the picturesque seventeenth-century costume, and the massive lace which adorns it, is painted with a firm, broad, and expressive touch that few painters since Velasquez—whose work it to some extent resembles—have surpassed. With all this the charm of the picture chiefly lies in the youthful beauty of the head, and in its freshness and *naïveté* of expression. This artist's unrivalled skill in treating childish portraiture is again shown in the half-length which he has painted, for H. M. the Queen, of "H. R. H. the Princess Marie" (353), the little daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, who is represented in the act of knitting a woollen glove. The half-length portrait of "Sir Henry Thompson" (127) is not so solidly painted as some of the artist's works of the kind, but as a subtle rendering of individual character we are inclined to think that he has done nothing better. Among other estimable qualities it is remarkable for breadth of effect and dignified simplicity of treatment. The other portraits by Mr. Millais we may notice later.

Among the numerous pictures of modern Continental life none is likely to prove more popular than C. Van Haanen's "Luncheon-time in a Venetian Sartoria" (176), and none will better repay examination. Not often have we met with a representation of an unfamiliar scene conveying so convincing an impression of reality. Each of the nine working girls, who in natural and easy attitudes are amusing themselves during an interval of rest, is strikingly true in character, and animated in expression. In no degree inferior to this is a smaller picture by the artist in which a fair Venetian girl is seen trying on a slipper in "A Cobbler's Shop" (344). Besides their truth to nature and spontaneity of design, both pictures are distinguished by masterly execution and refined beauty of colour. "A Village Maestro" (56) is the title of a very clever but rather purposeless picture by Federigo Andreotti, showing an old musician with a violin under his arm in converse with a young lady in the quaint costume of the beginning of this century, who seems for no obvious reason to be extremely amused. If the painter had any story to tell he has failed to make it intelligible, but his picture is well worthy of attention for its admirable technical qualities and the extraordinary vitality that he has infused into the figures. Not so good in colour as these, or quite so firm in style, but very ably painted is the large "Venetian Convent in the Eighteenth Century" (370), by Eugène de Blaas, representing a large party of girls ranged on benches in a convent school, watching with various degrees of delight, a marionette performance. The figures are well

grouped, and are remarkable moreover for their thoroughly childlike character and unaffectedly natural gestures.

The half-length figure "Molly" (281), seems to us the best of Mr. G. D. Leslie's contributions. There is some pathos as well as much beauty in the face of the young woman who looks up appealingly at her lover, and the picture is agreeable in colour, and in excellent keeping. The companion work, "Sally in our Alley" (282), is less attractive, but it shows the artist's customary refinement of style and completeness of execution. A very agreeable little picture of provincial life in the last century, by Mr. Orchardson, called "Housekeeping in the Honeymoon" (235), displays power of expression as well as delicacy of treatment and beauty of colour. The tender solicitude of the husband, who, carrying a basket full of greenstuff and oranges, looks somewhat anxiously at the thoughtful face of his comely bride, who seems unconscious of his presence, is rendered with subtle skill. All the subordinate features of the scene, including the picturesque street, the old-fashioned shops and their occupants, are introduced with rare ability, and are in perfect keeping with the figures. Mr. Orchardson also sends a full-length portrait, rather smaller than life, of "Mrs. J. P. B. Robertson" (371), remarkable for its unconventional mode of treatment. The picture includes, besides the lady, who sits in natural attitude, with her arms folded, a considerable amount of accessory matter, rich hangings, flowers, and other objects characteristic of a tastefully-furnished drawing-room, all of which are important elements in the composition and scheme of colour. The face is expressive and well modelled, but the flesh tints look a little cold, probably in consequence of the rich tone in the background and the glow of warm light which suffuses the room. Near this is a scene of Scotch domestic life, by Mr. T. Faed, called "I Cannot, Mother, I Cannot" (356), showing a woman of middle age expostulating with her recalcitrant and rather sentimental-looking daughter. Though conventional in treatment, and not very profound in expression, it has the characteristic merits of the painter's work, including well-balanced composition and finished workmanship.

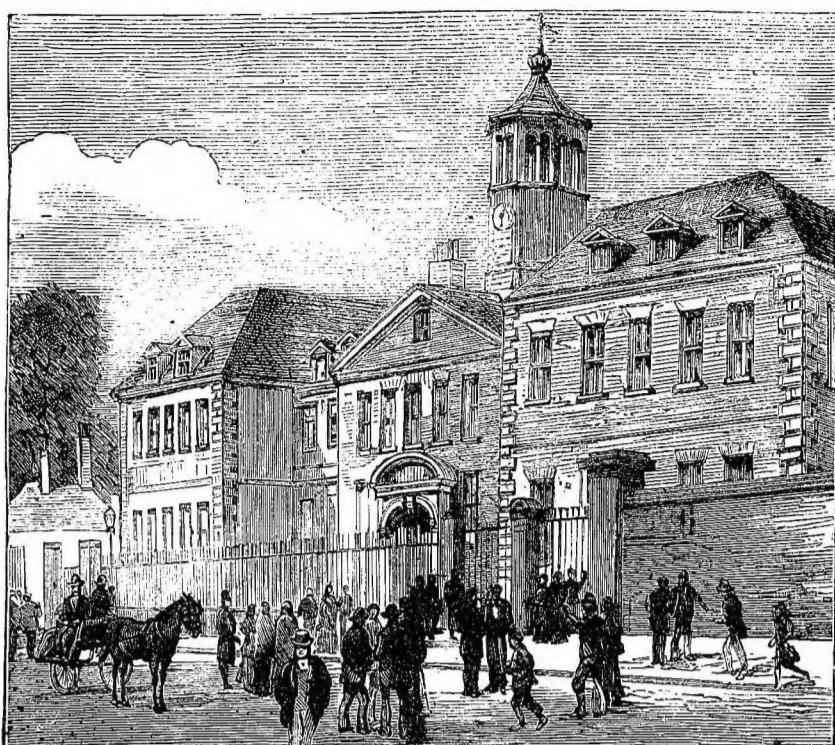
Besides the large work already noticed, Mr. F. Goodall sends a striking and apparently truthful picture of Oriental life, "The Arrival at the Well" (399). The two camels, the dusky Arabs, and the tall girl who is supplying them with water, are here seen under the fierce light of the mid-day sun. The figures are admirably grouped from a pictorial point of view, and painted with great strength and solidity. A picture by Mr. A. H. Marsh of a very old woman and girl weakly making their way along a country road by twilight, "Homeless" (411), is noteworthy for its truth of rustic character, as well as its breadth of effect and low-toned harmony of colour. A small and tastefully treated picture by W. F. Yeames, "Welcome as the Flowers in Spring" (418), represents a little girl bringing a basket of flowers to three old female pensioners seated outside a picturesque almshouse. The heads are characterised with discriminating skill, and the effect of broad daylight is well rendered. A small picture by the Belgian painter, J. Van Beers, "The Yacht La Sirène" (391), which attracted some attention at Paris last year, and more afterwards at Brussels, where it became the subject of litigation, is a marvel of minute and painful elaboration. We have seldom met with a work so precise in its definition of detail.

BRITISH GULLIBILITY.—The amount of unreasoning credulity and trustful simplicity existing in the minds of the British public generally is perfectly astounding to people of ordinary common sense, and is a fact only to be accounted for by such cynical aphorisms as that of Carlyle respecting the population of Great Britain—"mostly fools," or that of a certain other philosopher to the effect that "men with plenty money" were surely made for those "with plenty brains." These reflections are forced upon us just at this moment by the fact that within the last week the law courts and the magistrates have been dealing with quite a number of gigantic and successful frauds, in which the pretensions of the swindlers were of the most transparent character, and the confiding victims appear to have facilitated the nefarious operations of their despoiler, by voluntarily closing their eyes and ears, and scrupulously refraining from exercising the commonest rudiments of sense and reason. We are accustomed to speak with mingled pity and contempt of the ignorance and lack of mental capacity exhibited by servant girls who pin their faith upon the flattering vaticinations of the wandering gipsies who wheedle them out of their own savings, and sometimes induces them to rob their employers of valuables necessary for the "ruining of their planet" or the "casting of their nativity"; or of the empty-headed young men who are constantly falling victims to the "confidence trick" in one or other of its protean forms, but in the instances which we now contemplate—the Fearneaux Frauds, the Next-of-Kin swindle, the case of the astrological pretender who from Birmingham sent out his delusive advertisements all over the country, the quack doctor of South London, who for a certain fee undertook to cure all sorts of diseases and to prolong the life and youthful vigour of his patients, and the cunning lodging-house keeper of Plymouth who seems to have imposed on her dupes by sheer effrontery—in all these cases the greater number of the silly people who were "taken in" were men and women of decent education, and of fair social position, presumably acquainted with numbers of intelligent friends, whose advice, if sought, ought to have saved them from the humiliating exposure to which they have been subjected. What can we be expected to think of the intellectual calibre of middle-class well-to-do people who, in the nineteenth century, believe in such manifestly absurd pretensions as were put forward by Jane Fearneaux, backed, forsooth, by the ridiculous travesties of legal documents, the reading of which in Court evoked roars of laughter? We fear that, after all is said, the true explanation of the remarkable phenomena in the great majority of cases is to be found in the inordinate greed of gain, the morbid covetousness, and overwhelming desire to grow suddenly rich; the speculative or gambling spirit, which never looks to the chances of failure, but blindly plunges on, stisling all inward doubts and misgivings, in the hope that all will turn out well in the end. If this be the true solution of the marvel, we can only feel that moral justice is done when the selfish engineers find themselves hoist by their own petards.

PARLIAMENTARY LEGISLATION IN THE UNITED STATES is becoming as encumbered as in our own country. During the last eight years the percentage of Bills submitted to Congress which have become law has been steadily declining, having fallen from 32 per cent. to 4½ per cent. Thus 10,067 Bills were laid before the last Congress, and only 450 were passed.

LONDON MORTALITY further declined last week, and 1,495 deaths were registered against 1,520 during the previous seven days, a decrease of 25, being 89 below the average, and at the rate of 20·0 per 1,000. There were 13 from small-pox (a decline of 3), 54 from measles (a decrease of 3), 25 from scarlet-fever (a decline of 17), 14 from diphtheria, 125 from whooping-cough (a decrease of 4), 2 from typhus fever, 10 from enteric fever (a decline of 5), 2 from ill-defined forms of fever, 18 from diarrhoea and dysentery (a rise of 4), one from cholera, and 282 from diseases of the respiratory organs (a decline of 29, and 60 below the average), of which 152 were referred to bronchitis and 65 to pneumonia. Different forms of violence caused 48 deaths, 42 were the result of negligence or accident, including 4 from drowning, and 17 infants under 1 year from suffocation. There were 2,740 births registered against 2,460 during the previous week, being 9 below the average. The mean temperature of the air was 52 deg., and 2·8 above the average.

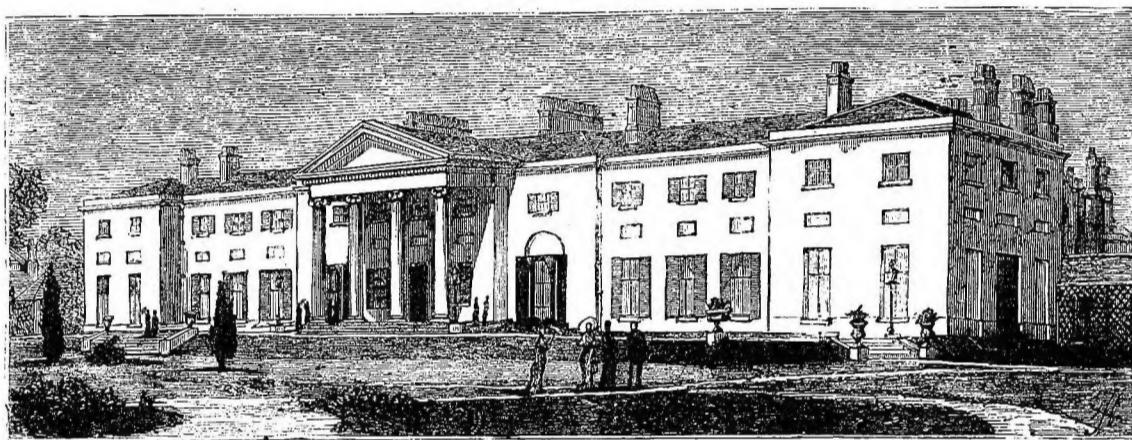
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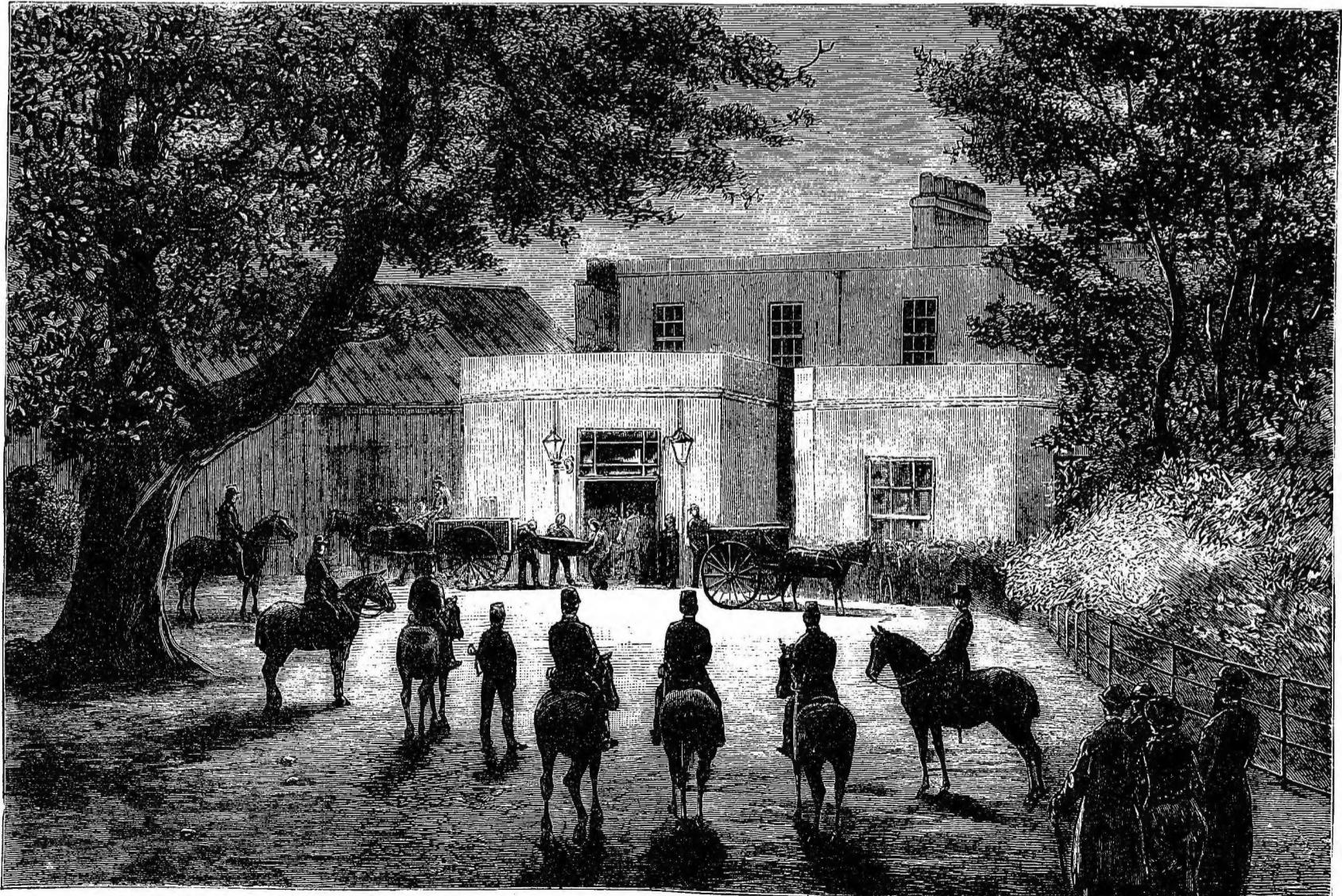
STEEVENS' HOSPITAL, TO WHICH THE BODIES WERE FIRST TAKEN



ENTRANCE TO THE CHIEF SECRETARY'S LODGE, PHENIX PARK



THE VICEREGAL LODGE, PHENIX PARK, DUBLIN

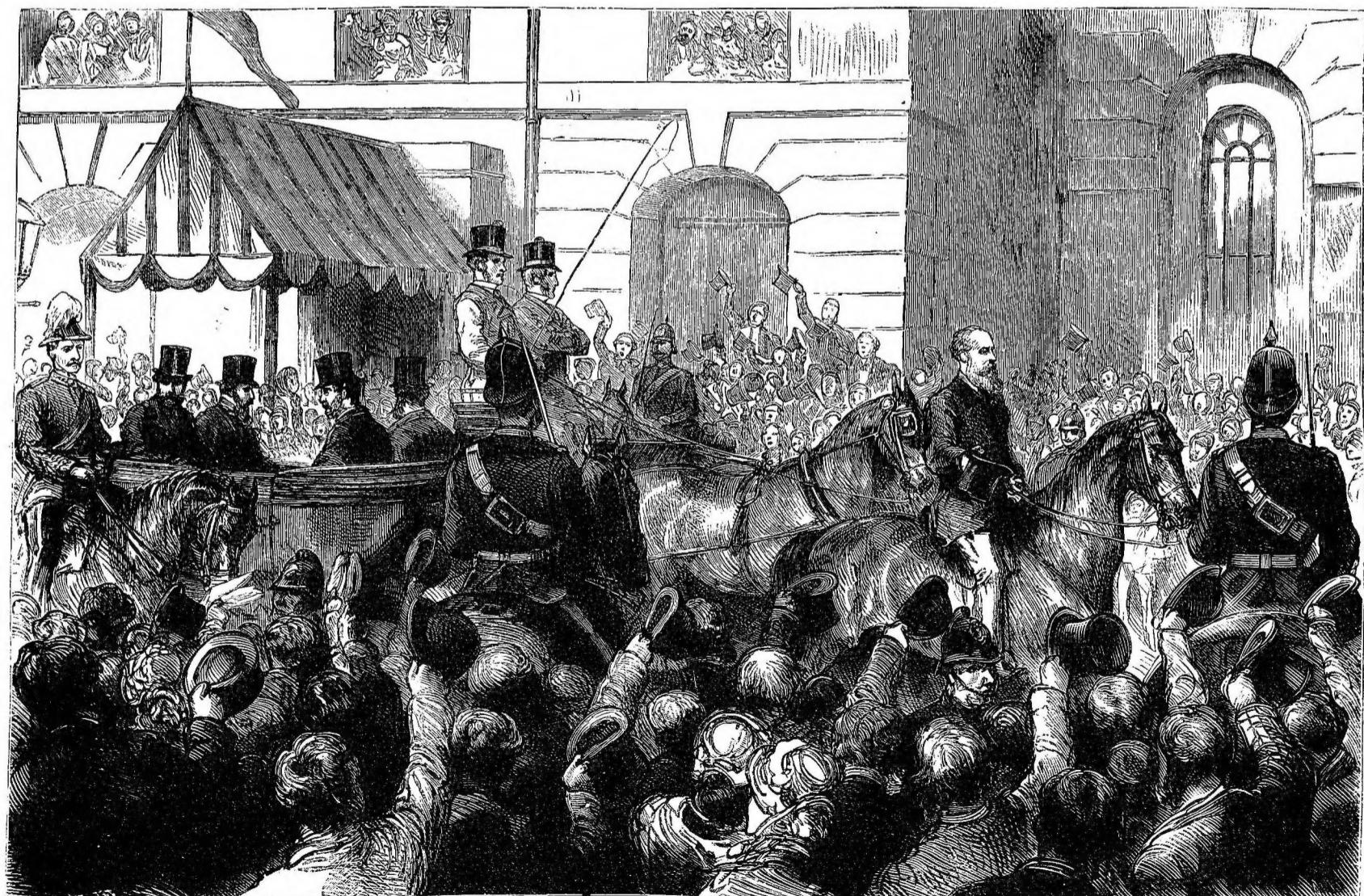


ARRIVAL OF THE BODIES AT THE CHIEF SECRETARY'S LODGE

THE ASSASSINATION OF LORD F. C. CAVENDISH AND MR. T. H. BURKE



THE RIGHT HON EARL SPENCER, K.G., P.C.
THE NEW LORD-LIEUTENANT OF IRELAND



ARRIVAL OF EARL SPENCER AT DUBLIN : THE PROCESSION ON ITS WAY TO THE CASTLE

THE ASSASSINATION OF LORD F. C. CAVENDISH AND MR. T. H. BURKE



FOREIGN OPINION ON THE IRISH CRISIS.—The assassinations of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke have excited a thrill of horror and indignation in every civilised country, and, with one or two noteworthy exceptions, the journals of all parties have joined in the denunciation of the crime, as particularly heinous at a moment when coercive policy had been almost unreservedly abandoned, and one of the murdered men was actually a messenger of conciliation. As may be expected, however, the event is taken by each nation as a text to read England a sermon with regard to the policy she should now pursue, while the various expressions of opinion are highly characteristic of the Government and people by whom they are made. From FRANCE we have the greatest diversity, ranging from the violent Monarchical organs, who tell England that the Irish must now be treated as the Sepoys were treated in India, and that the policy of concession and compromise, which the revolutionaries look upon as a confession of weakness, must be abandoned, to the Intransigent organs of M. Rochefort and his brother Communists, who, forgetting the hospitality they received from England in the time of need, now not only palliate the "execution," as the *Citizen* calls the crime, but absolutely justify it, comparing England to Gessler, and singing the praises of tyrannicide. M. Rochefort actually declares that the assassins must be sought for amongst the landlords, "who are afraid above everything of being dispossessed . . . Everything leads to the presumption that millionaires and not outcasts had to do with the Phoenix Park catastrophe. The occasion will of course be taken advantage of to practise redoubled ferocity against the poor Irish." The great bulk of the Republican journals, however, such as the *Temps*, the *Débats*, the *République Française*, &c., express their opinions with great moderation and judgment. The event is pronounced most disastrous, both for Mr. Gladstone and for Ireland, but at the same time the Irish themselves are absolved from the actual crime, which is laid down to the American Fenian organisations, and the English Government is exhorted not to abandon its policy of conciliation, and in a moment of exasperation to enter once more upon the dangerous path of coercion. Nevertheless the Orleanist *Soleil* expresses a widespread feeling when it declares that "Mr. Parnell repeats the story of all revolution makers. He has stirred up evil passions and now cannot control them, he has set in motion a cruel unthinking machine and cannot stop it, he has unmuzzled the monster and cannot hold it back. He could no more have stopped the assassination than Danton could the massacres of the First Revolution, nor M. Clémenceau the murders of Generals Clément Thomas and Lecomte." In justice to the last-named Radical leader it should be stated that his organ, the *Justice*, treats the crime as it deserves, and only appeals to England not to punish the innocent for the guilty. The attitude of England at this crisis is highly praised. The *Débats* comments upon the unanimity of Liberals and Conservatives who sink all party feeling in the face of a national misfortune, while the *Temps* remarks that the spectacle offered by England is calculated to produce a high opinion of the political character and spirit of the British nation.

In GERMANY the denunciation of the crime is more fierce than in France, but as neither Mr. Gladstone nor his colleagues are popular at Berlin there is a general disposition to lay the blame at the door of the Cabinet and its recent change of policy. "This change," declares the semi-official *Post*, "is already bearing fruit, and the apprehensions regarding it have received ghastly confirmation." The crime is compared to those of the Nihilists, and an embitterment of public opinion is prophesied which will end in Mr. Gladstone's fall. Meanwhile, the *Tagblatt* congratulates itself that England has become as incapable of diplomatic action as Russia, and that her influence in Egypt will be decreased, and German policy thus be enabled "to spin the diplomatic thread in the interest of European peace, and to the advantage of the German Empire. For the England of Mr. Gladstone was never a friend and promoter of German interests." In AUSTRIA the event is monopolising public attention, and the utmost horror is expressed by both Austrians and Hungarians at the deed. The Liberal *Ellenbogen*, after declaring that the Irish are out of their senses, says "Ireland has disavowed its great agitator, O'Connell, who taught his countrymen to fight only with Constitutional weapons, and warned them against violating the law, and against rebellion." The *Neue Freie Presse*, criticising Mr. Gladstone's new departure, asks "How much longer will the dream of material concession as a balm for political wounds entice statesmen like a Will-o'-the-wisp and lead them into a morass?"

In RUSSIA the news has excited a mixed feeling of horror at the crime, and of apprehension of the effect it may have upon the fate of Mr. Gladstone and his Ministry, who have always been friendly and conciliatory towards Russia, particularly with regard to the Central Asian policy. The advent of a Conservative Cabinet, it is thought, would reopen old sores, and destroy the feeling of foreign political quietude which Russia now enjoys. The *Golos* considers that the assassinations prove that Mr. Gladstone was mistaken in thinking that Mr. Parnell and his friends were the real leaders of the Irish movement, which is political rather than agrarian, and behind the Land League there is a secret party which aims at the overthrow of English authority.

In the UNITED STATES great indignation has been excited against the Fenians who are regarded as the real authors of the crime which journals of every shade heartily join in warmly denouncing. The *New York Herald* declares that except the Czar's assassination no political murder has been more tragic, the *New York World* asserts that no compromise now is possible—England must choose whether she will continue as for centuries past to govern Ireland by force, or whether she will leave Ireland free to govern herself to-day as an integral part of the British realm, and to govern herself absolutely at a not far distant day as an independent nation. The *Tribune* considers that "while these foul murders have widened the breach between Englishmen and Irishmen, they will alienate the sympathies of the world." The *Times* is ashamed to acknowledge that "this brutal assassination is in harmony with the teaching of certain residents in this country, who have steadily advocated it to fill their pockets. Our law does not reach these offences against decency and humanity; but they ought to be reached by a public sentiment of contempt and abhorrence so deep and universal that even O'Donovan Rossa should feel it." Meanwhile that worthy appears in no way shocked by the assassination, and in a communication to the *Standard* exclaims, "The only wonder is that manhood enough is left to dare to execute well-merited vengeance. The men who struck the blow shall have no word of condemnation from me." The Americans are now fast losing all sympathy with the extreme agitators, and the Land Leaguers have vigorously expressed their abhorrence of the crime. Meetings have been held of the various branches, and both from San Francisco and New York come offers of a reward of £1,000 for the discovery of the assassins. Mr. Mooney, the President of the Land League across the Atlantic, has also issued a proclamation to the Irish exhorting them to bring the perpetrators of the "execrable and cowardly assassination" to justice. The New York Legislature has passed a vote condemning the crime, and in various churches on Sunday it formed the theme of the preachers' discourse.

FRANCE.—There is little home news this week. The Chambers have been quietly discussing routine business, the only noteworthy incident being the passing, by 327 to 119 votes, of M. Naquet's Bill permitting divorce. Whether or no the more conservative and ecclesiastical Senate will confirm this vote is somewhat doubtful. The agitation for a renewal of the negotiations for a Treaty of Commerce with England is increasing, and at a meeting of the Syndical Chamber of Clothiers on Monday a resolution asking for a new treaty was adopted, on the plea that the absolute substitution of specific for *ad valorem* duties presses heavily on cheap goods and lightens the duties on dear goods, seeing that there is no relation between the weight and value of a textile.

In PARIS there has been a grand banquet of railway *employés*, presided over by M. Victor Hugo. The banquet was given in honour of an engine-driver named Grisel, who in 1857, at the risk of dismissal, refused to take a train over a bridge which a few minutes afterwards was carried away by a flood. For this, however, he was not decorated till a few months since. M. Hugo made a brief, characteristic speech, concluding with, "What made this man?—Industry. What has made this festival?—the Republic. Citizens, 'Vive la République!'" There has been only one theatrical novelty, a comedy by MM. Edmond About and Emile de Narjac, entitled *Un Mariage de Paris*, at the Vaudeville.

AFFAIRS IN THE EAST.—In TURKEY the new Prime Minister, Abdurrahman Pasha, has proved more amenable to reason than his predecessor, and the war indemnity question has now been completely settled, Abdurrahman having secured the Sultan's ratification to a satisfactory arrangement, which embraced M. de Novikoff's stipulations. The Convention was accepted and the draft initiated on Monday by the Russian delegate. It provides for the payment of the indemnity by an annuity of 315,000*l.* per annum.

In EGYPT the Khedive has commuted the sentences of the Circassian officers found guilty of conspiracy against Arabi Pasha, and has condemned them simply to exile. This decision was taken after a conference with the foreign Consuls and the receipt of a Note from the Sultan directing him to pardon those against whom the charges rested on mere supposition, and demanding the communication of the whole of the documents submitted to the court-martial. This last request will not be granted, as it is considered contrary to the prerogatives conferred by successive firmanas of the Porte. The Cabinet, however, insist upon a modification of this decree, and that expulsion should be accompanied by degradation. The Khedive, relying upon the support of the French and English Consuls, refuses, and at the time we are writing a serious crisis is prevailing. The Ministry, disregarding the organic law, have summoned the Chamber of Notables over the Khedive's head, but have assured the foreign Consuls that the person of the Khedive will be held sacred. At the same time they declare that in case of Turkish intervention they will defend the country. In fact, as Reuter's telegram declares, "Egypt is in a state of revolution." With regard to Turkish intervention, the Sultan, who has, it appears, consulted Prince Bismarck on the subject, has been told that he had better come to an understanding with England and France on the matter and follow their advice. There has been a rebellion in the Soudan, under the leadership of the false prophet Mahdi, who gave so much trouble last year. He at first defeated the troops sent against him, and was marching against Khartoum at the head of 8,000 men, where, according to official accounts, he was defeated and his followers dispersed. In fact, the general condition of the country is as unsatisfactory as ever, there being all sorts of rumours regarding the ultimate deposition of Tewfik, and various speculations respecting his successor.

In GERMANY Princess William of Prussia gave birth to a son on Saturday night. Prince William went early on Sunday to Berlin to inform the Emperor, who after attending a thanksgiving service in the Cathedral, went to the Marble Palace at Potsdam to see the Prince and Princess, while Prince William also received a number of congratulatory visits. The Princess and her child are both well. There are now three direct successors to the German Crown, but this baby is the first direct heir born since the foundation of the new German Empire.

RUSSIA.—There have been further outrages upon the Jews. Combine, a town inhabited by 3,000 Jews, has been completely wrecked, and there is now a general emigration of Jews from Muscovite territory. In some places, also, the foreboding that the anti-Semitic agitation was only preliminary to an anti-Teutonic movement is being justified, and outrages on Germans are already being reported, while in Warsaw no little apprehension is being felt by the German community. Nor is the Nihilist agitation any less active, and it is now stated that the Moscow authorities being unable to guarantee the Emperor Alexander's safety, the coronation festivities have been definitively abandoned. The Imperial Family are going to Peterhof, and will remain there during the accouchement of the Empress.

The Search Expedition of the *Jeannette* has resulted in the finding of the dead bodies of Lieutenant De Long, and two of his companions have been found near Kengurach. Engineer Melville, however, is continuing his search for the occupants of the second boat, under the command of Lieutenant Chipp. Lieutenant Danenhauer and the other survivors have left St. Petersburg for Hull in the *Hidalgo*. The Admiral of the port conducted them down the river in his yacht, and read them a complimentary address before leaving. The crew of the *Rodgers*, which was one of the search vessels despatched to find the *Jeannette*, and which was burnt off the coast of Siberia, have arrived off the Eastern coast of Siberia.

The Kuldja territory, which has been ceded to the Chinese by treaty has now been occupied by 8,000 Chinese troops, well and completely armed with weapons of European make, and led by able commanders.—Prince Alexander of Bulgaria has been cordially received by the Czar, who, however, declined to afford him any diplomatic or pecuniary support.

INDIA.—The Burmese Embassy have officially visited the Viceroy at Simla, and have presented their credentials. The Ambassadors appear anxious for friendly relations, but treaty negotiations are somewhat complicated by recent reports from Mandalay of fresh executions and the seizure and ill-treatment of British subjects, amongst whom is stated to be the wife of the commander of a flotilla steamer. The chief of the Ambassadors is described as intelligent and courteous, and is said to have been in England. They all wear the usual Burmese costume with the Court head-dress of white muslin wound round the upper part of the head below the top-knot.

Trade in British Burmah appears to be in the most flourishing condition, despite the natural laziness of the inhabitants. The export of rice is increasing, and in ten years the trade has increased from a value of 10,263,000*l.* to 22,222,000*l.*, while in the same period the revenue has increased from 1,232,066*l.* to 2,360,000*l.* In 1880-1 Burmah paid a surplus of 767,000*l.* to the Imperial Government.

The scheme for the reorganisation of the Indian army is being actively discussed. Excluding local corps, the reduction of four cavalry and eighteen infantry regiments will leave the future establishment of the Indian army thirty-one cavalry regiments and 113 infantry regiments. The strength henceforth of cavalry and infantry regiments will be as follows:—Eight European officers to 550 natives of all ranks in the cavalry, and the same proportion of European officers to 832 natives in the infantry.

In AFGHANISTAN all is quiet, and Mahomed Afzul, the British Envoy, left Simla for Cabul on Thursday week.



THE QUEEN.—The Queen has spent a few days in town this week. Her Majesty on Saturday paid the promised visit to Epping Forest, but as the proceedings are described elsewhere, we need only mention that the Queen was accompanied by the Princess Beatrice, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, and Princess Louise, and returned in the evening to Windsor. On Sunday Her Majesty and the Princess Beatrice attended Divine Service in the Private Chapel, where Canon A. Barry preached, and later the Queen gave audience to Mr. R. Brett, Lord Hartington's Secretary, and to Lieut. Ross, who arrived from Dublin, while in the evening the Dean of Windsor and Mrs. Wellesley, and Sir H. and Lady Ponsonby joined the Royal party at dinner. Her Majesty on Monday received the Mayor and Corporation of Windsor, who presented a congratulatory address on the Duke of Albany's marriage, and in the evening Earl and Countess Cowper and Sir Garnet Wolsey dined with the Queen. Next day Her Majesty and Princess Beatrice came up to Buckingham Palace, where the Queen held a Drawingroom, attended by the Prince of Wales, the Grand Duke, Princess Victoria, and Prince Frederick William of Hesse, Prince and Princess Christian, Princess Beatrice, and other members of the Royal Family. Her Majesty wore black broché silk, trimmed with embroidery and chenille, Princess Christian was in pale yellow satin brocade, ornamented with Honiton lace, pearl embroidery and red poppies, and Princess Beatrice's toilette was of mother-of-pearl moiré antique over pale green satin trimmed with ferns. On Wednesday the Princess of Wales lunched with the Queen, and Her Majesty received an address of congratulation on her preservation from the attempt of the 2nd of March from the United Grand Lodge of Ancient and Accepted Masons of England, headed by the Prince of Wales as Grand Master, the Duke of Connaught being also present as Past Grand Warden. The Queen subsequently, with Princess Beatrice, visited the Duchess of Cambridge at St. James's Palace. On Thursday the Queen held another Drawingroom, and yesterday (Friday) Her Majesty and the Princess were to return to Windsor. They go to Balmoral for the usual spring visit next Friday. The Queen sent a wreath to Lord Frederick Cavendish's funeral, and a letter of condolence to the widow.

The Prince and Princess of Wales have been entertaining the Grand Duke of Hesse and his daughter at Marlborough House, as well as the Crown Prince of Denmark. On Monday the Prince and Princess and their guests visited the exhibition of pictures commemorative of Sir Francis Drake and the defeat of the Spanish Armada. The Princess did not go to the Drawing Room on Tuesday, but the Prince was present, while he also rode out with the Grand Duke of Hesse and the Danish Crown Prince. On Wednesday evening the Princess of Wales went to the Savoy Theatre.—The Prince of Wales will go to High Wycombe next Friday to inspect the Bucks Militia. During June he will visit Romford.—Princes Albert Victor and George arrived at Beyrouth from Baalbec on Saturday, and were received with great ceremony by the Governor of the Lebanon, and various officials. After lunching at the British Consulate, the Princes went on board the *Bacchante*, where they took leave of the Turkish officials, thanking them for the Sultan's kindness during their visit. They left early on Sunday morning for Athens.

The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh on Saturday dined with the First Lord of the Admiralty, and were present at his subsequent reception. On Wednesday evening the Duke and Duchess went to the Court Theatre.—The Duke of Connaught on Wednesday night presided at the ninety-fourth Anniversary Festival of the Royal Masonic Institution for Girls.—Princess Louise was to have opened on Tuesday the South Hampstead High School for Girls, but in consequence of the late occurrence in Ireland postponed the ceremony till to-day (Saturday). The Princess leaves for Canada in the *Sarmatian* on the 25th inst.—Prince and Princess Philip of Saxe-Coburg Gotha have left London for Paris.—The ex-Empress Eugénie has been staying *incognito* in Paris, and has now gone to Ems.



THE CONVOCATION OF CANTERBURY met on Tuesday. The Upper House adopted an address to Her Majesty the Queen, congratulating her on the failure of the recent dastardly attempt on her life, and on the marriage of her youngest son with an amiable and worthy Princess; and in the Lower House an *articulus cleri* was adopted on the subject of the murders in Dublin, the Bishops being requested to consider the propriety of setting apart a day for National Intercession, or, failing that, of appointing, by their own authority, a day on which as many people as possible may unite in humble supplication to Almighty God. The other subjects referred to in the two Houses were Mr. Green's imprisonment, Church and State, the Opium Traffic, the Reform of Convocation, Children's Services, the Salvation Army, and the Contumacious Prisoners' Discharge Bill.

THE MAY MEETINGS.—Amongst those held since our last list were given are the London City Mission, the Protestant Educational Institute, the London Missionary Society, the Society for Promoting Christianity Among the Jews, the Religious Tract Society, the Turkish Missions Aid Society, the Governesses' Benevolent Society, the Congregational Union of England and Wales, the Protestant Reformation Society, the Congregational Total Abstinence Society, the Irish Church Missions, the Evangelical Alliance, Mr. Spurgeon's Colportage Association, the Church of England Sunday School Union, the Ragged School Union, the Prayer Book Revision Society, the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union, the British and Foreign Sailors' Society, the Naval and Military Bible Society, the London Female Preventive and Reformatory Institution, the Church Association, the East London Evangelisation Society, and the inaugural meeting of the New Society for Preserving the Memorials of the Dead. At many of these gatherings sorrowful allusion was made by the various speakers to the all-absorbing topic of the week—the appalling outrage in Dublin.

THE FESTIVAL OF THE SONS OF THE CLERGY was held on Wednesday at St. Paul's Cathedral, the sermon being preached by the Bishop of Truro, who, besides making an appeal on behalf of the Corporation, alluded in touching terms to the "unparalleled national calamity which was calculated to make Englishmen despair of their relations with Irishmen." In the evening the Corporation Banquet was held at Merchant Taylors' Hall, the Lord Mayor presiding. The Primate and the Bishops of London and Hereford were amongst the speakers.

THE SALVATION ARMY.—In the Lower House of Convocation on Tuesday Canon Wilkinson presented a *gravenam et reformandum* respecting the Salvation Army, about whom the clergy are declared to be much perplexed, desiring to co-operate with it

and use it as an instrument for teaching the masses, but afraid lest by so doing they should encourage false doctrine and unsettle the minds of the many. The Canon, therefore, moves the Lower House to request the Bishops to take such steps as they may deem advisable to ascertain the basis of the Society, and to advise the clergy as to their duty in regard to it.—The four members of the Salvation Army at Whitchurch, in Hampshire, who were recently sentenced to one month's imprisonment with hard labour, and whose case came last week before the Court of Queen's Bench on a writ of *habeas corpus*, have been released on bail by order of the magistrates, pending the decision of the Court upon the "statement" of the case, which their lordships have ordered to be made.—Mr. Bright, writing to Mrs. Booth, in response to her appeal for his intercession on behalf of these men, says, "I hope the language of Lord Coleridge and the Home Secretary will have some effect on the foolish and unjust magistrates to whom in some districts the administration of the law is unfortunately committed. I suspect that your good work will not suffer materially from the ill-treatment you are meeting with. The people who mob you would doubtless have mobbed the Apostles. Your faith and patience will prevail."



HIER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—The first of the four promised Wagnerian "Cycles" has been held; and, by this time, a considerable section of the English opera-going public must have formed some notion as to the materials upon which the *Ring des Nibelungen* is founded, and through the peculiar arrangement of which by Wagner the old mythic legend, or rather combination of legends, has sprung into renewed existence for the edification of all Germany. *Das Rheingold*, *Die Walküre*, *Siegfried*, and *Götterdämmerung* have been presented in due succession—the first and second, on Friday and Saturday last, the second and third on Monday and Tuesday following. Were not the theme worn out by frequent discussion, the lengthy and careful analyses printed by our daily contemporaries would render further examination superfluous. Apart from this, moreover, since the celebration at Bayreuth, in 1876, for which a theatre had been specially erected, and which brought such an assembly from all parts of the artistically civilised world as may safely be called unprecedented, readers of *The Graphic* have, on various occasions, been entertained on the subject. Closer acquaintance with the dramatic and musical import of the *Ring des Nibelungen* by no means induces a stronger faith in the theory sustained by its author, with such literary power, obstinate conviction, and persevering aggressiveness, for more than a quarter of a century. With all its rare subtlety of argument, it only serves to show that Wagner is no more infallible than other revolutionists of his stamp; that he has dreamed of an impossible, nay, an undesirable thing; and that the idea of starting from where Beethoven left off, which some of his uncompromising disciples insist upon, is simply absurd. That Wagner has achieved his object with marvellous ingenuity is not to be questioned. But who is to succeed a man with so extraordinarily complex a brain?—and granting a successor, what inheritance is left to that successor? The old Norse stories of the "Eddas," the "Volsunga-Saga," even the Teutonic "Nibelungenlied," which, in his comprehensive plan, Wagner has mixed up with Icelandic myth, are speedily exhausted; and then what remains, if myth alone be the admitted source to which dramatic composers are to resort? It is well, however, that the newly invented "stage-play" should be allowed an opportunity of exercising the spell almost certain, at the outset, to accompany the propagation of ideas equally strange and illusionary, and then, with the aid of reflection and experience, to be judged impartially. Under such conditions the Wagnerian system has, we apprehend, small chance of ultimately prevailing. Absolute music will continue supreme, and rhythmic melody—anathemas notwithstanding—hold its own in opera-house, concert-room, and, happily, home-circles. It would be only wearying our readers to enter once more into particulars about the scope and merits of the famous "Tetralogy." The objectionable points in the general conception of the poem have been dwelt upon, and the more we know of them the more unlikely are they to be condoned by any amount of special pleading. With the exception of Brünnhilde, we find scarcely a personage entitled to real sympathy. "All-Father" Wotan (well named) is the most uninviting of the company, not merely because his long-winded declamatory recitations make him a perpetual infliction, but also because of qualities and acts more or less contemptible. Siegfried, the commanding hero, although he only appears in the last two sections, is at the best, so far as Wagner reveals him to us, a magnificent animal, strong while unconscious of strength, fearless, because knowing not fear, with passionate instincts of which he can render little account, and a will that admits of no restraint. Sigmund and Sieglinde, brother and sister, twin children of the god Wotan, hapless victims of fate, would deserve livelier commiseration but for the revolting scene which closes the first act of the *Walküre*, for an exhibition of which on the stage no reasonable plea has hitherto been advanced. About the other characters it is needless to speak; nor, even did space admit, should we tax the patience of our readers with a recapitulation of the incidents connecting the several divisions of the Tetralogy. That in the *Ring des Nibelungen* Wagner has constructed a poetic drama which, in spite of palpable defects, is full of singular interest, to be admired, not only for its ingenuity, but for its powerful grasp of subject, will hardly be disputed; and with reservations as easy to understand, similar criticism may apply to the music, which, side by side with a quantity of heterogeneous and not seldom inexplicably tedious material, discloses beauties of the highest order. At the same time few connoisseurs who were present at Bayreuth will be inclined to admit that the London performances are by any means comparable with those of six years ago, or that Herr Anton Seidl who (to quote Herr Angelo Neumann) is, "according to Richard Wagner's own opinion, the best interpreter of his works," is a better conductor than Hans Richter, who so admirably "interpreted" the *Nibelungen* in the old Franconian city. True, Herr Seidl directs the performances with undoubted ability, and evidently knows the score of the Tetralogy by heart; but his orchestra of more than seventy artists, if, as stated in the bills, "the orchestra of the Richard Wagner Theatre," is hardly equal to the "Richard Wagner Orchestra" at Bayreuth—commendable as is their playing in most respects, that more particularly of the wind instruments. Herr Neumann has brought with him a highly efficient company of singers, among whom are some of the original performers at Bayreuth, but about these and other features in the general performance we must defer speaking until after the "cycle," which was to begin last night. The performances have hitherto been well patronised, and listened to with marked and decorous attention.

NEW YORK.—Mr. Mapleson's regular operatic season at the "Academy of Music" having come to an end, he has been giving representations at "popular prices," signifying here two dollars for the best places. It is reported that, owing to arduous exertions during his recent tour in the West, the voice of Signor

Campanini, most favoured Italian tenor of the "Empire City," and elsewhere in the United States, has greatly deteriorated. A few months' repose, however, will, it is hoped, restore it to its pristine condition. Madame Minnie Hauk has left Mr. Mapleson's company, to which she has often proved an invaluable aid on emergencies, and it is believed that, in association with Miss Clara Louise Kellogg, she intends organising an English opera for next year. Mr. H. E. Abbey, entrepreneur for Sarah Bernhardt, and more recently for Adelina Patti, has, we are told, signed a contract with Madame Christine Nilsson for next winter. The various reports about Madame Patti and the antagonistic claims of Mr. Mapleson and Mr. Abbey, as to which of the two has secured her services for next season's opera in New York, at the moderate consideration of \$800, a performance, are so conflicting that no reliance can be placed on any of them. As little can attach to the statement that, while Madame Patti earned \$3,000, (!) in America, Mr. Abbey and his fellow speculators lost \$400! The great *prima donna*, however, having returned to England, to fulfil her engagement with Mr. Gye at the Royal Italian Opera, those who seek early information concerning the professional arrangements of operatic artists may be able to find "something to their advantage."

WAIFS.—American papers inform us that Mr. Mapleson will very shortly return to London; but whether (after the Wagnerian "Cycles") with the idea of organising performances of any description at Her Majesty's Theatre is not predicted.—The Teatro Malibran, in Venice, began the season at Easter with *La Juive*, followed by *Un ballo in Maschera*.—A new theatre, named Teatro Morelos, has been opened at Puerto-Frontera, Mexico.—The tenor, Signor Tammerlik, and his Italian company, have been giving performances at Valladolid.—Flotow, composer of *Marietta*, *Stratella*, &c., has nearly completed his comic opera, *Sakuntala*.—Herr Richard Wagner has returned to Bayreuth; so that his promised visit to London is indefinitely postponed. The forthcoming *Parsifal* now occupies his exclusive attention.



THE performances for the benefit of Mr. James Mortimer, to be given at the LYCEUM Theatre on Monday afternoon next, will be made the occasion of Mr. Irving's first appearance in the part of Robert Macaire, that famous impersonation of Frederick Lemaitre's. The character part of Jacques Strop in the same piece will be represented by Mr. David James. Miss Ellen Terry, Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft, Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, Mr. Toole, and numerous other distinguished performers will also take part in the entertainment.

Mr. Edwin Booth's confidence in his popularity with English audiences is sufficiently attested by the circumstance that he contemplates commencing a season of six weeks' performances at the ADELPHI Theatre, commencing on the 29th of June, a period of the year which is certainly not particularly favourable to dramatic enterprise.

Another French actress desirous of distinction on the English stage, Mlle. Barry, late of the Imperial Theatre, St. Petersburg, will make her first appearance in England at the GAETY Theatre on Tuesday afternoon next. Mlle. Barry will play the part of the heroine in a new English play, entitled *Reparation*, adapted from the German of Mosenthal.

Mr. Sims's *Mother-in-Law* at the OPERA COMIQUE will be performed this evening for the last time.

A dramatic matinée for the benefit of the persecuted Jews in Russia is to be given at the St. JAMES'S Theatre on Wednesday afternoon next. Messrs. Hare and Kendal give not only the use of the theatre but their services on the occasion, as do Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft, Mr. Arthur Cecil, Mr. Conway, Mr. Wenman, Mr. Toole, Mr. Kemble, Mr. Pinero, and other popular performers.

The Mascotte, transferred from the COMEDY Theatre, will, to-night take the leading place in the STRAND bill.



THE TURF.—The Second Spring Meeting at Newmarket has been a fair success since its revival, but no one expects anything very sensational about it. That held this week can hardly escape the charge of dullness, and like all other gatherings within the last few days, whether sporting, social, or recreational, it was visibly affected by the sad and terrible news from Ireland. The Spring Two-Year-Old Stakes were won by the favourite, Sir John Astley's Lovely. The Breeders' Plate, also for youngsters, with penalties and allowances, attracted a field of seven, but of course nothing would go down but Rookery, on whom backers had to lay 8 to 1. She, however, only won by a neck, Wynne, her jockey, losing his whip about fifty yards from home. It was a narrow squeak for her supporters, Tyndrum, who some little time ago had been highly tried, looking at one moment as very likely to land the 20 to 1 odds which were taken about him by some clever people. A round score came to the post for the Visitors' Plate, a high-weight scurry. Subduer, on the strength of his running last week at Kempton Park, was made favourite, with Lowland Chief next in demand, but they finished in the reverse order of the betting, the Chief, notwithstanding his penalty, again beating Subduer as he did at Kempton. That terrible *bête noir* of backers, Mr. Lorillard's Mistake, ran in the race, but made no show. However, he was pulled out again for the next event on the card, the Newmarket Spring Handicap, and was quoted at 3 to 1, Wolseley being made first favourite in a field of five. The mile and two furlongs suited him better than the shorter race, which seemed to have had a beneficial effect on him as a pipe-opener, and he beat Wolseley easily by six lengths. On the second day Big Jemima, in a Selling Plate, won a race for Mr. Blanton, and passed into Captain Machell's hands for 200 guineas, not a bad bargain, we fancy. Lowland Chief scored another win in a Welter Handicap, but the most interesting race of the day was for the Payne Stakes for three-year-olds. Isabel and Berwick were made favourites, Little Sister, who showed but poor form a little while back, and Executor, who was expected to do such great things in the Two Thousand Guineas, ran a dead heat, and Lord Falmouth's filly walked over, a division being agreed upon. This might, perhaps, have made Kingdom's position in the Derby market a little stronger, but it had not much effect, as Bruce kept his place at the top of the poll, having nearly recovered from the opposition which was shown to him on Saturday last.—Fortissimo has been made first favourite for the Manchester Cup, in which there seems likely to be a good deal of speculation.—The death of Captain T. Bulkeley, well-known in connection with Ascot meetings, has been announced.

AQUATICS.—The first prize in the Senior Scullers' competition in the Chinnery Regatta was won by L. Gibson of Putney, and that in the Juniors by H. Follett of Richmond. It is a matter for

great regret that the proceedings of many of the competitors were more than reprehensible, fouling and jockeying being the order of the day. He would be a bold man who would say that the best sculler won either of the final heats. The Messrs. Chinnery in a most spirited and liberal way have tried to raise professional sculling among Englishmen, but professional scullers have not responded, and if they do not take care their craft is in danger of falling into the condition of that of professional pugilists. The curse of professional sculling is the hold that sporting bookmakers and betting men have on its representatives. We cannot congratulate the responsible managers of the Chinnery Regatta for their treatment of the Press, which prevented the general public knowing or caring much about the three days' proceedings.—Trickett has sailed for Sydney; but Hanlan is doing a little in the way of "starring" before taking his departure across the "herring pond."—It has just been announced that Boyd of Middlesbrough and Laycock of Sydney have arranged to row a three and-a-half mile race on the Tees, on the 3rd of July.

CRICKET.—Since the opening of the season there has not been much doing in this game, nor has the weather been very favourable for it. Two very remarkable feats, however, deserve to be put on record. At Ashcombe Park, Staffordshire, James Walker, a professional cricketer, playing for Ashcombe against Tunstall, accomplished the (probably) unparalleled feat of "having a hand" in eight wickets in eight successive balls; five clean bowled, two caught, and one l.b.w. Walker's bowling analysis was two overs and three balls, nine wickets and no runs. The Tunstall team scored two runs at the first, and six in their second innings.—Playing for Trinity Hall at Cambridge against Trinity College, C. J. Wilcock, who hails from Wellington College, took seven wickets for thirteen runs.

PEDESTRIANISM.—Considerable interest was felt in the Eight Miles Walking Match between the two well-known pedes, H. C. Thatcher and W. Griffin, at Lillie Bridge, on Monday last. The betting was 6 to 4 on Griffin, but though he did his best Thatcher completely outwalked him, winning as he pleased by 90 yards, in 1 h. 1 min. 31 sec. Possibly Griffin was not "quite himself."

BICYCLING.—On Saturday last, for the ninth successive year, Oxford and Cambridge decided their bicycle contest. Buckley, of Christ Church, Oxford, won the Two Miles; Wharton, of Trinity, Cambridge, the Ten Miles; and Day, St. John's, Cambridge, the Twenty-five Miles. The Light Blues have now won six out of the nine contests.



SCIENTIFIC FARMING.—Professor Scott read a carefully prepared paper on this subject at the May meeting of the Farmers' Club. He dwelt on soil fertility, more especially in regard to the soluble forms of nitrogen and the liability of these to loss by drainage. It had been shown, he contended, that the loss of nitrates was greatest during winter and autumn. He pointed out the great value of the new dairy appliances for separating cream, and referred at some length to the recent progress in machinery. Mr. Clare Sewell Read remarked on the paper that it seemed to him the great expensiveness of drains was a very great obstacle to farmers. He thought the best mode of arresting diseases in clover and like crops was to keep the land well supplied with artificial manure. He regretted the little progress made in discovering remedies for the various diseases of the vegetable world.

THE CENTRAL CHAMBER OF AGRICULTURE have resolved "That this Society regrets that the Government have been unable to introduce the comprehensive scheme of local government and taxation-reform repeatedly promised," also "That the Council, while approving the principle of a contribution in aid of the cost of main roads from sources other than local rates, is nevertheless of opinion that the proposal of the Government in this year's Budget is inadequate to meet the grievance arising from the abolition of turnpike tolls." The increased duty on carriages was fully discussed, but no resolution was passed in relation thereto.

AGR CULTURAL MACHINERY.—Among new implements we note a two-horse self-acting back delivery reaper with a five-foot cutting bar. It is a light handy machine, and the driver can from his seat regulate the size of the sheaf to be delivered. Mr. H. Macgregor, of Manchester, is the inventor. Another new machine is the Dunlop three-drill plough, which takes three drills at a time for potatoes or grain.

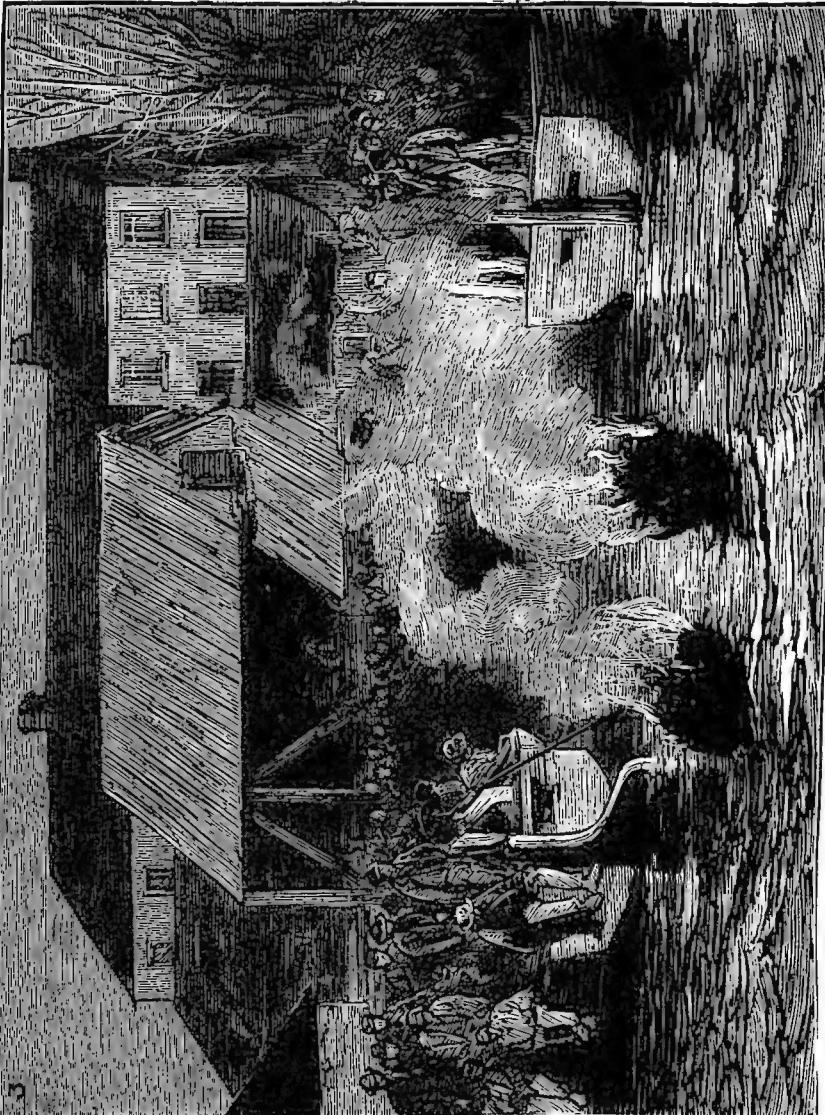
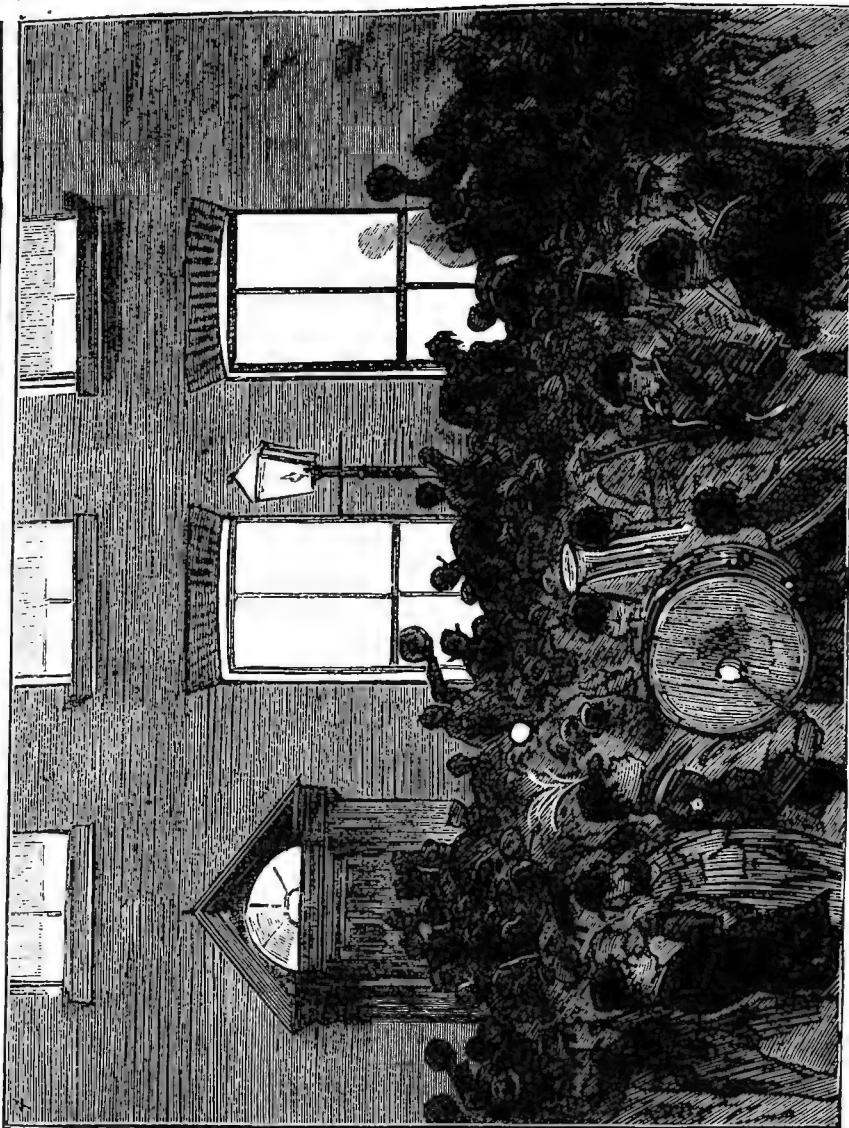
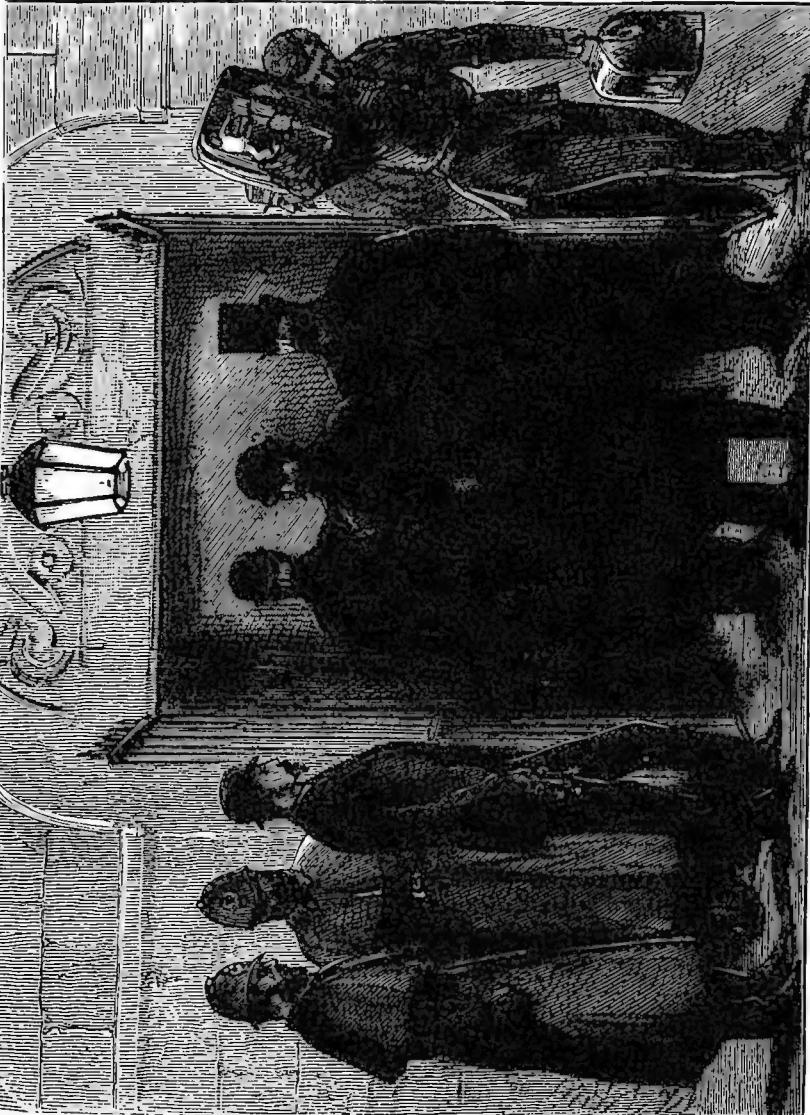
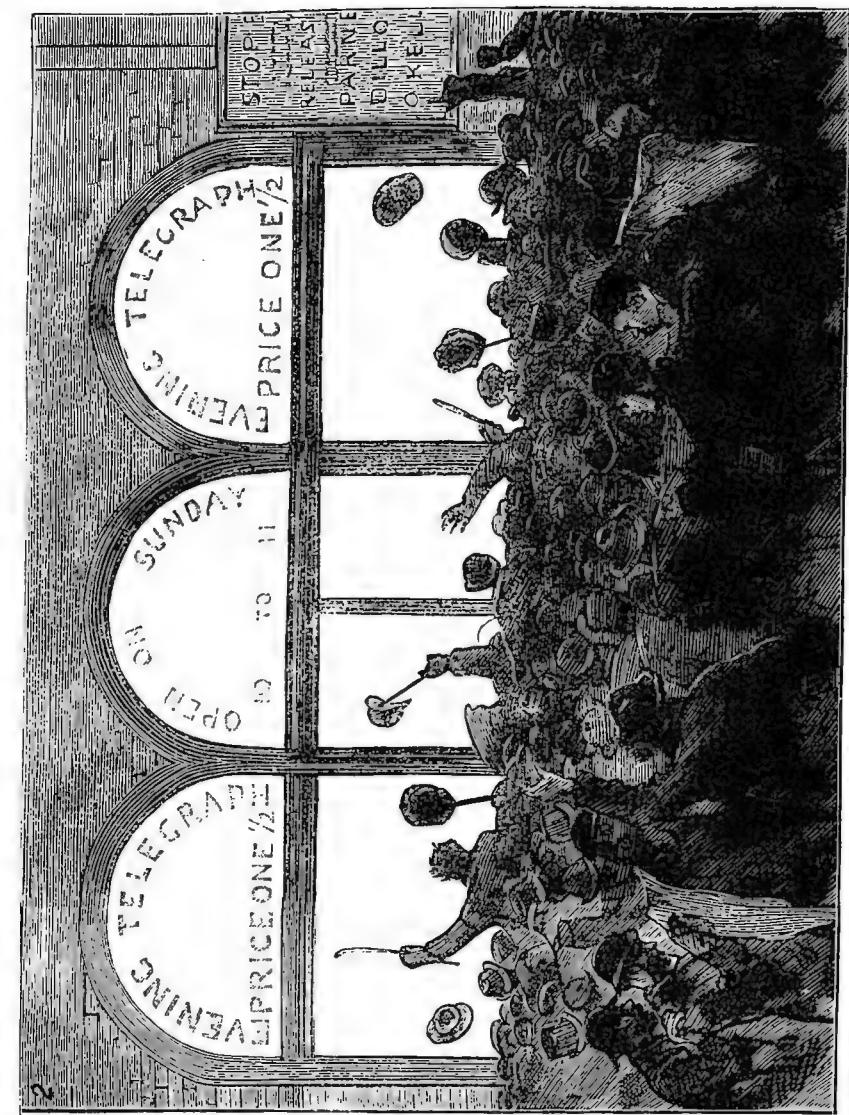
GREAT COMPLAINTS are made by farmers and other country residents concerning the danger of traction engines on the public roads. Law, indeed, limits the speed of these engines very considerably, but who in case of accident would swear that the engine was going more than so many miles an hour? It has been suggested that traction engines should only be allowed to travel by night, but this would seem likely to lead to more accidents than it would prevent. The question is decidedly a difficult one, for it seems too strong a measure to banish traction engines from the roads altogether.

FARMERS AND DISTRESS FOR RENT.—Mr. Cobb, a well-known East-Kent Land Agent, in his evidence recently given before the Select Committee of the House of Commons, said that he believed the majority of farmers in Kent were against the abolition of the law of distress. Such abolition would affect the small farmers more than the larger holders. He could hardly conceive a landlord taking a farmer without capital. The abolition of the law would not in his opinion at all affect rent or competition. Bills of sale were more to be dreaded than the present law. The abolition of the law would in no wise improve farmers' credit with bankers, or enable them to get loans at four per cent, instead of five per cent. now charged. He thought no landlord should trust a tenant six years, but he would trust a good farmer two years without the slightest hesitation.

THE HERD.—An important sale has just been held at Chillingham Castle. Good prices were realised, thirty-three animals being disposed of for 2,310/. Hermitage, Mountain Dew, and Mountain Flavour were bought by the Rev. William Stainforth, and Welcome Sweet and Gaiety III. by the Duke of Northumberland.—A fine herd of Jersey cattle were disposed of at Saffron Walden on Tuesday last, and Mr. Thornton holds on the 19th an important sale at Epsom. To America, exports of good cattle continue, polled Scotch and Herefords being in exceptional request. The Ayr Show was successful, there being 850 exhibits against 801 last year. Fine weather secured a good attendance.—At Norwich Cattle Market last week 1,450 bullocks, 4,849 sheep, 314 pigs, and 15 horses were penned. The show of sheep was decidedly large.—Mr. Blundell's shorthorn herd was recently sold at Luton, but the prices obtained were generally disappointing.—Reading Horse Show was brisk for good animals, but merely average classes were difficult to dispose of.

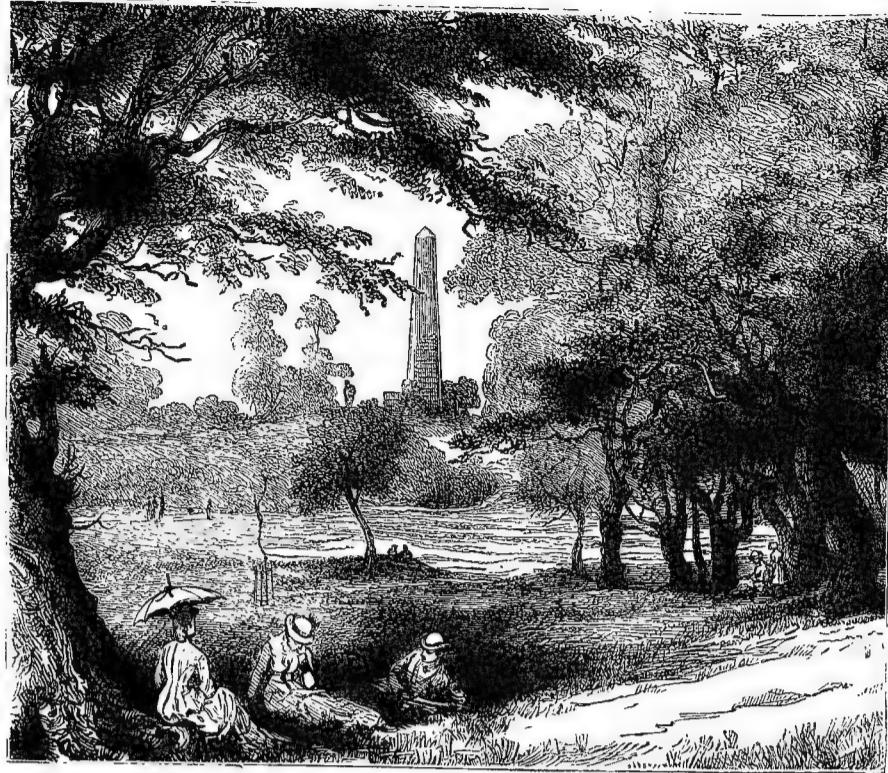
POTATOES.—The cold frosty nights which occurred during one week in April did much mischief to early potatoes in Cornwall, and consequently the trade has been a shade brisker, although prices have ruled wretchedly low. The prospect of early supplies of new

(Continued on page 474)

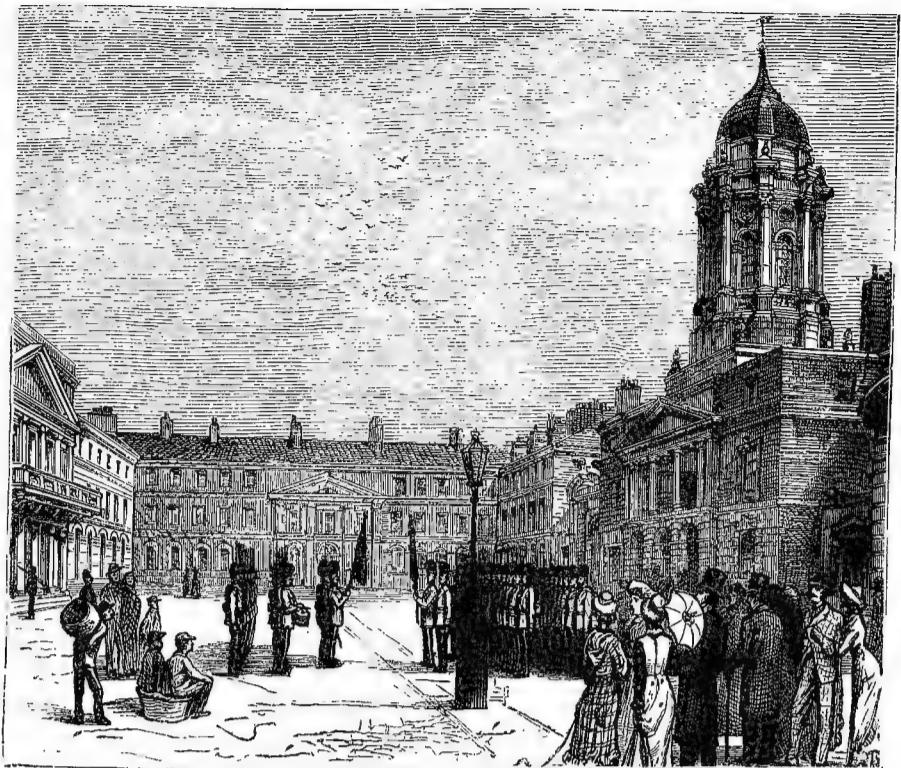


I. MSSRS. PARNELL, DILLON, AND O'KELLY LEAVING KILMAINHAM GAOL.—2. OUTSIDE THE EVENING TELEGRAPH OFFICE: FIRST CONFIRMATION OF THE NEWS.—3. LIGHTING TAR-BARRELS IN PORTOBELLO CANAL HARBOUR.—4. BANDS SERENADING OUTSIDE M^T. DILLON'S HOUSE, NORTH GREAT GEORGE STREET.

THE RELEASE OF THE "SUSPECTS": POPULAR REJOICINGS IN DUBLIN



VIEW IN PHENIX PARK, DUBLIN



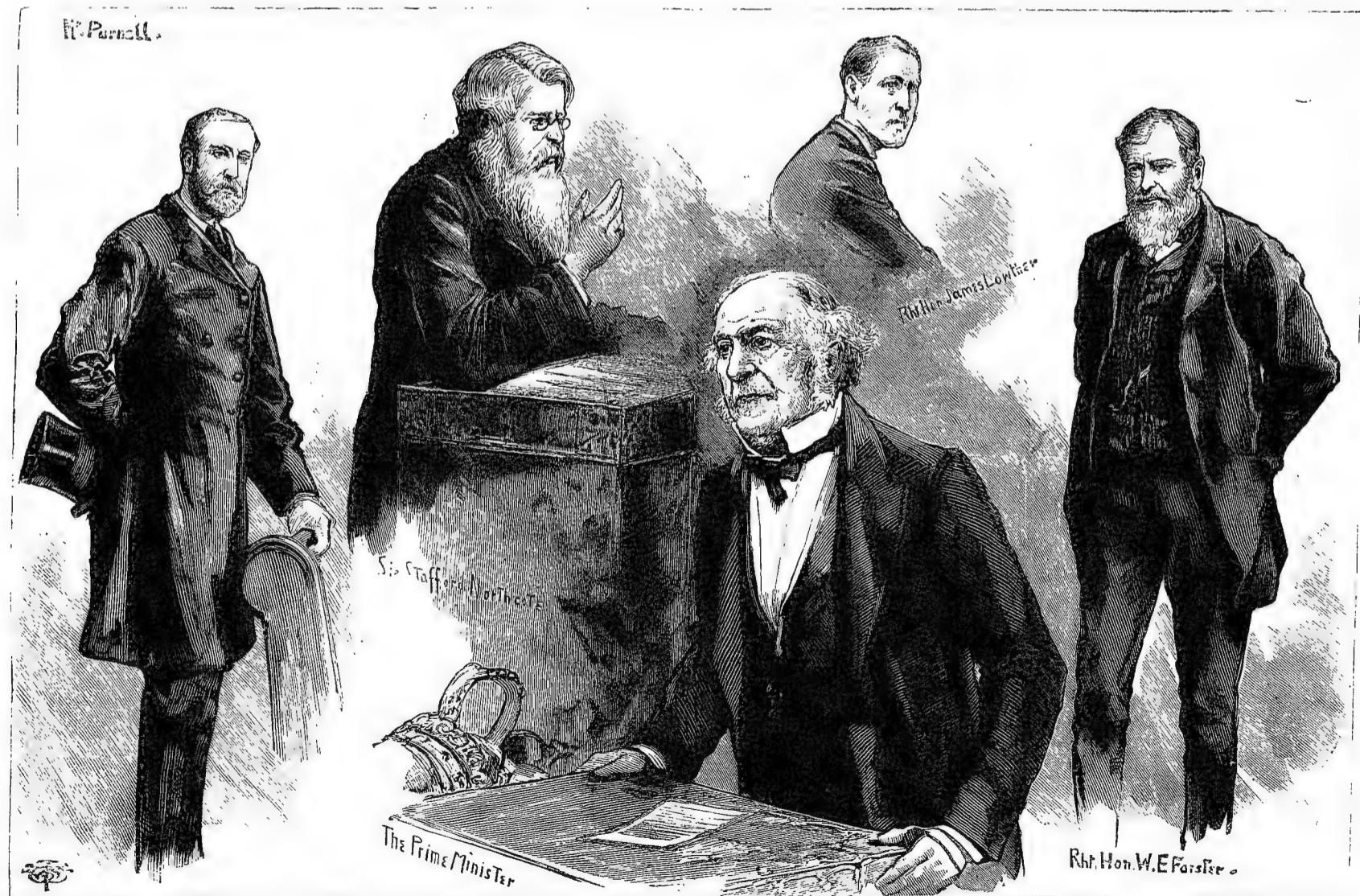
COURTYARD OF THE CASTLE, DUBLIN

RELEASE OF THE IRISH "SUSPECTS"

MESSRS. Parnell, Dillon, and O'Kelly were liberated from Kilmainham Gaol at eleven P.M., on Tuesday last week, and owing to the lateness of the hour, and the fact that no announcement had been made of the exact time of their departure, there was no demonstration. They drove off quietly in a cab with the intention of going by the goods train to Avondale, but failing to catch it they put up at an hotel at Kingstown, and on the following day returned to Dublin, whence, after having several private interviews with their friends and members of the Ladies' Land League, they started in the evening by the mail steamer for England, reaching London on the Thursday, when they attended a meeting of the Irish Parliamentary Party, and Mr. Parnell was interviewed by a representative of the Central News, to whom he declared that the change of the Government policy had come to him and his colleagues as a surprise, so much so that they could scarcely credit the genuineness of the news until they found themselves actually free. The release of the imprisoned members of Parliament was quickly followed by that of a number of other "suspects," whose names are less generally known, but though there were very great rejoicings throughout Ireland, there was yet an evident feeling of dissatisfaction that Michael Davitt was not included in the general amnesty. When, however, it was announced that the Government had decided to liberate him also, the delight of the Irish people was unalloyed, and every conceivable demonstration of rejoicing

was indulged in. A torchlight procession, with bands and banners, passed through the city on the Friday. Thousands of spectators assembled at Beresford Place. Rockets were sent up at intervals, and little boys marched about singing "God Save Ireland," whilst bonfires were lit in the streets, and blazing tar-barrels were burnt in the canal harbour and other places. Demonstrations of a like character took place in many other towns in Ireland, and all seemed to have passed off without serious disturbances, except one at Ballina, Co. Mayo, where an unfortunate collision between the police and the people took place, and nine young persons were seriously injured by shots fired by the constabulary. Mr. Davitt was set free on Saturday on the same conditions (ticket of leave) as were applied on the occasion of his former release. Messrs. Parnell, Dillon, and O'Kelly travelled from London to welcome him on his liberation, and being joined by Mr. Quilter, an agent of the Home Rule Association, the whole party were admitted to Portland Prison, where greetings and congratulations were exchanged with Mr. Davitt, who was allowed to show his visitors his cell, and the flower garden the cultivation of which has occupied a great portion of his time. He looked remarkably well, and bore testimony to the kindness and consideration shown him, so far as the rules of the establishment allowed, contrasting it with the cruelty he had experienced during his former incarceration. The closest supervision, however, had been exercised when he was visited by any one, and he was in complete ignorance of what was going on outside up to the very morning of his release, when the Governor apprised him of the good news, and handed to him a letter from Mr. Parnell, the only one he had been allowed to receive unopened during his fifteen months' incarceration. Just as the party emerged from the gaol, a Roman Catholic priest came up and shook hands with Mr. Davitt, warmly congratulating him on his release. They then drove off in a carriage to Weymouth, in order to avoid the crowd which it was known had collected at Portland railway station in expectation of seeing him. The news of his being on the road, however, soon spread, and at Weymouth a crowd of spectators gathered at the station, but no exhibition of feeling was indulged in.

The news of the release was telegraphed to Dublin, and published in an extraordinary edition of the evening papers in the following quaint fashion:—"Michael Davitt, Portland. Evicted to-day. Gave up quietly possession. No police or military present. Will forego claim for disturbance." The intelligence was received with renewed demonstrations of joy, which, however, were suddenly turned to consternation and grief, when soon afterwards the news spread throughout the city of the terrible tragedy in Phoenix Park; a crime which Mr. Davitt himself is stated to have alluded to in the following terms:—"In the most gloomy days I spent in Portland prison, I never despaired of the future of my country, but, in the face of this outrage, I do now despair of seeing my native isle contented and happy."



THE ADJOURNMENT OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS: THE SPEAKERS ON MR. GLADSTONE'S MOTION

potatoes has caused growers to force their wares on the market at any price they could obtain. Growers, however, have not been disheartened by the recent cheapness and plenty, and a full average bread has been or is being planted. They have been generally well put in, a rough condition of surface being esteemed an advantage both in facilitating the clearing operations of harrowing and earthing up, which go on repeatedly before the appearance of the plants, and also as promoting the circulation of air through the soil, which appears to be a great advantage. A contemporary says, "Potatoes are produced in America in enormous quantities at quite a third of the cost bestowed upon them in this country. Mr. Finlay Dun has seen a tolerable set grown when the prairie sod is raised with a stocking axe, the potato set dropped in, and the turf turned down with the boot." Apart from the fact that this would surely be a very troublesome way of planting any considerable acreage, we are compelled to ask how it has been that every month since 1882 came in, has seen considerable imports of English and German potatoes into the United States, imports which certainly have paid shippers a fair profit, and but for which, so at least an American paper writes, potatoes would have been half as dear again? It cannot as yet be said that the United States have made their potato growing an uniform success.

PLANT ROOTLETS, said M. Petermann, in addressing the Belgian Academy the other day, have invariably an acid reaction, and prepare their food substances for absorption by contact in a process analogous to chemical dialysis. A rather striking experiment is to knock out the bottom of a glazed flower-pot, place it upon a polished slab of granite, and fill with sandy soil deficient in potash. Grow it in a potash plant, when the rootlets will in their search for that substance score into the stone, thus leaving a written record of their ability to prepare the food they want within certain limits.

LILIES.—Those who have the summer-flowering lilies in pots will observe that the bulbs which were started into growth two months ago are now making very strong blooming shoots, and are throwing out roots near the surface. It is well to add some light rich soil, enough to cover them. We have known growers of lilies who pot their bulbs about two-thirds of the depth of the pots, leaving a space for top-dressing as required. This greatly assists the development of shoots and flowers, for it gives the surface-roots something to be active in. As a rule, lilies are of good promise this year.

THE HARE is a visitor more free than welcome to many a kitchen or cottage garden in the country. In connection with one of these visits, a correspondent tells a story of sagacity in mischief rather amusing to those whose gardens have never suffered from hares. He had planted pinks along a garden path-edge, and every fifth place was occupied by a special carnation. Now the hare is fond of pinks, fonder still of carnations, at any rate he can discriminate, for in the morning he was discovered to have passed along the edging cropping every fifth plant, i.e., the carnation, close to the ground. Having finished these, and not till then, had he begun systematically on the pinks, but time had here failed him, and only a small corner had been nibbled. Our correspondent is probably watching of nights for that hare now.

APPROACHING SHOWS.—The Show season has begun again, though nowadays it never really ceases, and there are simply lulls or periods of comparative inactivity. The Devonian agriculturists meet at Torquay on the 15th, 16th, and 17th, while on the 27th, a large Horse Show will be attracting breeders to the Islington Agricultural Hall. On the 29th, a very important Exhibition opens at Cardiff, being that of the West of England Agricultural Society. The first two days of June will be signalled by a large Agricultural Show at Newmarket. At Newark on the 15th and 16th, a Show of stock and implements should attract the agriculturists of Lincolnshire and Nottingham; while on the 24th and 25th, the farmers of Oxfordshire and Buckingham will be at Witney.

PLANTING FOR POSTERITY.—The cultivation of timber is much smaller than it would be for the time the "crop" takes to mature. "Quick returns" are above all things the need of the majority of persons, and it is only a small minority who either care or can afford to look thirty years ahead. There are, however, bodies which are practically immortal. There is the State, there are the great endowed hospitals, there are the Universities, and there are the Ecclesiastical Commissioners. Should not these deathless institutions endeavour on their properties to plant for posterity? There is the larch; fairly quick growing and profitable. There is the ash, a most useful wood, yet in many English districts gradually becoming extinct. There is the willow, which in five-and-twenty years grows into a tree worth ten pounds at to-day's currencies, and likely in twenty-five years' time to be worth decidedly more. There is the oak, now so largely imported from America; and the walnut. Many firs would suit our bleak northern and north-eastern coasts, where little else can thrive. A country's woods at once adorn and fertilise, and over timber cultivation the beautiful and the profitable join too-often-divided hands.



THE THREAT TO SHOOT THE QUEEN.—The youth Albert Young was on Saturday brought up at Bow Street, and, after evidence respecting his known handwriting and that of the anonymous letter had been taken, he was committed for trial on the charges of "threatening to kill and murder," and of "demanding money with menaces."

THE FEARNEAUX FRAUDS.—The trial of Jane Fearneaux and James Gething took place at Warwick on Monday, when, notwithstanding Mr. Justice Stephen's announcement on Saturday, when charging the Grand Jury, that the attendance of the Lord Chief Justice would be unnecessary, Lord Coleridge was present and gave evidence. Fearneaux, after some progress had been made with the trial, withdrew her original plea of "Not Guilty." She was convicted, and sentenced to seven years' penal servitude; whilst Gething, who was acquitted, was told by Mr. Justice Stephen that he had had a very narrow escape.

MADAME ADELINA PATTI is the defendant in a suit now pending in the Queen's Bench Division, in which the plaintiff, the manufacturer of a "celebrated progressive hair-dye," seeks to recover commission for managing her private affairs, and amongst other services obtaining substantial reductions in the charges made by the builder, the gas-engineer, the ornamental gardener, and others employed to effect alterations at Craig-y-Nos Castle, Madame Patti's recently acquired estate in Wales.

THE SKYE CROFTERS.—An earnest and seemingly very proper protest, bearing the signatures of seven Scotch Members of Parliament, has been published against the summary disposal at Inverness of the charge against the half-dozen Skye crofters, who are alleged to have taken part in the recent disturbances in connection with the serving of some writs. Hitherto all such cases have been disposed of either summarily at Portree, or by trial before a jury at Inverness, and it certainly seems unjust to deprive the accused of the advantage of both methods whilst imposing upon them the expense of the one and the disadvantage of

ANOTHER MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE from West Ham was reported last week. This time the missing person is not a young girl, but an old maiden lady aged 67, who has not been seen since April 12th. Her name is Sophia Marsh, and as she has a fortune of about £4,000, it is conjectured that she has been kidnapped with the view of obtaining a ransom.

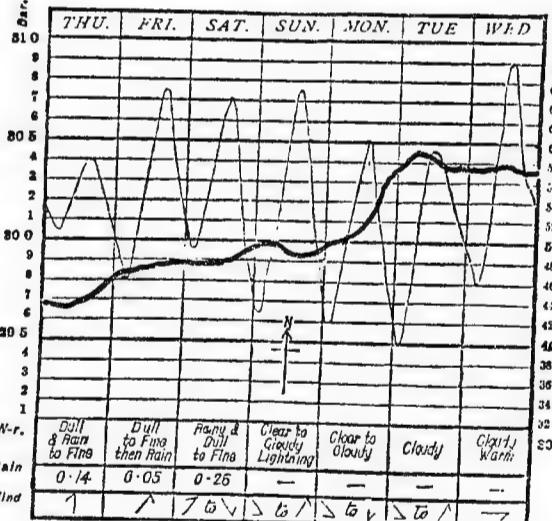
"DRAINS" have time out of mind been a source of trouble and annoyance to householders, all of whom will be pleased to hear of the recent decision of Mr. Commissioner Kerr regarding them. The plaintiff had taken a house on the assurance of the agent that the drains were "all right"; but his children fell ill, and the trouble being traced to the drains, the landlord repudiated the verbal warrant given by the agent. The result was an action for damages, and Mr. Kerr awarded the plaintiff £300, remarking that it was a mockery to say that an agent should have anything to do with letting a house without knowing whether it was healthy or not.

MR. VILLIERS' LIBEL ACTION against the *Referee* in respect of an article published some months ago respecting the character of the songs sung at the Pavilion Music Hall, has resulted in a verdict awarding him £300. damages. The defendants, who pleaded "truth" and "justification," were unable to show that any of the thousands of songs sung there during the year could fairly be spoken of as indecent. Scandal-loving journalists will do well to note the result of the action.

INCENDIARISM appears to be a favourite method of protest amongst the inmates of reformatories against real or fancied ill-treatment. A boy aged twelve, who absconded from the Field Lane Industrial School, West Hampstead, twice last year and once this, has been committed for trial for setting fire to the building on the 27th ult., because he and other boys who had misbehaved themselves in the Sunday School had been deprived of a portion of their supper.—A serious outbreak occurred at the Oldmill Reformatory, near Aberdeen, on Monday last, when eleven of the boys made their escape after firing the building, and perforating the fire-hose so as to render it useless. Damage to the extent of £2,000. was done before the flames could be extinguished, and only one of the escaped lads was recaptured. The building was surrounded by a cordon of police to prevent further escapes, and half-a-dozen of the ringleaders were placed under arrest, and taken before the Sheriff at Aberdeen.

CRIMES OF VIOLENCE.—No sympathy will, we imagine, be wasted on the brutal sea-captain Osmond Otto Brand, who has been sentenced to death for the murder of the wretched lad Papper by a course of systematic ill-treatment of the most revolting nature, continued for a fortnight from the time the vessel left port until the poor boy died, and was thrown overboard. The crew, with one exception, seem to have been more or less willing abettors of the crime, which, Mr. Justice Williams remarked, was the most atrocious of which he had ever heard or read.—The evidence as to the death of the burglar Enoch Clarke in Finchley Wood pointed, with unmistakeable clearness, to his associate John Baker as his assailant, but the jury mercifully held that there was no proof of premeditation. This verdict the judge, of course, ruled amounted to one of "Manslaughter," and sentence of penal servitude for life was pronounced. These two cases, with the respective punishments allotted, considered in conjunction with the deliberate preference for the gallows over penal servitude, exhibited by the convict Fury who is to be executed next week, form a very powerful argument in favour of the abolition of capital punishment.

WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK FROM MAY 4 TO MAY 10 (INCLUSIVE).



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the approximate time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—In the course of the past week no serious barometrical depression has appeared in our neighbourhood, but there have been several small, shallow disturbances, which have served to keep the weather in a cloudy and rather unsettled state. Most of these passed over us during the early part of the week, occasioning the heavy rains which fell on the mornings of Thursday (4th inst.) and Saturday (6th inst.), and showers on the evening of Friday (5th inst.). After Sunday (7th inst.) the barometer began to rise decidedly, and at the close of the week we were under the influence of an anti-cyclone, the central area of which lay over our south-west coasts and the north of France. During the formation of this system the weather has shown a steady improvement, and on Wednesday (10th inst.) the sky was almost entirely free from cloud for the greater part of the day, and temperature rose to 68° in the shade, a point which has only been exceeded once in the course of the present season. On Thursday (4th inst.), Monday (8th inst.), and Tuesday (9th inst.) the thermometer did not rise above 66° all day. The barometer was highest (30.43 inches) on Tuesday (9th inst.); lowest (29.66 inches) on Thursday (4th inst.); range, 0.77 inches. Temperature was highest (68°) on Wednesday (10th inst.); lowest (41°) on Tuesday (9th inst.); range, 27°. Rain fell on three days. Total amount, 0.45 inches. Greatest fall on any one day, 0.26 inches, on Saturday (6th inst.).

THE PRINCE OF WALES WILL PRESIDE at a festival dinner in aid of the London Fever Hospital, Liverpool Road, on June 14, at Willis's Rooms. This valuable institution, now eighty years old, seriously needs enhanced assistance, for as there is no endowment and the working expenses of a fever hospital are exceptionally heavy the expenditure has lately so far exceeded the income that it has become necessary to close two wards. Should further support not be forthcoming, there is some danger of the hospital being closed next year altogether. As this is the only hospital in London devoted to the reception of persons suffering from infectious fevers who are not paupers, the loss to the public would thus be great. Last year 1,017 cases were treated, each patient staying on an average forty-three days, and at present the wards contain one hundred inmates. A recitation of *The Rivals*, in aid of the funds of the Hospital, will be given by Mr. Brandram, on Thursday, May 25th, at Grosvenor House, which has been kindly lent for the purpose by the Duke of Westminster. Tickets may be obtained from the Secretary at the Hospital.

SOME EARLY GERMAN WOODCUTS.—The Burlington Fine Arts Club is a semi-private association of quiet unobtrusive habits, which often does work and organises exhibitions of more than private interest and ordinary usefulness. It has, for instance, just displayed in its Gallery in Savile Row a very choice collection of woodcuts of the German school, executed in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, which affords a somewhat rare opportunity of tracing the gradual development of styles from almost the first appearance of the art of woodcutting in Europe. There are, for instance, two very interesting leaves from a *Biblia Pauperum*—the Bible picture-story-book of the poor in the latter half of the fifteenth century. There is also a Bamberg Missale, dated 1499, with gorgeously emblazoned and illuminated cuts, distinguished chiefly by a quite unbeautiful realism and a terrible crudity of colour. The collection, however, is chiefly composed of many fine examples of the masters—of Cranach, Dürer, Holbein, Burgmair, and their pupils and successors. The history of wood-engraving, so called, during the mediæval period mentioned is thus illustrated in a manner so complete, and on the whole with such intelligence of arrangement, as to enable the visitor to enjoy quite a bird's-eye view. The vigour and the beauty, the boldness and the mysticism of Dürer; the matchless imagination of Holbein; and the splendid richness of Burgmair are presented almost at a glance; and the growth of ease, variety, and expressiveness can be traced with a facility that is unusual, because it is a very exceptional thing to find so many examples of so many artists displayed at once, and in something approaching to proper order. Burgmair, by the way, made greater use of solid blocks than any of the other men of the period; but throughout the series there is evident a thoroughness, simplicity, and sympathy in the mere execution of the cutting, which in spite of our cleverness, and dexterous minuteness, is rarely if ever equalled in modern *fac-simile* engravings. A particularly noteworthy print is one from a block representing the "Canton of St. Gall." The symbolic figure is cut entirely in white lines on a black ground, and is probably the earliest work of its kind in existence. The engraver was Urs Graf, born about 1485, probably at Bâle. This print is one of a series which exists, complete, in the Bâle Museum. There are some interesting "chiaro-scuro" besides; and some designs for wall-papers, executed with wood blocks, in various tones of warm red and yellow. Of the latter, perhaps the most attractive are a frieze and a design for a wall-paper, by Erasmus Loy. These two specimens were sent to the Town Council of Ratisbon—in which city Loy resided—with a petition that a privilege should be granted to him, as the inventor, to protect his designs. It is curious to note that these papers will compare more favourably with the great mass of similar productions nowadays, in spite of æstheticism, and the advantages of improved and more varied and elaborate methods.

THE EMPEROR OF BRAZIL is going to publish his travelling experiences. The book will be in French: "Mes Impressions de Voyage."

YELLOW IS THE COLOUR OF THE SEASON IN PARIS, and this hue in some shade or other has been so universally adopted in all recent evening entertainments that a Society chronicler terms the *fête* "canary balls."

A COW WITH SIX LEGS has lately been brought to San Francisco from Colorado, where it was found among a herd of cattle on the plains. The extra legs grew from the shoulders, and were shaped like hind legs, but they were much shorter, and did not reach the ground.

A "JUMBO QUESTION" is exciting elephant lovers in Paris, so the *Live Stock Journal* tells us. The big elephant in the Jardin des Plantes is suffering so severely from rheumatism that he cannot leave his loose-box, and it is feared, moreover, that the poor animal will never recover the use of his limbs.

A JOURNEY ACROSS AFRICA, from Guinea to Abyssinia, will shortly be undertaken by two Italian explorers, who estimate that the expedition will occupy four years. Starting from the Gulf of Biafra, they will visit the unexplored high levels of the Cameroons Mountains, and study the country where the Congo and Niger Rivers rise, in order to find the key of the hydrographic system of tropical Africa. Thence they will traverse the Uganda territory towards the Galatas country, gradually working their way across the continent from west to east.

TRANSATLANTIC BUILDERS do not always seem to do their work very honestly, to judge from the *American Architect's* description of the Memorial Hall, which formed the Art building during the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia in 1876. Although the structure cost 300,000*l.*, part of the roof was built of such cheap materials that the Hall is already falling into serious decay. The large statue of America which crowned the dome was so corroded that it had to be removed some time ago, and now the dome itself has become so leaky as to endanger the valuable collection of the Pennsylvania Museum at present housed in the building.

THE OLD IMPERIAL STABLES AT THE PARIS TUILLERIES have been turned into a store-house for the reserve statues, &c., belonging to the Louvre, and the costly fittings were sold last week by auction, the elaborately carved oaken stalls, which are said to have cost 4*40* apiece, realising a very small sum. Some of the old Imperial carriages which have been confiscated by the Republic ever since the fall of the Empire, have now been sent over to the ex-Empress Eugénie, and amongst them is one carriage of historical interest—that occupied by the Emperor and Empress on the night of the Orsini attempt, and which has ever since been preserved in its damaged condition as a souvenir.

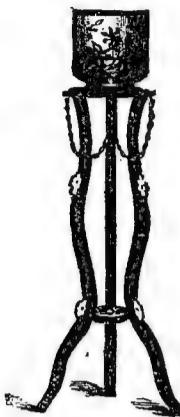
A TOUCHING STORY OF A DOG'S AFFECTION is related by the *Paris Figaro*. The young equestrian, Mdile Loisset, whose early death owing to a fall from her horse lately excited so much sympathy, had a favourite dog, a huge creature called Turk, which was her inseparable companion, escorting her to and from the Cirque, and guarding her dressing-room while she was engaged in the performance. The day after her death Turk arrived at the Cirque at the usual hour, waited till the representation was over, and then went away with his tail between his legs. For several days he came back at the same time, and lay patiently at the door of his late mistress's room, refusing to eat or drink, or to go home with any of his former friends, and occasionally uttering a plaintive howl. At last the dog disappeared, and from all appearances has crept away into some corner to die.

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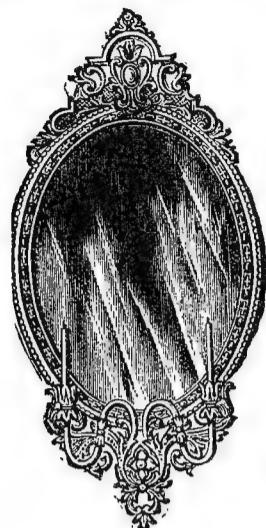
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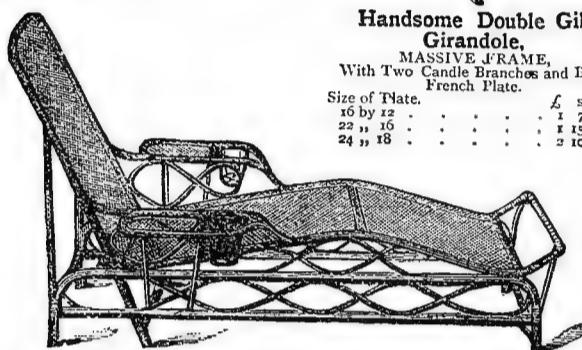
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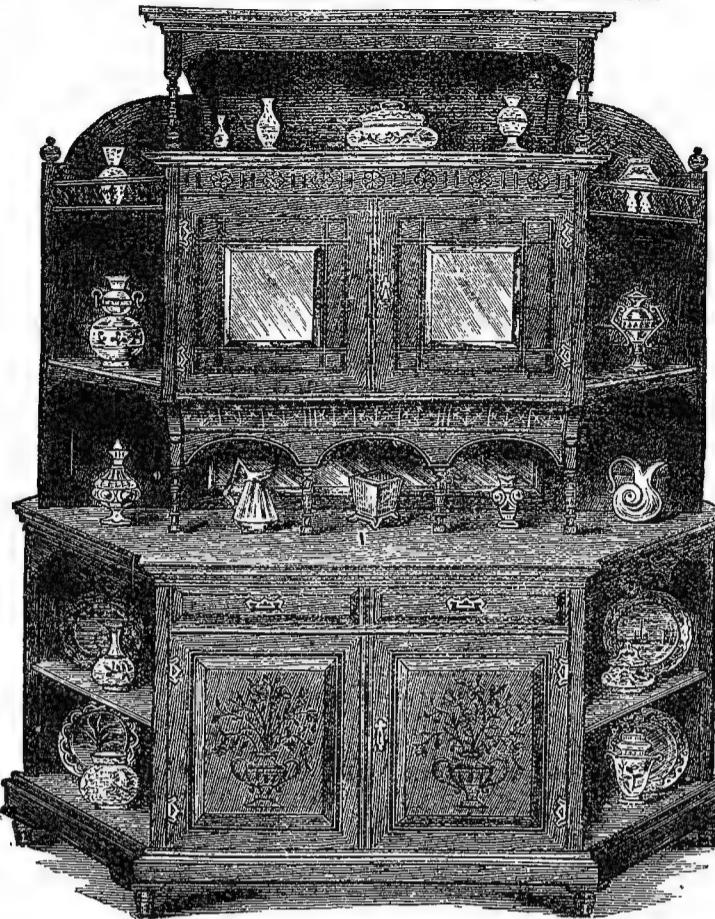
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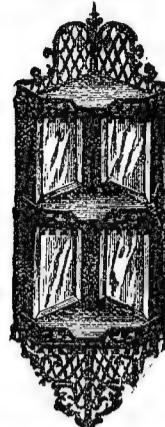


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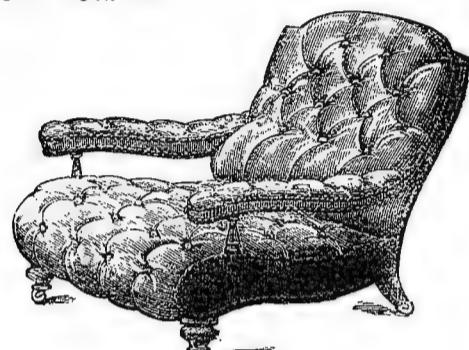
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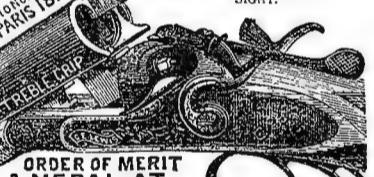
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THE GRAPHIC

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20, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30,



DRAWN BY WILLIAM SMALL

Mr. Greenwood was seated on the edge of his chair rubbing his two hands together.

MARION FAY: A Novel

By ANTHONY TROLLOPE,

AUTHOR OF "FRAMLEY PARSONAGE," "ORLEY FARM," "THE SMALL HOUSE AT ALLINGTON," "THE WAY WE LIVE NOW," &c., &c.

CHAPTER LIII.

AFTER ALL HE ISN'T

SIX weeks passed by, and nothing special had yet been done to arrange George Roden's affairs for him in the manner suggested by Lady Persiflage. "It's a kind of thing that must be settled for a man by, by, by—those who know how to settle it." That had been her counsel when she was advocating delay. No doubt "things" often do arrange themselves better than men or women can arrange them. Objections which were at first very strong gradually fade away. Ideas which were out of the question became possible. Time quickly renders words and names and even days habitual to us. In this Lady Persiflage had not been unwise. It was quite probable that a young man should become used to a grand name quicker than he had himself expected. But nothing had as yet been done in the right direction when the 1st of June had come.

Attempts had been made towards increasing the young man's self-importance, of which he himself had been hardly aware. Lord Persiflage had seen Sir Boreas Bodkin, and Vivian had seen the private secretary of the Postmaster-General. As the first result of these interviews our clerk was put to sit in a room by himself, and called upon to manage some separate branch of business in which he was free from contact with the Crockers and Bobbins of the Department. It might, it was thought, be possible to call a man a Duke who sat in a separate room, even though he were still a clerk. But, as Sir Boreas had observed, there were places to be given away, Secretaryships, Inspectorships, Surveyorships, and suchlike, into one of which the Duke, if he would consent to be a Duke, might be installed before long. The primary measure of putting him into a room by himself had already been carried out. Then a step was taken, of which George Roden had ground to complain. There was a certain Club in London called the Foreigners, made up half of Englishmen and half of men of other nations, which was supposed to stand very high in the world of fashion. Nearly every member was possessed of either grand titles before his name, or of grand letters after it. Something was said by Vivian to George Roden as to this club. But no actual suggestion was made, and certainly no assent was given. Nevertheless the name of the Duca di Crinola was put down in the Candidate Book, as proposed by Baron d'Ossi and seconded by Lord Persiflage. There it was, so that all the world would declare that the young "Duka" was the "Duka." Otherwise the name would not have been inserted there by the Italian Minister and British Secretary of State. Whereas George Roden himself knew nothing about it. In this way attempts were

made to carry out that line of action which Lady Persiflage had recommended.

Letters, too, were delivered to Roden, addressed to the Duca di Crinola, both at Holloway and at the Post Office. No doubt he refused them when they came. No doubt they generally consisted of tradesmen's circulars, and were probably occasioned by manoeuvres of which Lady Persiflage herself was guilty. But they had the effect of spreading abroad the fact that George Roden was George Roden no longer, but was the Duca di Crinola. "There's letters coming for the Duker every day," said the landlady of the Duchess to Mrs. Duffer of Paradise Row. "I see them myself. I shan't stand on any p's and q's. I shall call him Duker to his face." Paradise Row determined generally to call him Duker to his face, and did so frequently, to his great annoyance.

Even his mother began to think that his refusal would be in vain. "I don't see how you're to stand out against it, George. Of course it wasn't so you'd have to stand out against it; but as it is the fact—"

"It is no more a fact with me than with you," he said angrily.

"Nobody dreams of giving me a title. If all the world agrees, you will have to yield."

Sir Boreas was as urgent. He had always been very friendly with the young clerk, and had now become particularly intimate with him. "Of course, my dear fellow," he said, "I shall be guided entirely by yourself."

"Thank you, sir."

"If you tell me you're George Roden, George Roden you'll be to me. But I think you're wrong. And I think moreover that the good sense of the world will prevail against you. As far as I understand anything of the theory of titles, this title belongs to you. The world never insists on calling a man a Lord or a Count for nothing. There's too much jealousy for that. But when a thing is so, people choose that it shall be so."

All this troubled him, though it did not shake his convictions. But it made him think again and again of what Lady Persiflage had said to him down at Castle Hautboy. "Will it be honest on your part to ask her to abandon the rank which she will be entitled to expect from you?" If all the world conspired to tell him that he was entitled to take this name, then the girl whom he intended to marry would certainly be justified in claiming it. It undoubtedly was the fact that titles such as these were dear to men—and specially dear to women. As to this girl, who was so true to him, was he justified in supposing that she would be different from others, simply because she was true to him? He had asked her to come

down as it were from the high pedestal of her own rank, and to submit herself to his lowly lot. She had consented, and there never had been to him a moment of remorse in thinking that he was about to injure her. But as Chance had brought it about in this way, as Fortune had seemed determined to give back to her that of which he would have deprived her, was it right that he should stand in the way of Fortune? Would it be honest on his part to ask her to abandon these fine names which Chance was putting her way?

That it might be so, should he be pleased to accept what was offered to him, did become manifest to him. It was within his power to call himself and to have himself called by this new name. It was not only the party of the Crockers. Others now were urgent in persuading him. The matter had become so far customary to him as to make him feel that if he would simply put the name on his card, and cause it to be inserted in the Directories, and write a line to the officials saying that for the future he would wish to be so designated, the thing would be done. He had met Baron D'Ossi, and the Baron had acknowledged that an Englishman could not be converted into an Italian Duke without his own consent,—but had used very strong arguments to show that in this case the Englishman ought to give his consent. The Baron had expressed his own opinion that the Signorina would be very much ill-used indeed if she were not allowed to take her place among the Duchessinas. His own personal feelings were in no degree mitigated. To be a Post Office clerk, living at Holloway, with a few hundreds a year to spend,—and yet to be known all over the world as the claimant of a magnificently grand title! It seemed as though a cruel fate had determined to crush him with a terrible punishment because of his specially democratic views! That he of all the world should be selected to be a Duke in opposition to his own wishes! How often had he been heard to declare that all hereditary titles were, of their very nature, absurd! And yet he was to be forced to become a penniless hereditary Duke!

Nevertheless he would not rob her whom he hoped to make his wife of that which would of right belong to her. "Fanny," he said to her one day, "you cannot conceive how many people are troubling me about this title."

"I know they are troubling me. But I would not mind any of them;—only for papa."

"Is he very anxious about it?"

"I am afraid he is."

"Have I ever told you what your aunt said to me just before I left Castle Hautboy?"

"Lady Persiflage, you mean. She is not my aunt, you know."
"She is more anxious than your father, and certainly uses the only strong argument I have heard."

"Has she persuaded you?"
"I cannot say that; but she has done something towards persuading me. She has made me half think that it may be my duty."

"Then I suppose you will take the name," she said.
"It shall depend entirely upon you. And yet I ought not to ask you. I ought to do as these people bid me without even troubling you for an expression of your wish. I do believe that when you become my wife, you will have as complete a right to the title as has Lady Kingsbury to hers. Shall it be so?"

"No," she said.
"It shall not?"

"Certainly, no; if it be left to me."

"Why do you answer in that way when all your friends desire it?"

"Because I believe that there is one friend who does not desire it. If you can say that you wish it on your own account, of course I will yield. Otherwise all that my friends may say on the matter can have no effect on me. When I accepted the offer which you made me, I gave up all idea of high rank. I had my reasons, which I thought to be strong enough. At any rate I did so, and now because of this accident I will not be weak enough to go back. As to what Lady Persiflage says about me, do not believe a word of it. You certainly will not make me happy by bestowing on me a name which you do not wish me to bear, and which will be distasteful to yourself."

After this there was no longer any hesitation on Roden's part, though his friends, including Lord Persiflage, the Baron, Sir Boreas, and Crocker, were as active in their endeavours as ever. For some days he had doubted, but now he doubted no longer. They might address to him what letters they would, they might call him by what nickname they pleased, they might write him down in what book they chose, he would still keep the name of George Roden, as she had protested that she was satisfied with it.

It was through Sir Boreas that he learnt that his name had been written down in the club Candidate Book as "Duca di Crinola." Sir Boreas was not a member of the club, but had heard what had been done, probably at some club of which he was a member. "I am glad to hear that you are coming up at the Foreigners," said Euloes.

"But I am not."

"I was told last night that Baron D'Ossi had put your name down as Duca di Crinola." Then Roden discovered the whole truth,—how the Baron had proposed him and the Foreign Secretary had seconded him, without even going through the ceremony of asking him. "Upon my word I understood that you wished it," Vivian said to him. Upon this the following note was written to the Foreign Secretary.

"Mr. Roden presents his compliments to Lord Persiflage, and begs to explain that there has been a misunderstanding about the Foreigners' Club. Mr. Roden feels very much the honour that has been done him, and is much obliged to Lord Persiflage; but as he feels himself not entitled to the honour of belonging to the club, he will be glad that his name should be taken off. Mr. Roden takes the opportunity of assuring Lord Persiflage that he does not and never will claim the name which he understands to have been inscribed in the club books."

"He's a confounded ass," said Lord Persiflage to the Baron as he did as he was bid at the club. The Baron shrugged his shoulders, as though acknowledging that his young fellow-nobleman certainly was an ass. "There are men, Baron, whom you can't help, let you struggle ever so much. This man has had stuff enough in him to win for himself a very pretty girl with a good fortune and high rank, and yet he is such a fool that he won't let me put him altogether on his legs when the opportunity comes!"

Not long after this Roden called at the house in Park Lane, and asked to see the Marquis. As he passed through the hall he met Mr. Greenwood coming very slowly down the stairs. The last time he had met the gentleman had been in that very house when the gentleman had received him on behalf of the Marquis. The Marquis had not condescended to see him, but had deputed his chaplain to give him whatever ignominious answer might be necessary to his audacious demand for the hand of Lady Frances. On that occasion Mr. Greenwood had been very imperious. Mr. Greenwood had taken upon himself almost the manners of the master of the house. Mr. Greenwood had crowded as though the dunghill had been his own. George Roden even then had not been abashed, having been able to remember through the interview that the young lady was on his side; but he had certainly been severely treated. He had wondered at the moment that such a man as Lord Kingsbury should confide so much of his family matters to such a man as Mr. Greenwood. Since then he had heard something of Mr. Greenwood's latter history from Lady Frances. Lady Frances had joined with her brother in disliking Mr. Greenwood, and all that Hampstead had said to her had been passed on to her lover. Since that last interview the position of the two men had been changed. The chaplain had been turned out of the establishment, and George Roden had been almost accepted into it as a son-in-law. As they met on the foot of the staircase, it was necessary that there should be some greeting. The Post Office clerk bowed very graciously, but Mr. Greenwood barely acknowledged the salutation. "There," said he to himself, as he passed on, "that's the young man that's done all the mischief. It's because such as he are allowed to make their way in among noblemen and gentlemen that England is going to the dogs." Nevertheless, when Mr. Greenwood had first consented to be an inmate of the present Lord Kingsbury's house, he had, in spite of his Orders, entertained very liberal views.

The Marquis was not in a good humour when Roden was shown into his room. He had been troubled by his late chaplain, and he was not able to bear such troubles easily. Mr. Greenwood had said words to him which had vexed him sorely, and those words had in part referred to his daughter and his daughter's lover. "No, I'm not very well," he said in answer to Roden's inquiries. "I don't think I ever shall be better. What is it about now?"

"I have come, my lord," said Roden, "because I do not like to be here in your house under a false pretence."

"A false pretence? What false pretence? I hate false pretences."

"So do I."

"What do you mean by a false pretence now?"

"I fear that they have told you, Lord Kingsbury, that should you give me your daughter as my wife, you will give her to the Duca di Crinola." The Marquis, who was sitting in his arm-chair, shook his head from side to side, and moved his hands uneasily, but made no immediate reply. "I cannot quite tell, my lord, what your own id as are, because we have never discussed the subject."

"I don't want to discuss it just at present," said the Marquis.

"But it is right that you should know that I do not claim the title, and never shall claim it. Others have done so on my behalf, but with no authority from me. I have no means to support the rank in the country to which it belongs; nor as an Englishman am I entitled to assume it here."

"I don't know that you're an Englishman," said the Marquis. "People tell me that you're an Italian."

"I have been brought up as an Englishman, and have lived as for five-and-twenty years. I think it would be difficult now to

rob me of my rights. Nobody, I fancy, will try. I am, and shall be, George Roden, as I always have been. I should not, of course, trouble you with the matter were it not that I am a suitor for your daughter's hand. Am I right in supposing that I have been accepted here by you in that light?" This was a question which the Marquis was not prepared to answer at the moment. No doubt the young man had been accepted. Lady Frances had been allowed to go down to Castle Hautboy to meet him as her lover. All the family had been collected to welcome him at the London mansion. The newspapers had been full of mysterious paragraphs in which the future happy bridegroom was sometimes spoken of as an Italian Duke and sometimes as an English Post Office clerk. "Of course he must marry her now," the Marquis had said to his wife, with much anger. "It's all your sister's doing," he had said to her again. He had in a soft moment given his affectionate blessing to his daughter in special reference to her engagement. He knew that he couldn't go back from it now, and had it been possible, would have been most unwilling to give his wife such a triumph. But yet he was not prepared to accept the Post Office clerk simply as a Post Office clerk. "I am sorry to trouble you at this moment, Lord Kingsbury, if you are not well."

"I ain't well at all. I am very far from well. If you don't mind I'd rather not talk about it just at present. When I can see Hampstead, then, perhaps, things can be settled." As there was nothing further to be said George Roden took his leave.

CHAPTER LIV.

"OF COURSE THERE WAS A BITTERNESS"

IT was not surprising that Lord Kingsbury should have been unhappy when Roden was shown up into his room, as Mr. Greenwood had been with him. Mr. Greenwood had called on the previous day, and had been refused admittance. He had then sent in an appeal, asking so piteously for an interview that the Marquis had been unable to repudiate it. Mr. Greenwood knew enough of letters to be able to be effective on such an occasion. He had, he said, lived under the same roof with the Marquis for a quarter of a century. Though the positions of the two men in the world were so different they had lived together as friends. The Marquis throughout that long period had frequently condescended to ask the advice of his chaplain, and not unfrequently to follow it. After all this could he refuse to grant the favour of a last interview? He had found himself unable to refuse the favour. The interview had taken place, and consequently the Marquis had been very unhappy when George Roden was shown up into his room.

The Rector of Applescombe was dead. The interview was commenced by communication to that effect from Mr. Greenwood. The Marquis of course knew the fact,—had indeed already given the living away,—had not delayed a minute in giving it away because of some fear which still pressed upon him in reference to Mr. Greenwood. Nor did Mr. Greenwood expect to get the living,—or perhaps desire it. But he wished to have a grievance, and to be in possession of a subject on which he could begin to make his complaint. "You must have known, Mr. Greenwood, that I never intended it for you," said the Marquis. Mr. Greenwood, seated on the edge of his chair and rubbing his two hands together declared that he had entertained hopes in that direction. "I don't know why you should, then. I never told you so. I never thought of it for a moment. I always meant to put a young man into it;—comparatively young." Mr. Greenwood shook his head and still rubbed his hands. "I don't know that I can do anything more for you."

"It isn't much that you have done, certainly, Lord Kingsbury."

"I have done as much as I intend to do," said the Marquis, rousing himself angrily. "I have explained all that by Mr. Roberts."

"Two hundred a year after a quarter of a century!" Mr. Greenwood had in truth been put into possession of three hundred a year; but as one hundred of this came from Lord Hampstead it was not necessary to mention the little addition.

"It is very wrong,—your pressing your way in here and talking to me about it at all."

"After having expected the living for so many years!"

"You had no right to expect it. I didn't promise it. I never thought of it for a moment. When you asked me I told you that it was out of the question. I never heard of such impertinence in all my life. I must ask you to go away and leave me, Mr. Greenwood." But Mr. Greenwood was not disposed to go away just yet. He had come there for a purpose, and he intended to go on with it. He was clearly resolved not to be frightened by the Marquis. He got up from his chair and stood looking at the Marquis, still rubbing his hands, till the sick man was almost frightened by the persistency of his silence. "What is it, Mr. Greenwood, that makes you stand thus? Do you not hear me tell you that I have got nothing more to say to you?"

"Yes, my lord; I hear what you say."

"Then why don't you go away? I won't have you stand there staring like that." He still shook his head. "Why do you stand there and shake your head?"

"It must be told, my lord."

"What must be told?"

"The Marchioness!"

"What do you mean, sir? What have you got to say?"

"Would you wish to send for her ladyship?"

"No; I wouldn't. I won't send for her ladyship at all. What has her ladyship got to do with it?"

"She promised."

"Promised what?"

"Promised the living! She undertook that I should have Applescombe the moment it became vacant."

"I don't believe a word of it."

"She did. I don't think that her ladyship will deny it." It might have been so, certainly; and had there been no chance of truth in the statement he would hardly have been so ready to send for Lady Kingsbury. But had she done so the promise would amount to nothing. Though he was sick and wretched and weak, and in some matters afraid of his wife, there had been no moment of his life in which he would have given way to her on such a subject as this. "She promised it me,—for a purpose."

"A purpose!"

"For a purpose, my lord."

"What purpose?" Mr. Greenwood went on staring and shaking his head and rubbing his hands, till the Marquis, awestruck and almost frightened, put out his hand towards the bell. But he thought of it again. He remembered himself that he had nothing to fear. If the man had anything to say about the Marchioness it might perhaps be better said without the presence of servants. "If you mean to say anything, say it. If not,—go. If you do neither one or the other very quickly, I shall have you turned out of the house."

"Turned out of the house?"

"Certainly. If you have any threat to make, you had better make it in writing. You can write to my lawyers, or to me, or to Lord Hampstead, or to Mr. Roberts."

"It isn't a threat. It is only a statement. She promised it me,—for a purpose."

"I don't know what you mean by a purpose, Mr. Greenwood. "I don't believe Lady Kingsbury made any such promise; but if she did it wasn't hers to promise. I don't believe it; but had she promised I should not be bound by it."

"Not if you have not given it away?"
"I have given it away, Mr. Greenwood."

"Then I must suggest—"

"Suggest what?"

"Compensation, my lord. It will only be fair. You ask her ladyship. Her ladyship cannot intend that I should be turned out of your lordship's house with only two hundred a year, after what has passed between me and her ladyship."

"What passed?" said the Marquis, absolutely rousing himself so as to stand erect before the other man.

"I had rather, my lord, you should hear it from her ladyship."

"What passed?"

"There was all that about Lady Frances."

"What about Lady Frances?"

"Of course I was employed to do all that I could to prevent the marriage. You employed me yourself, my lord. It was you sent me down to see the young man, and explain to him how impudent he was. It isn't my fault, Lord Kingsbury, if things have got themselves changed since then."

"You think you ought to make a demand upon me because as my chaplain you were asked to see a gentleman who called here on a delicate matter?"

"It isn't that I am thinking about. If it had been only that I should have said nothing. You asked me what it was about, and I was obliged to remind you of one thing. What took place between me and her ladyship was, of course, much more particular; but it all began with your lordship. If you hadn't commissioned me I don't suppose her ladyship would ever have spoken to me about Lady Frances."

"What is it all? Sit down;—won't you?—and tell it all like a man if you have got anything to tell." The Marquis, fatigued with his exertion, was forced to go back to his chair. Mr. Greenwood also sat down,—but whether or no like a man may be doubted. "Remember this, Mr. Greenwood, it does not become a gentleman to repeat what has been said to him in confidence,—especially not to repeat it to him or to them from whom it was intended to be kept secret. And it does not become a Christian to endeavour to make ill-blood between a husband and his wife. Now, if you have got anything to say, say it." Mr. Greenwood shook his head. "If you have got nothing to say, go away. I tell you fairly that I don't want to have you here. You have begun something like a threat, and if you choose to go on with it, you may. I am not afraid to hear you, but you must say it or go."

Mr. Greenwood again shook his head. "I suppose you won't deny that her ladyship honoured me with a very close confidence."

"I don't know anything about it."

"Your lordship didn't know that her ladyship down at Trafford used to be talking to me pretty freely about Lord Hampstead and Lady Frances?"

"If you have got anything to say, say it," screamed the Marquis.

"Of course his lordship and her ladyship are not her ladyship's own children."

"What has that got to do with it?"

"Of course there was a bitterness."

"What is that to you? I will hear nothing from you about Lady Kingsbury, unless you have to tell me of some claim to be made upon her. If there has been money promised you, and she acknowledges it, it shall be paid. Has there been any such promise?"

Mr. Greenwood found it very difficult—nay, quite impossible—to say in accurate language that which he was desirous of explaining by dark hints. There had, he thought, been something of a compact between himself and the Marchioness. The Marchioness had desired something which she ought not to have desired, and had called upon the chaplain for more than his sympathy. The chaplain had been willing to give her more than his sympathy,—had at one time been almost willing to give her very much more. He might possibly, as he now felt, have misinterpreted her wishes. But he had certainly heard from her language so strong, in reference to her husband's children, that he had been justified in considering that it was intended to be secret. As a consequence of this he had been compelled to choose between the Marquis and the Marchioness. By becoming the confidential friend of the one he had necessarily become the enemy of the other. Then, as a further consequence, he was turned out of the house,—and, as he declared to himself, utterly ruined. Now in this there had certainly been much hardship, and who was to compensate him if not the Marquis?

There certainly had been some talk about Applescombe during these moments of hot passion, in which Lady Kingsbury had allowed herself to say such evil things of Lady Frances and Lord Hampstead. Whether any absolute promise had been given she would probably not now remember. There certainly had been a moment in which she had thought that her husband's life might possibly pass away before that of the old rector; and reference may have been made to the fact that had her own darling been the heir, the gift of the living would then have fallen into her own hands. Mr. Greenwood had probably thought more of some possible compensation for the living than of the living itself. He had no doubt endeavoured to frighten her ladyship into thinking that some mysterious debt was due to him, if not for services actually rendered, at any rate for extraordinary confidences. But before he had forced upon her the acknowledgment of the debt, he was turned out of the house! Now this he felt to be hard.

What were two hundred a year as a pension for a gentleman after such a life-long service? Was it to be endured that he should have listened for so many years to all the abominable polities of the Marquis, and to the anger and disappointment of the Marchioness, that he should have been so closely connected and for so many years, with luxury, wealth, and rank, and then arrive at so poor an evening of his day as this? As he thought of this he felt the more ashamed of his misfortune, because he believed himself to be in all respects a stronger man than the Marquis. He had flattered himself that he could lead the Marquis, and had thought that he had been fairly successful in doing so. His life had been idle, luxurious, and full of comfort. The Marquis had allowed him to do pretty well what he pleased until in an evil hour he had taken the side of the Marchioness in a family quarrel. Then the Marquis, though weak in health—almost to his death, had suddenly become strong in purpose, and had turned him abruptly out of the house with a miserable stipend hardly fit for more than a butler! Could it be that he should put up with such usage, and allow the Marquis to escape unscathed out of his hand?

In this condition of mind, he had determined that he owed it to himself to do or say something that should frighten his lordship into a more generous final arrangement. There had been, he said to himself again and again, such a confidence with a lady of so high a rank, that the owner of it ought not to be allowed to languish upon two or even upon three hundred a year. If the whole thing could really be explained to the Marquis, the Marquis would probably see it himself. And to all this was to be added the fact that no harm had been done. The Marchioness owed him very much for having wished to assist her in getting rid of an heir that was disagreeable to her. The Marquis owed him more for not having done it. And they both owed him very much in that he had never said a word of it all to anybody else. He had thought that he might be clever enough to make the Marquis understand something of this without actually explaining it. That some mysterious promise had been made, and that, as the promise could not be kept, some compensation should be awarded,—this was what he had desired to bring home to the mind of the Marquis. He had betrayed no confidence. He intended to betray none. He was very anxious that the Marquis

should be aware, that as he, Mr. Greenwood, was a gentleman, all confidences would be safe in his hands; but then the Marquis ought to do his part of the business, and not turn his confidential chaplain out of the house after a quarter of a century with a beggarly annuity of two hundred a year!

But the Marquis seemed to have acquired unusual strength of character; and Mr. Greenwood found that words were very difficult to be found. He had declared that there had been "a bitterness," and beyond that he could not go. It was impossible to hint that her ladyship had wished to have Lord Hampstead—removed. The horrid thoughts of a few days had become so vague to himself that he doubted whether there had been any real intention as to the young lord's removal even in his own mind. There was nothing more that he could say than this,—that during the period of this close intimacy her ladyship had promised to him the living of Appleslcombe, and that, as that promise could not be kept, some compensation should be made to him. "Was any sum of money named?" asked the Marquis.

"Nothing of the kind. Her ladyship thought that I ought to have the living."

"You can't have it; and there's an end of it."

"And you think that nothing should be done for me?"

"I think that nothing should be done for you more than has been done."

"Very well. I am not going to tell secrets that have been entrusted to me as a gentleman, even though I am so badly used by those who have confided them to me. Her ladyship is safe with me. Because I sympathised with her ladyship your lordship turned me out of the house."

"No; I didn't."

"Should I have been treated like this had I not taken her ladyship's part? I am too noble to betray a secret, or, no doubt, I could compel your lordship to behave to me in a very different manner. Yes, my lord, I am quite ready to go now. I have made my appeal, and I have made it in vain. I have no wish to call upon her ladyship. As a gentleman I am bound to give her ladyship no unnecessary trouble."

While this last speech was going on a servant had come into the room, and had told the Marquis that the "Duca di Crinola" was desirous of seeing him. The servants in the establishment were of course anxious to recognise Lady Frances' lover as an Italian Duke. The Marquis would probably have made some excuse for not receiving the lover at this moment, had he not felt that he might in this way best insure the immediate retreat of Mr. Greenwood. Mr. Greenwood went, and Roden was summoned to Lord Kingsbury's presence; but the meeting took place under circumstances which naturally made the Marquis incapable of entering at the moment with much spirit on the great "Duca" question.

CHAPTER LV.

LORD HAMPSTEAD AGAIN WITH MRS. RODEN

WEEKS had passed by since Lord Hampstead had walked up and down Broad Street with Mr. Fay,—weeks which were to him a period of terrible woe. His passion for Marion had so seized upon him, that it had in all respects changed his life. The sorrow of her alleged ill-health had fallen upon him before the hunting had been over, but from that moment he had altogether forgotten his horses. The time had now come in which he was wont to be on board his yacht, but of his yacht he took no notice whatever. "I can tell you nothing about it as yet," he said in the only line which he wrote to his skipper in answer to piteous applications made to him. None of those who were near and dear to him knew how he passed his time. His sister left him and went up to the house in London, and he felt that her going was a relief to him. He would not even admit his friend Roden to come to him in his trouble. He spent his days all alone at Hendon, occasionally going across to Holloway in order that he might talk of his sorrow to Mrs. Roden. Midsummer had come upon him before he again saw the Quaker. Marion's father had left a feeling almost of hostility in his mind in consequence of that conversation in Broad Street. "I no longer want anything on your behalf," the Quaker had seemed to say. "I care nothing now for your name, or your happiness. I am anxious only for my child, and as I am told that it will be better that you should not see her, you must stay away." That the father should be anxious for his daughter was natural enough. Lord Hampstead could not quarrel with Zachary Fay. But he taught himself to think that their interests were at variance with each other. As for Marion, whether she were ill or whether she were well, he would have had her altogether to himself.

Gradually there had come upon him the conviction that there was a real barrier existing between himself and the thing that he desired. To Marion's own words, while they had been spoken only to himself, he had given no absolute credit. He had been able to declare to her that her fears were vain, and that whether she were weak or whether she were strong, it was her duty to come to him. When they two had been together his arguments and assurances had convinced at any rate himself. The love which he had seen in her eyes and had heard from her lips had been so sweet to him, that their savour had overcome whatever strength her words possessed. But these protestations, these assurances that no marriage could be possible, when they reached him second-hand, as they had done through his sister and through the Quaker, almost crushed him. He did not dare to tell them that he would fain marry the girl though she were dying,—that he would accept any chance or no chance, if he might only be allowed to hold her in his arms, and tell her that she was all his own. There had come a blow, he would say to himself, again and again, as he walked about the grounds at Hendon, there had come a blow, a fatal blow, a blow from which there could be no recovery,—but, still, it should, it ought, to be borne together. He would not admit to himself that because of this verdict there ought to be a separation between them two. It might be that the verdict had been uttered by a Judge against whom there could be no appeal; but even the Judge should not be allowed to say that Marion Fay was not his own. Let her come and die in his arms if she must die. Let her come and have what of life there might be left to her, warmed and comforted and perhaps extended by his love. It seemed to him to be certainly a fact, that because of his great love, and of hers, she did already belong to him; and yet he was told that he might not see her;—that it would be better that she should not be disturbed by his presence,—as though he were no more than a stranger to her. Every day he almost resolved to disregard them, and go down to the little cottage in which she was living. But then he remembered the warnings which were given to him, and was aware that he had in truth no right to intrude upon the Quaker's household. It is not to be supposed that during this time he had no intercourse with Marion. At first there came to be a few lines, written perhaps once a week from her, in answer to many lines written by him; but by degrees the feeling of awe which at first attached itself to the act of writing to him wore off, and she did not let a day pass without sending him some little record of herself and her doings. It had come to be quite understood by the Quaker that Marion was to do exactly as she pleased with her lover. No one dreamed of hinting to her that this correspondence was improper or injurious. Had she herself expressed a wish to see him, neither would the Quaker nor Mrs. Roden have made strong objection. To whatever might have been her wish or her decision they would have acceded. It was by her word that the marriage had been declared to be impossible. It was in obedience to her that he was to keep aloof. She had failed to

prevail with her own soft words, and had therefore been driven to use the authority of others.

But at this period, though she did become weaker and weaker from day to day, and though the doctor's attendance was constant at the cottage, Marion herself was hardly unhappy. She grieved indeed for his grief; but, only for that, there would have been triumph and joy to her rather than grief. The daily writing of these little notes was a privilege to her and a happiness, of which she had hitherto known nothing. To have a lover, and such a lover, was a delight to her, a delight to which there was now hardly any drawback, as there was nothing now of which she need be afraid. To have him with her as other girls may have their lovers, she knew was impossible to her. But to read his words, and to write loving words to him, to talk to him of his future life, and bid him think of her, his poor Marion, without allowing his great manly heart to be filled too full with vain memories, was in truth happiness to her. "Why should you want to come?" she said. "It is infinitely better that you should not come. We understand it all now, and acknowledge what it is that the Lord has done for us. It would not have been good for me to be your wife. It would not have been good for you to have become my husband. But it will I think be good for me to have loved you; and if you will learn to think of it as I do, it will not have been bad for you. It has given a beauty to my life," she said, "which makes me feel that I ought to be contented to die early. If I could have had a choice I would have chosen it so."

But these teachings from her had no effect whatever upon him. It was her idea that she would pass away, and that there would remain with him no more than fair sweet shade which would have but little effect upon his future life beyond that of creating for him occasionally a gentle melancholy. It could not be, she thought, that for a man such as he,—for one so powerful and so great,—such a memory should cause a lasting sorrow. But with him, to his thinking, to his feeling, the lasting biting sorrow was there already. There could be no other love, no other marriage, no other Marion. He had heard that his stepmother was anxious for her boy. The way should be open for the child. It did seem to him that a life, long continued, would be impossible to him when Marion should have been taken away from him.

"Oh yes;—he's there again," said Miss Demijohn to her aunt. "He comes mostly on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays. What he can be coming about is more than I can guess. Crocker says it's all true love. Crocker says that the Duca says—"

"Bother the Duca," exclaimed the old woman. "I don't believe that Crocker and George Roden ever exchange a word together."

"Why shouldn't they exchange words, and they fast friends of five years' standing?" Crocker says as Lord Hampstead is to be at Lady Amaldina's wedding in August. His lordship has promised. And Crocker thinks—"

"I don't believe very much about Crocker, my young woman. You had better look to yourself, or, perhaps, you'll find when you have got yourself married that Crocker has not got a roof to cover you."

Lord Hampstead had walked over to Paradise Row, and was seated with Mrs. Roden when this little squabble was going on. "You don't think that I ought to let things remain as they are," he said to Mrs. Roden. To all such questions Mrs. Roden found it very difficult to make any reply. She did in truth think that they ought to be allowed to remain as they were,—or rather that some severance should be made more decided even than that which now existed. Putting aside her own ideas she was quite sure that Marion would not consent to a marriage. And, as it was so, and must be so, it was better, she thought, that the young people should see no more of each other. This writing of daily letters,—what good could it do to either of them? To her indeed, to Marion, with her fixed purpose, and settled religious convictions, and almost certain fate, little evil might be done. But to Lord Hampstead the result would be, and was, terribly pernicious. He was sacrificing himself, not only as Mrs. Roden thought for the present moment, but for many years perhaps,—perhaps for his future life,—to a hopeless passion. A cloud was falling upon him which might too probably darken his whole career. From the day on which she had unfortunately taken Marion to Hendon Hall, she had never ceased to regret the acquaintance which she had caused. To her thinking the whole affair had been unfortunate. Between people so divided there should have been no intimacy, and yet this intimacy had been due to her. "It is impossible that I should not see her," continued Lord Hampstead. "I will see her."

"If you would see her, and then make up your mind to part with her,—that I think would be good."

"To see her, and say farewell to her for ever?"

"Yes, my lord."

"Certainly not. That I will never do. If it should come to pass that she must go from me for ever, I would have her in my arms to the very last!"

"At such a moment, my lord, those whom nature has given to her for her friends—"

"Has not nature given me too for her friend? Can any friend love her more truly than I do? Those should be with us when we die to whom our life is of most importance. Is there any one to whom her life can be half as much as it is to me? The husband is the dearest to his wife. When I look upon her as going from me for ever, then may I not say that she is the same to me as my wife."

"Why—why—why?"

"I know what you mean, Mrs. Roden. What is the use of asking 'why' when the thing is done? Could I make it so now, as though I had never seen her? Could I if I would? Would I if I could? What is the good of thinking of antecedents which are impossible? She has become my treasure. Whether past and fleeting, or likely to last me for my life, she is my treasure. Can I make a change because you ask why,—and why—and why? Why did I ever come here? Why did I know your son? Why have I got a something here within me which kills me when I think that I shall be separated from her, and yet crown me with glory when I feel that she has loved me. If she must leave me, I have to bear it. What I shall do, where I shall go, whether I shall stand or fall I do not pretend to say. A man does not know, himself, of what stuff he is made, till he has been tried. But whatever may be my lot it cannot be altered by any care or custody now. She is my own, and I will not be separated from her. If she were dead, I should know that she was gone. She would have left me, and I could not help myself. As yet she is living, and may live, and I will be with her. I must go to her there or she must come here to me. If he will permit it I will take some home for myself close to hers. What will it matter now, though every one should know it? Let them all know it. Should she live she will become mine. If she must go,—what will the world know but that I have lost her who was to have been my wife?"

Even Mrs. Roden had not the heart to tell him that he had seen Marion for the last time. It would have been useless to tell him so, for he would not have obeyed the behest contained in such an assertion. Ideas of prudence and ideas of health had restrained him hitherto,—but he had been restrained only for a time. No one had dared suggest to him that he should never again see his Marion. "I suppose that we must ask Mr. Fay," she replied. She was herself more powerful than the Quaker, as she was well aware; but it had become necessary to her to say something.

"Mr. Fay has less to say to it even than I have," said Hampstead. "My belief is that Marion herself is the only one among us who is strong. If it were not that she is determined, he would yield and you would yield."

"Who can know as she knows?" said Mrs. Roden. "Which among us is so likely to be guided by what is right? Which is so pure, and honest, and loving? Her conscience tells her what is best."

"I am not sure of that," said he. "Her conscience may fill her as well as another with fears that are unnecessary. I cannot think that a girl should be encouraged by those around her to doom herself after this fashion. Who has a right to say that God has determined that she shall die early?" Mrs. Roden shook her head. "I am not going to teach others what religion demands, but to me it seems that we should leave these things in God's hands. That she may doubt as to herself may be natural enough, but others should not have encouraged her."

"You mean me, my lord?"

"You must not be angry with me, Mrs. Roden. The matter to me is so vital that I have to say what I think about it. It does seem to me that I am kept away from her, whereas, by all the ties which can bind a man and a woman together, I ought to be with her. Forms and ceremonies seem to sink to nothing, when I think of all she is to me, and remember that I am told that she is soon to be taken away from me."

"How would it be if she had a mother?"

"Why should her mother refuse my love for her daughter? But she has no mother. She has a father who has accepted me. I do believe that had the matter been left wholly to him, Marion would now be my wife."

"I was away, my lord, in Italy."

"I will not be so harsh to such a friend as you, as to say that I wish you had remained there; but I feel,—I cannot but feel—"

"My lord, I think the truth is that you hardly know how strong in such a matter as this our Marion herself can be. Neither have I nor has her father prevailed upon her. I can go back now, and tell you without breach of confidence all that passed between her and me. When first your name was discussed between us; when first I say that you seemed to make much of her—"

"Make much of her!" exclaimed Hampstead, angrily.

"Yes; make much of her! When first I thought that you were becoming fond of her."

"You speak as though there had been some idle dallying. Did I not worship her? Did I not pour out my whole heart into her lap from the first moment in which I saw her? Did I hide it even from you? Was there any pretence, any falsehood?"

"No, indeed."

"Do not say that I made much of her. The phrase is vile. When she told me that she loved me, she made much of me."

"When first you showed us that you loved her," she continued,

"I feared that it would not be for good."

"Why should it not be for good?"

"I will not speak of that now, but I thought so. I thought so, and I told my thoughts to Marion."

"You did?"

"I did;—and I think that in doing so, I did no more than my duty to a motherless girl. Of the reasons which I gave to her I will say nothing now. Her reasons were so much stronger, that mine were altogether unavailing. Her resolutions were built on so firm a rock, that they needed no persuasions of mine to strengthen them. I had ever known Marion to be pure, unselfish, and almost perfect. But I had never before seen how high she could rise, how certainly she could soar above all weakness and temptation. To her there was never a moment of doubt. She knew from the very first that it could not be so."

"It shall be so," he said, jumping up from his chair, and flinging up his arms.

"It was not I who persuaded her, or her father. Even you cannot persuade her. Having convinced herself that were she to marry you, she would injure you, not all her own passionate love will induce her to accept the infinite delight of yielding to you. What may be best for you;—that is present to her mind, and nothing else. On that her heart is fixed, and so clear is her judgment respecting it, that she will not allow the words of any other to operate on her for a moment. Marion Fay, Lord Hampstead, is infinitely too great to have been persuaded in any degree by me."

Nevertheless Mrs. Roden did allow herself to say that in her opinion the lover should be allowed to see his mistress. She herself would go to Pegwell Bay, and endeavour to bring Marion back to Holloway. That Lord Hampstead should himself go down and spend his long hours at the little seaside place did not seem to her to be fitting. But she promised that she would do her best to arrange at any rate another meeting in Paradise Row.

(To be continued)

RUSTIC PHILOSOPHY

Oh dinna threep aye o' yon lad
That's waiting in the loaning dim,
An' say he's no the lad for me,
Weel, I am no' the lass for him !

I am na ane tae fash my thoom
For ony lad aroon I see ;
If I am no' the lass for him,
I trow he's no' the lad for me.

He's no' the first, nor'll be the last,
Though t' ane looks sly, an' t' ither grim ;
I say he's no' the lad for me
That hauds I'm no' the lass for him.

There's aye a Providence over a',
What is tae be, is boun' tae be ;
An' sae I'm no' the lass for him,
Gin he is no' the lad for me.

An' if I gang oot a' my lane,
Hoo can I help't, if I see Jim ?
Maybe he's no' the lad for me,
I'm aiblins no the lass for him.

I canna help't sud he be there,
I reckon a' the roads are free,—
Oh wha will prove the lass for him ?
I ken wha is the lad for me.

A' lad as straight as hazel-rung,
Wi' merry ee an' sturdy limb ;
I reckon that's the lad for me,—
She's proud that is the lass for him.

An' there he is. Eh, sic a lad
Tae wun his way I never see ;
He swears that I'm the lass for him,
An' speers if he's the lad for me.

L. A. JOHNSTONE

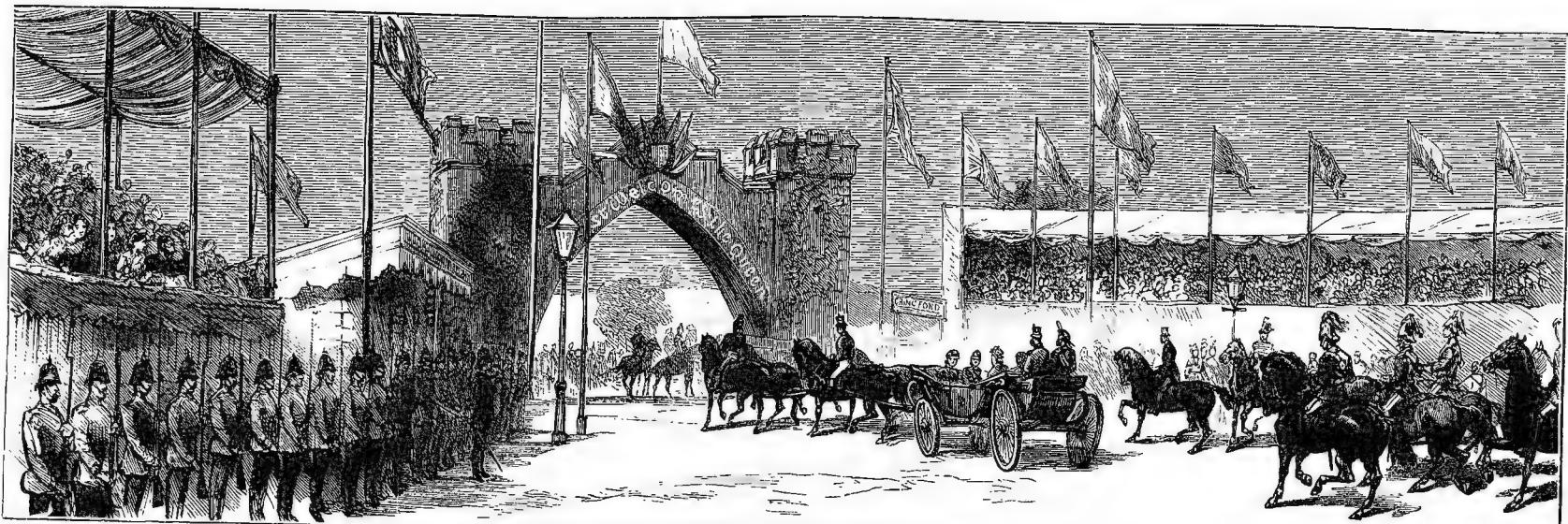


THE ROYAL PROCESSION PASSING QUEEN ELIZABETH'S LODGE



THE ROYAL PROCESSION ENTERING HIGH BEECH WOOD

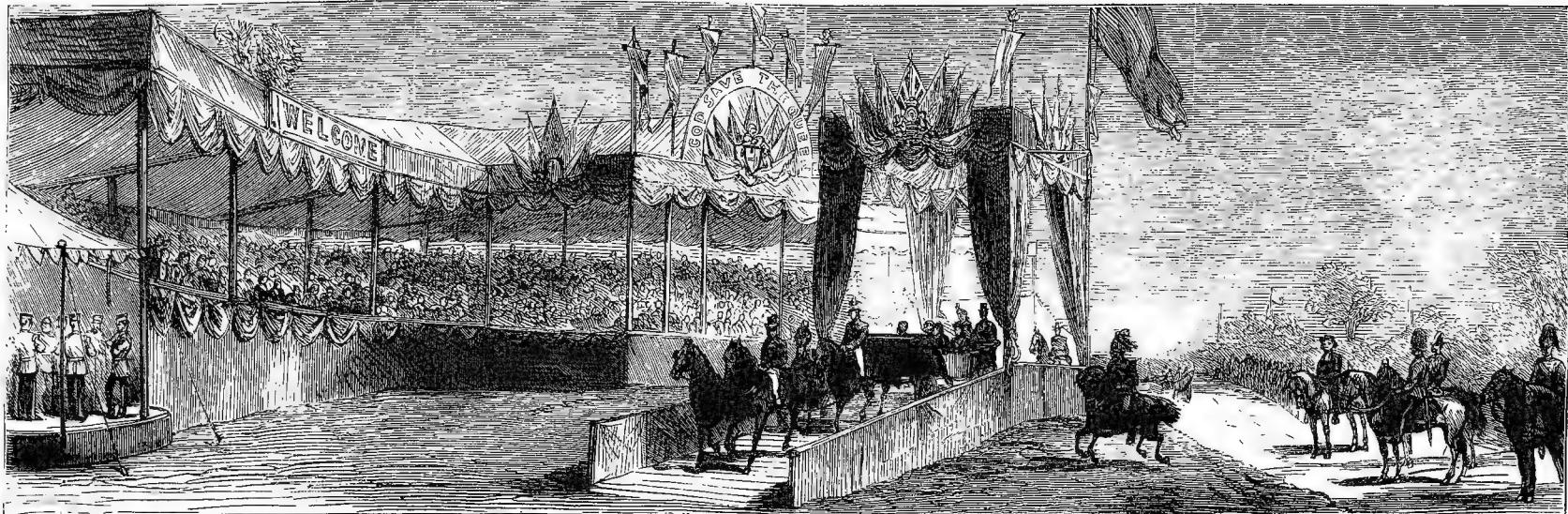
THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO EPPING FOREST



THE ROYAL PROCESSION LEAVING CHINGFORD STATION



THE REFRESHMENT BOOTHS IN THE FOREST



THE GRAND STAND AND PAVILION AT HIGH BEECH

THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO EPPING FOREST



VERY often a State trial, a *cause célèbre*, not only gives a deal of history, but lays bare springs and motives of which the ordinary historian takes too little account. Such a trial shows the temper of the popular mind at the time far better than a formal act of legislation. It is this which gives to Mr. Lathom Browne's "Narratives of State Trials in the Nineteenth Century" (Sampson Low and Co.) such an absorbing interest. Every one contrasts the treatment of Emmet and other Irishmen with the measure meted out to the "suspects"; every one rejoices that "sweeter manners, gentler laws" prevented a second Peterloo during the Anti-Corn-Law agitation. Mr. Browne gives us something for all tastes; for the scandal-lovers he has the great Fitzhardinge trial and "the delicate investigation" (*lucus à non*) about Queen Caroline; for the curious in long forgotten law-cases he has the trial of Governor Wall for flogging at Goree, and that of Picton for torturing a mulatto woman in Trinidad. This last, touching the early career of a famous man, is specially noteworthy. Irishmen on the look-out for a grievance will find one in the fact that, whereas Mr. Browne was allowed full access to the State papers referring to Colonel Despard's wild attempt on London, such access was wholly interdicted in the case of the Emmet affair, just a year later, and very probably connected with the Despard business. From beginning to end the book is more interesting than a sensational novel. The "Bottle Conspiracy," a curious Dublin Castle mare's nest, closes the regular work; but the appendix contains the trial of Herr Most, by way of contrast with those of Hunt and others.

Mr. Forbes Russell's "Rambles in Rome" (Nelson and Sons) is practical and comprehensive. It is the result of ten years' loving study carried on amid excavations and discoveries in which the author has taken his part. Specially valuable are the remarks on health and climate. For nine months out of the twelve, Rome is one of the healthiest cities in the world. When travellers fall ill their own imprudence is mainly in fault. They get very hot and go straight into cold damp buildings; they rush about all day without food; they disregard the sudden chill at sunset; and then they blame the climate for the low fever which naturally lays hold on them. All this is very true; but to fulfil one of Mr. Russell's maxims, "Avoid bad odours," will sometimes puzzle even the best-intentioned. The book contains a great deal of information, with little or no padding; some parts—"How Rome Became Ruins," for instance—are marvels of compression.

Those who think of Cetshwayo as an injured innocent who ought to be forthwith restored to the realm which he ruled so well, will be glad to have their opinion backed by a clear-sighted observer like Lady Florence Dixie. This energetic traveller has seen for herself; and her mind is quite made up. Our crossing the Tugela was not only a terrible mistake but a gross injustice, and Sir Bartle Frere's wild denunciations were merely "sound and fury." Both he and Sir T. Shephstone get decidedly the worst of it in "The Defence of Zululand and Its King" (Chatto and Windus); and Lady Dixie gives chapter and verse from the Blue Books for all that she advances.

Mrs. Craik's precious balms never break any heads. In "Plain Speaking" (Hurst and Blackett) she rates in her genial style those who excuse themselves with: "We can't help it" when paralysis of the will has left them in a hopeless quandary. She puts in a plea for "odd people," and is justly hard upon "conies," feeble folk who are good only in a negative way. She gives wholesome advice to "decayed gentlewomen," warning them that literature is a trade, and that much of the weak prose and weaker verse with which the magazines are flooded is not paid for. Ladies do not mind being scolded by the author of "John Halifax"; she even boldly tells them that women are more prone than men to "inaccuracy, desultoriness, and general muddleness." Whether this is, however, the case, we will not venture to decide; we cannot believe that "a true author never has any moods, but settles to work as regularly as the blacksmith or the bricklayer." We wish it was so, but, unhappily, *alle Künstler sind etwas trüger* is a proverb as true of literature as of art.

It would be a grand thing for the Service if more artillery subs. made as good use of their time as Captain S. P. Oliver did. The result, "On and Off Duty" (Allen and Co.), is a capital volume, just the book to delight and instruct boys, and to lead young officers to habits of close observation. Captain Oliver treats of many lands, but he says most about Madagascar and the Mascarenes; and while Mr. W. Judd has revised his account of the Volcano of Réunion, Mr. J. G. Baker has contributed the valuable paper on Madagascar natural history. On Malagasy ethnology, with its puzzling African and Polynesian affinities, on which Mr. Craufurd used to enlarge at the Geographical Society, Captain Oliver has a good deal to say; and he does not hesitate to compare with Isandwala the crushing defeat which the high-handed proceedings of the French and English Consuls drew on us in 1845.

The difference between savages of the Savage Club and real children of nature is that the former are always attitudinising. Many pages of Mr. Phil. Robinson's "Noah's Ark" (Sampson Low and Co.) are marred by the effort to be peculiar. Some one has compared him to Charles Lamb; but though Elia is like nobody else, his peculiarities are not the result of effort. He is what he is because he could not help it. Still, despite a mannerism which occasionally makes us speculate what a half-and-half of Michelet and Mark Twain would be like, this "Contribution to the Study of Unnatural History" is a delightful volume, full of the results of no end of out-of-the-way reading, both scientific and "old world." Among the stories our grandmothers would recognise some familiar friends. The men who sold the living bear's skin might have been left to be ashamed of themselves; but there is plenty of new matter, and if we have said one depreciatory word, it is because we have a right to expect much from the author of "In My Indian Garden."

"The Boke of Fishing" and that of hunting are both outdone by "A Noble Boke off Cookry" (Elliot Stock), edited by Mrs. Alex. Napier, from a MS. 400 years old in the Holkham Collection. The type, paper, and binding are perfect. The preface amusingly points out how the many Church fasts helped to perfect the art of cookery, because they made it necessary to "counterfeit" even eggs. Our fruit tarts originated in the desire to present on fish days something that looked like the "coffyn" or game pie. Mrs. Napier assures us that there is no reason to regret "the barbarous magnificence and coarse profusion" of old times. Some of the dishes certainly must have been trying even to mediæval stomachs—"oyle soupes," for instance, of milk and yolk of egg. But such a dish as "breteyn" of calves' feet would be worth all the modern calves' foot jelly in the world. Naturally the cooking of fish was important; such a poor creature as the tench was glorified by being "sethed in cevyn," with currants and raisins. Our cook distinguishes between conies and rabbits—a distinction which moderns have lost. In a new edition the Glossary should be looked to; it is meagre and unsatisfactory—*canelle*, for instance, is not "a kind of spice" but cinnamon, as any one with a decent knowledge of French should know; *Saunders* is "a herb," but every sciolist in botany knows what herb.

That "Memorials of Bishop M'Illavine" (Elliot Stock), by his correspondent Canon Carus of Westminster, has reached a second edition, will astonish no one who reflects how large a part of the life

of the American Church gathered round Charles Pettit M'Illavine from the time of his appointment as Chaplain and Professor at Westpoint. In England an increasing number is anxious to know more of that American Episcopal Church, the importance of which was first revealed to many by the Lambeth Conference. Bishop M'Illavine was one of the foremost members of that Conference; he was Mr. Peabody's trusted adviser about his gift to the London poor; he was highly valued by our Queen as well as by our prelates. Above all, while a thorough Churchman, he was a true Evangelical. This comes out especially in his consecration sermon for Bishop Lee of Delaware, notes from which have been added to this edition.

In the new number of "The English Citizen" series (Macmillan) Mr. A. J. Wilson deals with "the national budget, national debt, taxes, and rates," briefly glancing also at the financial history of the country. He notes how our national freedom is the outgrowth of kingly extravagance, Edward I.'s statute *de tallagio non concedendo* being the logical completion of Magna Charta. The most interesting part of his book is the series of passages in which he traces the course of the land tax, that iniquitous device of the gentry for getting rid of all the incidents of feudal tenure, from military service to socage, and shifting the burden on the back of the nation at large. It is enough to point out that the tax is still levied on the valuation of two centuries ago, and that, owing to the unjust facilities for redemption, it brings only a little over a million, actually less than when it was first raised; whereas, if the land was taxed at its real value its amount would be some twenty millions. The American War, which, but for India, would (thinks Mr. Wilson) have sunk us to a third-rate power, was due to a lowering of the land tax, necessitating the tax on tea, which the Bostonians resisted. We wish either that the notes on the land tax had been thrown together, or that the book was furnished with an index. It is curious, in view of what is going on in Ireland, that during the Protectorate the Crown lands were sold for ten years' purchase; at the Restoration, however, most of the sales were declared void.

"Lancashire Legends" and "Lancashire Folk Lore" (Heywood, Manchester and London), both edited by John Harland, F.S.A., and T. T. Wilkinson, F.R.S.A., will both greatly delight the lovers of popular customs and local superstitions. In these Lancashire legends are especially rich; and some of them, like the Stanleys' Eagle and Child, and Lady Sibyl of Bernshaw Tower, are historical. We wish the compilers had gone further afield in their parallels, or else had left the matter of comparative folk-lore out altogether. It is strange to illustrate Lancashire Teasels fires by a reference to the Irish beal fires, and, as usual, to trot out the poor Phoenicians, and yet to make no reference to the fires on St. John's Eve in Cornwall and on the Continent. Sometimes Mr. Harland (of whom the "Legends" contains an interesting memoir) is strangely euphemistic, as when he explains one of the house and church-devouring dragons to mean a rapacious landowner. The "Legends" include old customs from rush-bearing to the Preston guild; they are a decided improvement on Mr. Roby's "Traditions," because they give the story in its actual form instead of making it the groundwork of a pretty tale. The "Folk-lore" does not clash with Mr. Henderson's; for that interesting book deals mostly with the North-Eastern counties. To us the marvel is not that these things are dying out as the land becomes "too full o' folk," but that they still so widely persist. "Child dragging" through the earth at cross-roads is still, for instance, a recognised cure for whooping-cough, even as the Cornish crick-stone is for rickets. We are glad to think that Easter-tide "liftings" (in memory of the Resurrection) are altogether a thing of the past, and that "up-and-down fighting" (kicking with clogs) and "purring," are dying out; and we hope Mr. Harrison's example in restoring Smalesbury Hall will be widely followed; we don't know who owns Hoghton Tower, close to Preston, but it is one of the many historic Lancashire houses which would well repay restoration. Naturally the Fylde is the stronghold of old world ways. There "ignagnign" (from St. Ignatius, or from *ignis Agnus?*) is not unknown, and throdkins of oat and bean are still eaten; and the custom of "riding the black lad," to see that the land is kept clear of yellow weed, is well remembered. The editors might have paralleled the dun cow of Longridge with that which supplied the workers at St. Mary Redcliffe; both were profusely liberal of milk, and of both a rib testifies the huge bulk. We wish the F.S.A.'s of other counties would imitate the good example of Messrs. Harland and Wilkinson.

Mr. Thomas's "Undergraduate's Trip to Italy and Attica" (Oxford, Thornton) may have been written for the delight of admiring sisters who were so simple-minded as not to know the colour of a gondola. It adds nothing to our knowledge, and it gives no new colouring to what has already been sketched over and over again. It does give us some unusual forms of expression, such as "Verona prides in having been the nursery of Catullus;" and we did not expect a Balliol scholar to talk of recuperating the inner man. Mr. Thomas took a Cook's ticket, and is not ashamed to own it; he also took a brave walk alone from Athens to Eleusis and back, and he praises as it deserves the "strangers' rest and *anagnoserton*" at the Piraeus.

The Hon. Albert Canning improves. His "Lord Macaulay, Essayist and Historian" (Smith and Elder), seems like two school essays spun out into a volume; but still his criticism is sound if not original. Macaulay was very unfair to Scott, with whose love of legend and of archaeology he was wholly unable to sympathise; he was versed in the Queen Anne literature, devoured eagerly all the filth of the Restoration, and yet confessed that of Scott's novels he had left the greater part unread. About his favourites, though he did not warp facts, he suppressed them; thus he wholly ignores what Mr. Canning calls "the coarse malignity" of a great deal of Milton's prose. We think Mr. Canning is right in assuming that it was the prominence of fiction in his day that set Macaulay on a plan for making history (which had been voted dull) more interesting than a novel.

The author of "Horæ Subsecivæ," of "Rab and his Friends," is always so delightful that no words of ours are needed to commend "John Leech and other Essays" (Douglas, Edinburgh), which form a second volume of the "Horæ." Dr. John Brown's critical power is great, his humour unflagging, and his pathos sincere and touching. "Marjorie Fleming," Scott's "Maidie," pleases us best of the essays; it is the picture of a strangely educated lassie, who explained the cruel treatment of Haman's sons from the fact that Jesus was not then come to teach us to be merciful, and who read with equal zest "Tom Jones" and Gray's "Elegy;" anent which Dr. Brown asks, "Are our Marjories better or worse because they cannot read 'Tom Jones' unharmed?" "The Enterkin" is a very lively picture of the Leadhill mining district; but all the essays are good, and that which gives the book its title is of permanent interest.

"The Life and Times of Frederic Douglas" (Christian Age office) proves the need of such men as William Lloyd Garrison. In the plain narrative of a sufferer the debasing horrors of slavery stand out in more ghastly relief than in the most sensational novel. The strangest thing is the blindness which led "really pious men" to keep slaves simply for breeding purposes. The poor whites, too, who practised the odious trade of slave-breakers were mostly "professors of religion." Flogging was seldom tried on those who stoutly resisted. One slave saved himself by saying: "You may kill me, but you shan't flog me;" and we wonder Mr. Douglas did not on several occasions imitate his example. The editor, Mr. J. Lobb, assures us that this is the only complete and authorised edition; and that the subject of it has an interest in the sale. It is certainly full of interest from beginning to end.



THE RAGE FOR SUNFLOWERS HAS CROSSED THE CHANNEL, and fashionable Parisians are wearing the aesthetic blossom in great quantities.

SHAKESPEARE'S WORKS are to be brought out in the Little Russian dialect, the version being in prose and verse, according to the original. *Othello* will appear first.

THE HEAT IN AUSTRALIA THIS YEAR has been unusually great, and on January 19 in Melbourne the temperature reached 110 deg. in the shade and 169 deg. in the sun.

A CENTENARIAN RAVEN has been shot near Metz. The bird was unusually large, and one of its feet was encircled by a metal ring bearing the inscription, "Born at Loudrey, 1782."

THE SIGN—\$—USED TO DESIGNATE THE AMERICAN DOLLAR is not, as generally supposed, a badly-formed monogram of the letters "U" and "S," but is borrowed from a design on the old Spanish dollar, which is intended to represent the Pillars of Hercules, with a scroll encircling each of them.

A GRAND "VIOLIN TRIAL" is shortly to take place at Würzburg in Bavaria. A Stradivarius was recently sold to the Royal concertmaster for 300*£*, and the purchaser now declares the instrument to be an imitation only, so the case is to be decided by a jury of sixteen famous violinists, including Herr Joachim, and a similar number of the first instrument makers of the chief German cities.

A SEARCH EXPEDITION FOR MR. LEIGH SMITH IN THE *Eira* will be undertaken this year by Sir Allan Young, who has chartered the Peterhead whaler *Hope* for the voyage to Franz Josef Land. Talking of the Arctic regions, the Austrian vessel *Pola*, containing the scientific expedition which is going to Jan Mayen to establish one of the international meteorological stations, has started for the North from Gravesend.

RAG DEALERS IN CHICAGO appear to do a good business. It is estimated that each of our 50,000,000 Transatlantic cousins discards an average of 5lbs. of clothing yearly, which reaches a total of 250,000,000 lbs. Then there are the cuttings from the tailoring establishments, old carpets, bedding, curtains, and other domestic refuse, which make up another 250,000,000 lbs. of cloth material. A hundred cartloads of rags enter and leave Chicago alone daily.

THE CHINESE IN AMERICA are said to be delighted with the new law prohibiting further immigration. Notwithstanding the minor opposition they encounter, the Celestials as a rule are well contented with their position in the States, and think that an additional influx of their brethren would spoil their value. In many places they can command quite as high wages as other labourers, and Chinese cheap labour threatens to become a thing of the past.

AN INTERESTING PRESENT FOR THE QUEEN is being prepared in the United States—the first proof of the new Garfield postage stamp. The portrait of the late President for the stamp was selected by Mrs. Garfield, who also chose the colour, and the likeness is said to be admirable. The stamp is enclosed in a silver frame, with an elaborately worked silver and gold border, the concave portion of the frame being made of ebony, and the whole is placed in a cedar box, lined with royal purple, and mounted in silver.

MOUNTAINEERING IN NEW ZEALAND is fast becoming a favourite recreation, and some enthusiastic members of the Green Alpine Club have lately successfully ascended the loftiest peak in the colony, Mount Cook—nearly 12,400 feet high—after two futile attempts. Although the view from the summit was spoiled by the mist, the party declare the scenery far to exceed in beauty that of the European Alps. The mountaineers had to spend the night huddled up on a narrow ledge, and were twenty-two hours without food.

OLD POSTAGE STAMPS have been put to a most ingenious use in a Ghent Carthusian monastery, according to the Brussels *National*. The monks collected 800,000 stamps, and after sorting them according to colours, an operation which occupied three months, they carefully papered the walls of the Visitors' Parlour, arranging the stamps to form patterns. Thus they succeeded in representing houses of different nationalities, animals, flowers, and trees, and the date and inscription, "Ad majorem Dei gloriam," the whole producing a capital effect.

BURYING ALIVE IN INDIA is not yet an extinct practice, according to the Lahore journal, which describes a ghastly proceeding in the Rajpoot State of Bikaneer. Recently, at the village of Upni, sixty miles from the chief town of the State, the ruling Prince sent to collect his revenue, and the villagers objecting to pay, sent a deputation of 150 to their ruler to persuade him to remit the taxes. The Prince refused, so the deputation squatted down before his door and threatened to commit suicide unless he gave way. As he still held out they chose two of their number, a man of seventy-five and a woman of sixty-five, and buried them alive on the Prince's premises. Much to their astonishment, however, the Prince was not only not convinced by their sacrifice, but took the ringleaders into custody and severely punished them.

TRANSATLANTIC JOURNALISM is noted for its picturesque and realistic descriptions, and a marvellous report of the effects of electricity was recently furnished by the correspondent of a Pittsburgh paper, describing a fire caused by the contact of an electric light wire with a tin roof. He relates that "the electricity ran down the spouts and flew among the railings of the awnings, and was a beautiful sight to behold. The fire that came down the spouts could not be compared to anything but molten gold. A fireman attempted to put down the light in front of one shop, but the moment his hand touched the affair he was knocked flat on his back by the shock. Another attempted to pick up an iron, but it being charged with the electric fluid he dropped it quicker than he picked it up. The pavement was charged also, and a dog that belonged to one of the engineers was shocked, and it lay down on the pavement and rolled over and over, howling all the while, until a spectator got it away. A fireman went up on the tin roof which was a blaze of fire, and he commenced to dance round in a comical manner."

THE OBSTINACY OF THE BRITISH SAILOR is amusingly illustrated by an anecdote told by the *Times of India*. When the British Government vessel *Dryad* was lately at Bussorah, her commander noticed an Irish sailing vessel flying a flag which strongly resembled that of the Admiral of the Fleet, and sent his first lieutenant on board to order its removal. The master of the sailing vessel refused, alleging that it was only the flag of the Royal Cork Yacht Club, under which he had a right to sail. So the lieutenant called up his boat's crew, hauled down the flag, and carried it off. Next morning a similar flag had been hoisted and the lieutenant was again despatched, but returned to the *Dryad* declaring he could do nothing. Accordingly the commander went off himself in full uniform, and on getting a fresh refusal bade his own men haul it down. But all their efforts were useless. The flag had been nailed to the mast, and the mast was greased. Then the full penalties of disobedience were officially read out to the skipper, and so alarmed him that he spent two days scraping the mast before the flag could be got at, taken down, and stowed safely away.

My Uncle Cornelius

Now that it is too late, I can see clearly enough how foolishly I acted in the affair.

On my fifteenth birthday I, being at that time fatherless and motherless, left school for ever, and travelled by railway to Fullington, where my Uncle Cornelius, my only living relative, had his home.

All my life I had heard so much about my Uncle Cornelius, and the exemplary life he led—how good, and rich, and charitable he was—that it was with an utter sinking of the heart I lifted the massive knocker of his massive door. How would a man of so many virtues receive his poor, insignificant, scapegrace nephew?

A middle-aged woman, the housekeeper, as I afterwards found, answered my timid knock, and ushered me at once into my uncle's sitting-room—a sombre apartment, heavily curtained, and furnished after a heavy and sombre fashion. My Uncle Cornelius, whom I now saw for the first time, was a tall, powerfully-built man, about fifty years of age, with short sandy hair, which was now turning grey, and with bushy eyebrows and closely-cropped whiskers of the same hue. He had high cheek-bones and very prominent teeth. The latter quite startled me the first time I saw him smile.

"So, so, you are my nephew Charles, are you?" said my uncle, stretching out a big, hairy hand, but not rising from the easy chair in which he was sitting. "A well-grown youth, upon my word, and ready to tackle any kind of hard work, I do not doubt. Tired with your journey, hey? You can go into the kitchen now—we'll have a long talk in the morning—and ask Mrs. Toovey to give you some tea. And tell her to give you some raspberry jam. That's a luxury—an extra, you know. Can't afford it every day. When I was a young fellow, for years I had nothing at tea-time but thick bread-and-butter, and not much butter, I can tell you: bread-and-scrape we used to call it. But I throw on it, boy—yes, I am sure I throw on it."

Mrs. Toovey proved to be a very nice old body, and she and I were soon on the best of terms. She had been in my uncle's service for twenty years, and did not know how to express her admiration of him sufficiently. He was the best of masters and the best of men. He was an elder, a class-leader, and a great man among the Sunday Schools. He had family prayers morning and evening; he never drank, he never smoked, and his godly life, Mrs. Toovey averred, was a shining example to every backslider, young and old, in Fullington. She only hoped that grace would be granted to my uncle's nephew to tread closely in the footsteps of so good a man. I hoped so myself with all my heart.

Uncle Cornelius came to the point without delay as soon as breakfast was over next morning. Considering, as he was good enough to tell me, that young ignoramus of my age had, as a rule, no minds worth making up, when it came to a question of deciding what their career in life should be, he had been at the trouble of making mine up for me. He had arranged that I should make my start in life as a junior clerk in the counting-house of Messrs. Budkin, the great timber merchants, of Croydon, in Surrey. My uncle would supplement my small salary out of his own pocket, so as to bring my income up to forty pounds per annum; but as my salary increased my uncle's allowance would decrease in a corresponding ratio, so that in a few years it would cease altogether. "When I was your age I kept myself on thirty pounds a year, and that without getting into debt; you will have ten pounds a year more than I had, so that there will be no excuse for you if you do not do the same. Many a young man is ruined at his start in life by the injudicious kindness of relatives, who make the path too easy for him. It is not my intention that you shall be so ruined!" In this respect I felt sure that my uncle would keep his word.

On Saturday morning Uncle Cornelius shook hands with me, and saw me off by train. Kind-hearted Mrs. Toovey had previously presented me with a photograph of my uncle, which she begged that I would hang over my chimney-piece, in order that the lineaments of that good and exemplary man might be continually before me.

My new home and my new mode of life suited me sufficiently well. I had plenty of time for reading and for the pursuit of my own special hobbies; and thus five or six uneventful years sped almost imperceptibly away. Every autumn I spent two days of my holidays at my uncle's house, and every Christmas he reminded me of his existence by the present of a hare.

"He grows in grace every year, your blessed uncle do," Mrs. Toovey would remark to me. I had reason to believe that he grew in wealth also.

About this time young Mr. Budkin joined the firm. He was about my own age, but already he had seen more of the world than I was likely to see as long as I lived. However, he took rather a fancy to me, and many of his leisure hours were spent in my humble rooms. He used to rally me a good deal on what he called my hermit-like mode of life, and now and then he would persuade me to run up to London with him for an evening's amusement.

On one of these occasions we found ourselves at the Alcazar Gardens, a favourite Cockney Arcadia during the warm months of the year. I had never been there before, and the novelty of the scene attracted me. The long leafy arcades were lighted up by innumerable coloured lamps. There was a theatre, and there was a circus. A band discoursed more or less sweet music on a central platform, round which sundry votaries of Terpsichore gyrated more or less gracefully. In every direction the alleys were crowded with promenaders, while the manners of the young ladies, of whom there were great numbers there, seemed particularly affable and unaffected. One or two of them kindly addressed themselves to me; they evidently saw that I was a stranger; but Edward Budkin pulled me rather rudely away. Here and there in leafy corners you found a pretty little refreshment bar, cunningly arranged, with variously coloured glass, and brilliantly lighted up. I was greatly struck and interested with everything I saw.

It was close on ten o'clock when Budkin said to me, "One last nip, and then we must be off if we wish to catch our train." Being unused to such dissipation, I would fain have declined any more "nips"; but Budkin was not to be resisted.

We entered the first refreshment bar we came to. The place was full of people, smoking, drinking, laughing, and talking. I was looking on in wonder and some amazement, when all at once a voice behind me made me start violently and turn round. Surely—surely that could not be the voice of Uncle Cornelius! And yet—

"Another soda and B, Miss, if you please—and mix it with a smile."

I turned and stared, as well I might. I thought I could have sworn to that voice anywhere. For the moment I could not see the face of the man who had spoken; but I noticed that he had dark-brown hair, a checked cravat, and a cutaway coat, also that he was smoking a very large cigar. Of a certainty it could not be Uncle Cornelius.

Next moment the man turned towards me, and as he did so I saw that he was smiling—smiling at the young lady behind the bar. Then I saw that he wore gold-rimmed spectacles. I saw, too, with a second shock of surprise not inferior to the first one the big, wolf-like teeth that I remembered so well—or if not them in reality, then their exact counterfeit. If not Uncle Cornelius himself, the man before me must certainly be his twin brother.

On the impulse of the moment I advanced a couple of steps and

held out my hand. "Uncle —," I said, and then I stopped, and drew back in some confusion.

I fancied that I saw a slight start and an almost imperceptible lowering of the bushy eyebrows, but I may have been mistaken. In any case, his glance, after resting for a single moment on my face, wandered off it and settled on the crowd behind me. By this time his brandy and soda was ready. He paid for it, drank it up quietly and unconcernedly, and then went slowly out, puffing at his big cigar, and never casting his eyes in my direction again. I was too stupefied to dream of following him.

The more I thought over the affair after I reached home, the more puzzled I became. On the one hand, my Uncle Cornelius had certainly not dark brown hair, neither did he wear gold-rimmed spectacles, while he was one of the last men in the world who would have donned a cutaway coat. Then, again, it was utterly absurd to think that a man of his exemplary life would frequent or be seen at such a place as the Alcazar Gardens, ogling pretty barmaids and smoking big cigars.

And yet, on the other hand, there was the voice, the strident and familiar tones of which I had seemed to recognise before seeing the man himself. And then those never-to-be-forgotten teeth! Had any man in all England teeth like those which Uncle Cornelius showed when he smiled? It was all a tangle of perplexity of which I could make neither head nor tail. It filled my thoughts and bothered me both waking and asleep for many an hour to come.

My usual autumn visit took place some two months later. When I saw my uncle sitting opposite to me at supper on the evening of my arrival, dressed in saint-like black, with his sandy-grey hair brushed meekly away behind his ears; and when I heard him, with an unctuous roll of the tongue, enunciating some of those religious and moral platitudes in which he took so much delight, then did it seem like the dream of a lunatic to imagine that so godly a man could ever have worn a cutaway coat, or have set foot inside such a place as the Alcazar Gardens. In short, when I went back home it was in the full belief that I had been the victim of one of those curious coincidences which are more frequent in real life than many people are willing to believe.

Eighteen months had passed away after this when I was sent to London on business which would detain me there about a week. On the last evening of my stay, as I was strolling westward, with no particular object in view, in a quiet by-street I came upon a group of some twenty or thirty people, a great proportion of whom were boys and hulking young loafers, who were all hurrying in one direction. I subsided into a neighbouring doorway while they passed. There was a lamp directly opposite, and by its light I saw that the central figures of the crowd were those of a policeman and a some what inebriated individual, whom he was leading by the arm. But what was my horror and amazement when I recognised in the latter my Uncle Cornelius!

I turned sick and giddy, and was obliged to clutch at the railings to save myself from falling. In a moment or two the crowd had surged by me, and I was left alone. I hurried after them, feeling as if I were the victim of some hideous nightmare. The police-station was not great distance away, and there I presently found myself. I pressed desperately to the front. The policeman and his charge were already inside. Another policeman was guarding the door. To him I addressed myself. "I am a relative of the gentleman who has just been brought here," I said, and with that I pressed half-a-crown into his unreluctant palm. He opened the door, and motioned to me to enter.

On a high wooden stool behind a railed-off space sat the official whose duty it was to take down the particulars of the night charges as they were brought before him. In a small dock at the side stood the prisoner, who was clutching firmly hold of the bar in front of him. He was dressed in a fashionable evening suit, with a white tie and patent leather boots. He wore diamond studs in his shirt-front, and a massive ring on one finger; while on the counter in front of the sergeant had been placed an opera-hat very much crushed and out of shape, and—a brown curly wig. Here and there his clothes were thickly splashed with mud. Notwithstanding all this, the longer I looked the more certain I felt that the man in the dock was none other than my Uncle Cornelius.

"What is the charge?" the sergeant was asking as I went in.

"I found this gentleman sitting on the pavement in Rosemary Street, with a crowd of boys and roughs round him. He was evidently the worse for drink, and I assisted him to get up. As he could not walk without help, and refused to give me any address to which I could send him in a cab, and as every minute or two he wanted to stop and address the crowd, I thought it best to bring him here."

"You hear the charge, sir," said the sergeant to my uncle; what have you to say in reply?"

"What the man says is quite true, and I'm very sorry for it. I had been dining with some friends, and had taken a little more wine than I am accustomed to. I am getting better already, and shall be all right in half an hour."

Undoubtedly it was the voice that I remembered so well, that had impressed so many moral maxims on my memory in days gone by, only its articulation this evening, especially of some of the longer words, was scarcely so distinct as usual.

"I think the best thing you can do, sir, is to send for a cab, and go quietly home. Only I must take down your name and address—just for form's sake," said the sergeant.

"This young man says he knows the gentleman," said the policeman to whom I had spoken at the door.

The sergeant looked at me inquiringly. "This gentleman is a near relative of mine, and I will see him safely home," I said, advancing from the corner where I had been standing.

My uncle started when he heard my voice. I went a step or two nearer to him, and held out my hand. "Uncle Cornelius," I said, and then I stopped, frozen by the look in his eyes.

"I am at a loss to know what this young man means. I never set eyes on him in my life before." He spoke in accents of the utmost surprise. He seemed to have become sober in a moment.

"Are you not my Uncle Cornelius?" I asked with a stammer and a blush.

"Young man, you must be out of your senses. I am certainly no relation of yours—never saw you before."

I fell back, utterly confounded. There was a noise of wheels. My uncle—for so I must still persist in calling him—extracted a card from his case, and handed it to the sergeant; and I am very much mistaken if a sovereign did not accompany it. A whisper passed between the two. Then my uncle put on his hat, and thrust the wig into his pocket, a door was flung open, and out he marched. Half a minute later the cab had carried him away.

"A pretty mistake you seem to have made!" said the sergeant to me.

"Will you allow me to look at that card?" I asked. He handed it to me. The name engraved on it was "Mr. Julius Topping."

That autumn for the first time there came no invitation from my uncle to visit him. I went to Jersey for a fortnight, and wrote to him from there, but my letter remained unanswered. Had I done anything to offend Uncle Cornelius? I could not make it out at all.

About a fortnight before Christmas I received the news of my uncle's death. He had been found dead in bed. My name was down in his will for a legacy of five hundred pounds. The residue of his property was divided among various charities.

Said Mr. Dexter, the lawyer, to me, "What had you done, young sir, to cause your uncle to change his mind with regard to you? You were originally down in his will for two thousand pounds."

Reader, the date of the codicil by which my Uncle Cornelius had altered his legacy of two thousand pounds into one of five hundred was within a week of my recognition of him in the London police-station. As I said at the beginning of this paper, now that it is too late I can see clearly enough how foolishly I acted in the affair.

T. W. SPEIGHT

A MIDNIGHT FISHING EXPEDITION

THERE is an almost deadly stillness over the vast expanse of shallow water which stretches away for miles to the north of the little town. Far, far off, through the dull glimmer that rests upon its surface, may be seen the brown outlines of woods with their edges indistinctly merging into the silver-grey flood below them, and here and there a white chateau nestling deep in their surrounding shade. Nothing else on that side breaks the tranquil monotony of the scene; and even in the foreground close at hand there is little more likely to attract attention or drive away sombre thoughts. For it is early spring; and Arcachon is still deserted by the gay crowd which makes it a summer home. Its rows of small white houses, perched only a few feet above the great lake, have their green Venetian blinds all close shut, and seem to be sleeping, like everything else, in the faint pale light of the afternoon sun. Not a sound of wheels, not a footstep, passes along the smooth sandy road; and amidst the profound solitude one may almost think that man, like nature, is dead, and waiting for the first warm shower to awake to a new life.

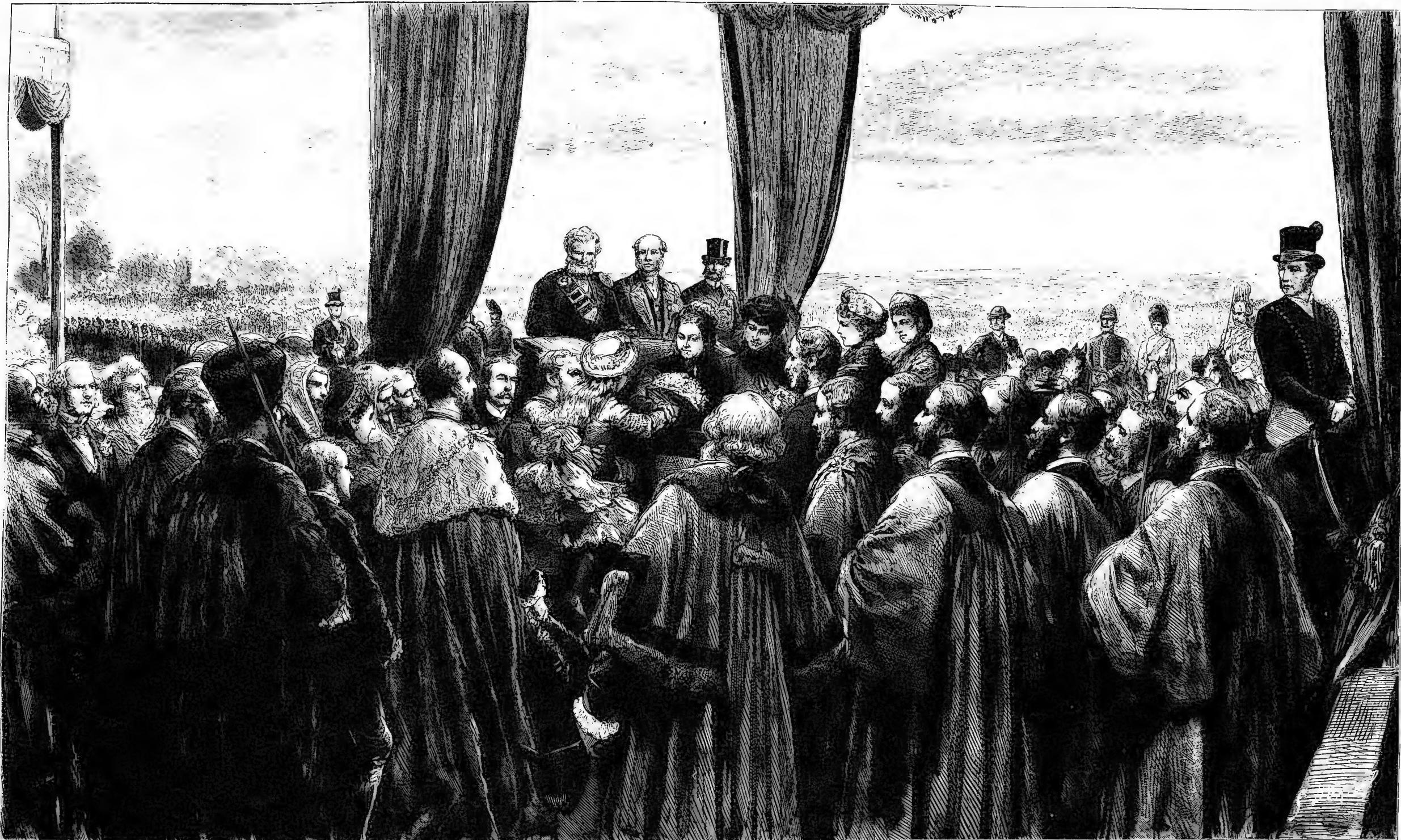
A deep and yet fascinating melancholy seizes on the soul, and often keeps the stranger for many a minute gazing in listless reverie upon the silent waters before him. To break the spell you must turn round and plunge into the dense wood lying behind, whose straggling outline, indented here and there by a villa garden, seems to frown with gloomy and rugged brow upon the sleeping village. Yet the forest, when once you enter it, is less still and sad than the road outside. Underfoot the crisp pine needles rustle and crash as you tread upon them. Among the rough trunks overhead you may see now and then a squirrel dodging about; and from branch to branch a few tree-creepers or tomits fit with a weak and nervous chirping, as if half afraid of their own voices in so solemn and venerable a place. The sunlight, which is faint enough outside, is dimmed to a still softer hue as it forces its feeble way through the leaves above. Yet it is warm with the rich brown of the trunks and the carpet of dead foliage on the ground, which seems almost of itself to cast a glow on everything that moves through this calm twilight. Half an hour's walking will bring you to a break in the long labyrinth of trunks, and soon through the opening space you may see the dim line of the distant sea level. There to the West lies the great Atlantic, not more rough nor restless, as it looks from here, than the inland estuary on the North. As you emerge from the pine wood there lies at your feet a sandy shore—soft but stubborn barrier against the waves beyond it. Nothing now tells of the fierce assaults which the ocean has made upon that yellow rampart, unless it be the black lifeless corpses of some uprooted trees lying helpless with their heads towards the beach. A few yards further on is a fisherman's hut crouched at the edge of the pine forest, and near it a couple of clumsy boats, and a thin fringe of nets stretched like a fine veil over the sand. It is here that we are to come by night for the torchlight *pêche aux aiguilles*; and having made our appointment with the old fisherman we hurry back to the small town.

Four hours later we are speeding along through the black pine-trees to that remote trysting place. It is late; for in this dreamy atmosphere, heavily laden with the scent of the woods, time passes almost unmarked. The contagion of laziness infects each living creature, and even the attractions of a torch-light fishing expedition cannot dispel the instinctive disposition to linger and idle the evening away. So our boat when we catch sight of it is already far away on the waste of water. We can see it fitting like a fire-fly in the distance hither and thither, its rude outline marked out fitfully in the glare of the red light it carries. But the men have heard the jingle of our ponies' bells—every sound travels far and clear along the tranquil surface. They are soon at the edge of the water and waiting for us to embark. "You are late," says the old fisherman, in his deep hoarse voice and his southern *patois*; and then, as he points us to the clumsy seat in the stern, explains that the sport is not good on account of the moon and a slight breeze. "But the wind is dying away, and the clouds are coming up; so perhaps we shall do better yet;" and with that laconic hope he relapses into silence, and the boat glides out into the shallow sea-water.

There are two men in the boat; but the other, sitting speechless in the bows, only plies a rough pair of sculls. Our fisherman, in the mean-time, wielding his long four-pronged spear, takes perch on the centre thwart, just in front of us. He is a tall, gaunt, almost grim-looking creature: not a drop of true Gallic blood in his veins. The grey eye and high cheekbones, and crisp, reddish hair, not yet wholly grizzled by age, prove him no real son of the South. Perhaps a descendant of the fine old Visigoths who lived unconquered in the Pyrenees, when Moor and Frank and Norman disputed over the vineyards of Gascony. His long limbs and rugged features accord well with his attitude as he rises aloft above us, brandishing the weapon of his craft. His bare feet cling fast to the rugged thwart on which they rest, and the hard sinews and muscles stand out like ropes and cords upon his bare arms and hands. What a picture he would make, as his strong lean figure towers between us and the sky, balancing itself with the left arm as the right is raised aloft, waiting in act to strike downwards with the steel-tipped trident it holds! His whole form seems animated by the eager expectancy with which he watches his chance; and its tiger-like energy is set off the more vividly by the dull sleepy posture of the other man slowly working his oars to and fro. Now and then, as the torch light flashes up, we can see its glitter reflected in his eye as it scans with keen and cruel glance the flickering green of the sea below.

And this torchlight, then, whence does it come? It is behind us, shining bright and warm from a grating fixed on an iron bar which reaches out from the stern. A little pile of half-dry pine-wood is collected in this open grate, and flares away merrily as the cool but balmy air of the bay rushes through it. Beyond it, now on this side and now on that, as we shift our course to right or left, a thick stream of dusky smoke floats away into the air. A dull roaring and spitting reminds us constantly of its near presence, and the atmosphere is filled with the strong pungent fragrance of the pitch fire. In the ruddy glow which it casts on the water we can see down through it to the sand below, and mark the flakes and ridges into which the storms have divided it. A sudden lurch of the boat interrupts such idle observations, as the old fisherman makes his stroke, and dashes the spear like lightning over the gunwale. In another second it is reared aloft again, and on its end are seen two small snake-like fish glittering green in the red light of the fire. He holds them up wriggling for a moment, and then with the adroit skill of long practice rubs them off against the side of the well below him, and stands again ready for a fresh stroke. Again and again the cruel steel descends, seldom rising again without a victim. Often two and sometimes three of the shining fish are speared on its remorseless teeth. We have got amongst a small shoal of the *aiguilles*; and now with a little practice we can see them flitting along over the sand—little stripes of light semi-transparent green, flickering rather than moving over the yellowish background below them.

So we wander about over the still sea, now hardly rippled at all beneath the darkening sky. No sound interrupts the business, except the occasional splash of the oars and sharp dash of the well-aimed spear. Only now and then the distant tinkle of a bell as the ponies shake their heads far away on the shore where they stand



THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO EPPING FOREST THE OPENING CEREMONY

waiting for us, or the short plaintive cry of the sea-bird. The two men are speechless, save when the spearman in low guttural notes issues a monosyllabic command to his fellow. We drift along, speechless also ourselves, overcome at once by the balmy breath of the pine flames, with the slow dreamy motion of the boat, and the languor in which all Nature around seems wrapped. At times a change in our course brings the strong fragrance of the smoke back more forcibly our way, and now and then a breath of the night air stirring like a sigh over the sea sends a slight shiver though our fur coverings. Soon the boat and the sea, the oarsman and the spearman, begin to fade into hazy indistinctness. No longer the writhing struggles of the victims excite a sigh of compassion from me, or a shudder of pain from the unconscious form beside me. Only the rough shock of the boat as it is brought suddenly to shore dispels at length the soft charm of the sleep-god. But even as we glide back through the sombre woods, with the bells jingling in front, we seem still in dreams to see the gaunt form of the spearman towering close at hand, and to start as his bright weapon plunges again and again into an imaginary sea peopled with gleaming but unreal *aigüilles*.

E. B. M.



In the *Nineteenth Century* the Tunnel Controversy continues to occupy the foremost place, if controversy be the term to use where all the serious arguments point one way. Even Gambettist M. Reinach, who derides our fears, concludes by saying half in earnest, "Let England double her fleet, establish compulsory service, and surround Dover with impenetrable walls. All this is right and worthy." But all this, with M. Reinach's leave, is precisely what England wishes to avoid.—Mr. Stopford Brooke's "Notes on Turner's *Liber Studiorum*" lose half their charm without the plates. Even so they are noble expositions of Turner's art, his sympathy with Nature, and his skill in interpreting her in all her moods.—Dr. Jessopp's amusing "Arcady of Our Grandfathers" should go some way to dissipate the illusions of those who talk of "good old times." Not among Norfolk labourers, at any rate, is the *laudator temporis acti* to be found. It is strange to-day to hear old villagers talk about the time when coin was scarcely seen among the poor, the women even who spun yarn at home being paid in kind by the buyers from the towns, when boys, and sometimes girls, were whipped to harden them, and rustics walked miles to see a man in the stocks and the others pelting him as an exquisite joke which could not be enjoyed too often. On the other hand, Dr. Jessopp tells us, there were few public-houses, and no strong drink. There are now nine taverns in a little-frequented road which had one only when it was the principal highway. Gin only came into Dr. Jessopp's parish with the railways.—While enjoying the covert sarcasm of Mr. Matthew Arnold's "Word About America" one is rather tempted to ask *Cui bono?* The Murstones and Quinions, as Mr. Arnold loves to call them, are the last people in the world to be goaded by pen pricks to enlarge their lives and set up secondary schools.

In the *Contemporary*, Mr. Stuart-Glennie's "Samothrace and Its Gods" is perhaps, on the whole, the most readable paper. In our own young days, even students who talked glibly of Delphi, or Delos, or Pelasgian Dodona, fought rather shy of Samothrace and the Kabiri; and we must leave more accomplished mythologists to pronounce on Mr. Glennie's hypothesis that these Kabiri were deified ancestors, placed by posterity among the gods for their singular skill as workers in iron. But the description of the sea-mountain, with its ruined shrines and its one village high up in the hills (for houses low down on the coast would offer too much temptation to sea-rovers), is good and fresh; and Mr. Glennie has seen Samothrace in storm and calm, and can paint it well in either aspect.—To Mr. Freeman, "The Austrian Power in South-Eastern Europe" is almost as great a stumbling-block now as was the Ottoman a few years since; and very possibly he is right in thinking that all the lands south of the Save would be much happier if parcelled out in free Slavonian communities, without interference from German or Magyar. It is less easy for him to persuade us that his Slavonian friends are serious sufferers through being placed *bon gré mal gré* beneath the rule of such a civilising power as Austria has been for the last sixteen years.—Mr. Gundry gives from Blue-books and official papers a most useful summary of the recent history of "British North Borneo or Sabah." Once on a time, the labour of Chinese emigrants raised, it is known, North Borneo to great prosperity. Whether history will repeat itself under the auspices of the new company is yet to be seen. At all events, the enterprise is an honourable one.

Mr. J. S. Leadam's *Fortnightly* article on "Substitutes for Trial by Jury in Ireland" lags a few hours behind the time. Such trenchant remedies are once more out of fashion. To those, however, who still hanker after them, it may be some solace to know, on Mr. Leadam's authority, that the experience of fifty years following the Union was all in favour of Special Commissions under the ordinary forms of law as more effective than either courts-martial or trial at sessions without juries.—Prince Krapotkin writes of the Russian Revolutionary Party with all the *verve* and sympathy of an *affilié*. We must not, he tells us, call them Nihilists; for Nihilistic speculations are but a fringe upon the real movement. The story of Vera Sassulich is the story of the party. Driven wild by persecution, and despairing of reform by peaceful means, they determined at last to encounter force by force. But it is only within the last few years that the Societies decided to attack the Czar himself. Prince Krapotkin can well remember when an assassin, who had come to St. Petersburg to kill the Emperor, was held back by the Revolutionary leaders. There can be no doubt that the sectaries were often barbarously used. What is, perhaps, less generally known is the extent to which the reforms assented to by a weak but well-meaning monarch were frustrated one after another by Ministerial interference, or by rescripts wrung from the Czar by his entourage and virtually revoking all that had been conceded.

Blackwood for May is barely of average excellence. Still, "Across the Yellow Sea" is a pleasant narrative of a visit to Japan, and "Pisciculture," a well-informed paper on an industry which has yet before it a great future. In China, people say, an acre of cultivated water is better than an acre of good land.—To *Fraser* Mr. Aylward contributes an amusingly bumptious paper on "Irregular Warfare," worth reading, however, for its revelations of Boer tactics in the laager and in the field.—Mr. Gardiner criticises with some severity the historical errors of the author of "John Inglesant," notably his very erroneous conception of the true position of the Church of England (*temp. Charles I.*), and of the Jesuit missionaries, her enemies; and Mr. Ashcroft Noble gives a very readable account—"A Pre-Raphaelite Magazine"—of the little *Germ*, wherein, as all know, Gabriel Dante Rossetti made his first essay as a poet.

Of a "Little Pilgrim in the Unseen"—the gem, in our judgment, of all the magazines for May—we almost fear to say too much. To us it reads as if the writer were telling us of things he had heard and seen in the realm beyond the grave. It certainly makes *Macmillan* well worth buying.—"National Surprises," with its warning record of careless countries surprised in time of peace, is a good pendant to the Channel Tunnel discussion in the *Nineteenth Century*.—Our Convalescent

Guests" is an interesting account of the first year's working of a new experiment (planned and carried out by the Charity Organisation Society) for the supplementing of convalescent homes by boarding out patients in need of air and rest in pleasant country villages.

In *Temple Bar* we must be content to notice some more "Reminiscences of "Lord Stratford and the Crimean War," embracing the naval attack, the charges of the Heavy and the Light Brigade, and later scenes of peril in the trenches.—In the *Cornhill* "R. A. P." disposes learnedly—too learnedly, indeed, for unscientific minds—of Dr. Siemens' new solar theory; "J. A. S." has a graceful Italian sketch, "The Convent of Monte Oliveto, near Siena;" and Karl Blind an opportune discussion of "Wagner's Nibelung and the Siegfried Tale," an *epos* clearly in its origin a Nature-myth, but much transformed in lapse of time by gradual accretions of historic facts and local legends.

In the *Atlantic Monthly* a graceful poem, "Mad River in the White Mountains," will be read with an interest even beyond its merits as the last which proceeded from the pen of Longfellow. Mr. Hardy begins a new and promising tale, and Mrs. Phelps continues her delightful "Doctor Zay" with an evident determination that her female physician shall not succumb, like Mr. Howells' "Doctor Bean," to fate or circumstances. Both *The Century* and *Harper* are good numbers, though "Carlyle on Ireland" will, we fear, not a little disappoint the readers of the former. Of the Sage of Chelsea's finer manner this diary of his is little better than a caricature. But Mr. White is delightful in his "Opera in New York," and "A Canadian Mecca" is a really interesting sketch of the most venerated Roman Catholic shrine in Canada, the Chapel of "La Bonne St. Anne de Beaupré"—a daughter-shrine of St. Anne d'Auray in Brittany. To *Harper*, Mr. Lathrop sends some "Spanish Vistas" of the *patios* and cloisters of Toledo; Mr. Black continues the literary adventures of the young hero of his "Shandon Bells;" and Mr. Bonner gives in his "On the Nine Mile" a rough, but not unpleasing, tale of prairie life.—The *Theatre*, with a fair paper on Wagner's "Tristan and Isolde," the *Argosy*, with more sketches in the Black Forest and a passable ghost story, "Gorie Grange;" *Time*, with a memoir of "D. G. Rossetti" and a good short note on "Royal Authors;" *All the Year Round*, with more instalments of Mr. Francillon's novel; and *Chambers*, with an interesting account of the meteorological station on Ben Nevis, and a striking Transatlantic sketch, "The Adventure of an American Special"—will agreeably wile away an idle hour.

Mr. Ward's reminiscences of "Days with Longfellow" and a paper on "The (U.S.) Navy," by Lieutenant Gorridge, are the two articles in the *North American* which will most interest the English reader. Mr. Ward, who sometimes served as Longfellow's agent in the matter, gives some curious particulars of the prices paid the poet by his publishers. Forty years since, when his fame was already high, there was given for "The Skeleton in Armour" (the finest perhaps of all his shorter poems), the mighty sum of fifty dollars, and this not without some haggling. Thirty years later, "The Hanging of the Crane"—a poem of the same length—fetched 4,000 dollars, or rather more than four guineas a line. It is unsatisfactory to be told by Lieut. Gorridge that the U.S. Navy, as it is, would not be strong enough, in the event of an Irish difficulty, to fulfil the commonest international obligations.

To the *Modern Review* Professor Kern contributes a learned notice of "Dr. Rhys David's Hibbert Lectures for 1881" and Miss Godkin a memoir of "Alphonso La Marmora," decidedly too eulogistic in its tone, for though La Marmora was the soul of honour and a great favourite with the army there is no disguising the fact that he was a mediocre general and more mediocre statesman.—The *Church Quarterly*, now commencing its seventh year, continues to maintain its pride of place as a Review of the foremost rank. From a half-Century of *Cambridge Life* we cull *en passant* an anecdote of Whewell, who, when a College tutor, was much too busy a man to think very much about his pupils. One day to make amends he asked several to "a wine"; among the rest a Mr. Smith. "Mr. Smith, sir; why he died last term, sir!" objected the "gyp." "You ought to tell me when my pupils die," replied the tutor, sternly; and Whewell could be very stern when he was vexed. It is only, we may venture to remark, the private tutor, or "coach," whose income depends on what his pupils think of him.

To the *Month* Father Morris sends another of his valuable accounts of "English Relics"—the subject this time being "the Holy Cross at St. Mary's Convent, York," a relic worn "long, long ago" by the Patriarch Arnulph in the First Crusade; and Mr. Goldie some good aesthetic notes on Catholic Art at South Kensington. In the *Churchman* are two well-informed papers on the place of Theology in the new schemes for "Oxford University Reforms" and for the "Higher Education in Wales;" and a very interesting narrative, by the Rev. A. H. Kelk, of "Missions in the Holy Land" to Jews and Moslems. Mahometan converts cannot now be prosecuted, but, like the bad Vizier in the "Pasha of Many Tales," they may chance "to drink a cup of coffee."

In a very good number of the *Gentleman's*, the place of Mr. Hawthorne's "Dust"—absent this month through the miscarriage of the MSS.—is ably supplied by one of Mr. F. Boyle's weird stories of Chinese secret societies; *Bulgaria* supplements its excellent serials with a paper, by Dutton Cook, on "John Wilkes at Brighton," and some pretty Yorkshire sketches of Bolton Abbey and Ben Rhydding. In the *Art Magazine* Mr. Egmont Hake contributes, under the title of "A Rose-water Raphael," a tasteful notice of François Boucher. From *Tinsley, Knowledge*, the *Irish Monthly*, and the *Antiquarian* we must be content to select Dr. Charles Mackay's article in the last-named on the Gaelic origin of certain "Obscure Words in Shakespeare," as a singularly amusing if not, in every instance, singularly convincing study.

ON FOOT IN THE PYRENEES

II.

THE question of guides constantly emerges in these foot expeditions. The pedestrian of course makes some savings of time and considerable savings in expense if he resolves to do without their assistance. On the other hand, when he forsakes the beaten paths, he is frequently put to the expense of a guide, including, perhaps, according to arrangement, his keep and his horse. For myself I had rather walk than ride any day along the more narrow perilous passes. If you consult the guides themselves they tell you that every place you mention requires a guide, and as they also furnish horses they will add that you ought to go on horseback. I am afraid that you can hardly trust them altogether. But you often come to a place where the path disappears, and you are left to tracks made by animals. At this point you require the assistance of a guide in piloting you in the proper direction. I can give an instance of this in my own case. I was anxious to pass from the Vallée de Gabas to the Vallée d'Aspe. There are some places worth visiting in this latter valley. There is the little community of Osse, whose various families are entirely Protestant, and who have kept themselves for ages entirely separated from their Roman Catholic neighbours. There is also the mighty fortress of Urdos, which has been many years in construction at an enormous expense, where prisoners were incarcerated, of whose condition I had heard shocking accounts. I had written to the commander of the troops at Pau, in whose province the matter lies, asking for an order of admission, but none had reached me. It became my intention to penetrate by the Sergus Pass (not mentioned in Murray) to the Vallée d'Aspe. I had

talked to the guide overnight, but delayed engaging him till next morning, but next morning the weather proved very fine, and when I sent for him he had departed on another job. It was noon when we started, but we determined to manage for ourselves. The path was precipitous enough, but as long as we had it we did very well. Then it failed us. There were just two tracks hardly visible, and we took the wrong one. It led us into a region which human footsteps had not often, if ever, traversed. We rushed past a moraine, and the dried-up bed of a torrent, and up an expanse still green, which looked inviting, but which a glissade or two proved to be treacherous. Indeed we had some genuine hard climbing on hands and knees. Examining closely, I saw that the point to where we were tending was not a Pass, which glides around a Col, but the battlemented summits of the Col itself, which might be sheer precipice on the one side or on both. It was now between four and five o'clock, and the longer shadows were falling. I thought it best to sound a retreat, and well it was that I did so. It would have been very unsafe if the evening mists had fallen upon us on unknown ground. Exploration can only be safe when you carefully note your tracks and have daylight to retrace them. Indeed these mists prove another necessity for having guides. They are apt to gather very rapidly, and then the solitary pedestrian may find himself in a position of some peril. Some path that invitingly opens, as some have found to their cost, may lead to the brink of a sheer precipice. Indeed, just as in classical criticism a hard reading is usually to be preferred to an easy one, so in the Pyrenees it frequently happens that the less promising is to be preferred to the more promising road.

I consumed a good deal of time between Eaux Bonnes and Eaux Chaudes, and also made various expeditions in the whole range of some hundred miles from east to west. Eaux Bonnes is a bright, fashionable little place, herein strongly resembling Cauterets and Luchon, but Eaux Chaudes is situated in the wild, unsophisticated scenery of a mountain gorge, and at the time of my residence boasted a little colony of English and Americans. One or two London physicians were sending patients to Eaux Chaudes for pulmonary cases. I often walked the four or five miles between the two places. Eaux Bonnes had not such a walk as that from Lauruns to Eaux Chaudes, and thence to Gabas and the walks beyond. The bears last summer attracted some attention in the wild Gabas Valley. A short time ago a magnificent animal was seen from the high road leisurely drinking at the Gave de Gabas. The bear has an immense taste for wild strawberries, which in some places near Gabas you tread under foot at almost every turn. Some poor women are in the habit of going up in the evening to the aerial village of Goust, where they pass the night in *cabans* that they may collect strawberries early in the morning to sell to the Eaux Chaudes visitors. Most of these visitors make a point of climbing to Goust. While a mother and child were there employed, such was the narrative given to me by an English resident at Eaux Chaudes, the mother suddenly stopped, and said to her child, "I think, my child, we will go a little farther on to the pasture beneath yonder rock." The child demurred, saying that the strawberries were fine and numerous, but ultimately yielded to her mother. "My dear," said the mother, "I did not like to tell you before lest I should alarm you, but there was a monstrous bear immediately behind you cropping strawberries." The guides volunteer to take tourists to this haunt of bears, and expect a present if one is sighted, and still more if one is shot, or even affords an aim. The Val d'Ossau commemorates the frequency of the bear before the roads were opened up. I walked to Lauruns on the *fête* day, when the men and women of the valleys gathered in large numbers in their native costumes, and where the men kept up a curious bear dance. The valley now is almost denuded of the old inhabitants that conferred the name. Bears may be found higher up towards the hills that are flecked with slabs of snow. The common people, who fear the wolf, do not fear the bear. They hold that the bear is a quiet, gentlemanly, good-natured animal, who will do you no harm unless you give him legitimate cause for annoyance. I am afraid that he is rather losing his good character. Besides his innocent taste for fresh strawberries, he has a gentlemanly liking for veal, but when he carries off the young calves the owners of the calves naturally complain. Lately there was a rumour that a bear had killed a man, and a grand *chasse* was determined on. In the winter both bears and wolves come down upon the mountain villages, and commit considerable depredations. Some of these village communities are very curious. At the hamlet of Goust, which I have mentioned, for many generations the people maintained a most independent character. They kept themselves to themselves, never married out of the village, and used to lower the coffins over the rocks for interment. Within recent years, however, this system of exclusiveness has entirely broken down. At Eaux Chaudes *The Times* was regularly taken in, but I was the only person who opened the copies. Even in good country towns it is impossible to find a book or a newspaper. Also there is the usual aversion to the use of water. My friend told me that she once stayed at an inn, where she had a very nice room, but there was a total absence of washing materials. She humbly asked leave to wash her hands. "Oh, how exceedingly English!" explained the people, much amused; "you English people are always either reading or washing yourselves."

One of my most notable expeditions was to the waterfall in the Cirque de Gavarnie. Here, so to speak, pedestrianism comes to the front. You may drive from Luz or St. Sauveur to the village, and for two miles farther you may ride, but to reach the Fall itself you must needs walk, and over very difficult ground. It is the tallest waterfall in Europe, but it is also the thinnest. It is almost blown away in a cloud of spray by the wind. The effect is first a drizzle and then a storm; the waterfall and the glaciers form the infant Gave de Gavarnie. I crept under the eternal snows, almost solidified into ice, beneath which the river forces its way in a kind of vault. The rocks rose in precipices, from a thousand to fifteen hundred feet high, and above the Cirque, though invisible from the sides of the waterfall, rose several famous heights, the Celindue and Mont Perdu, with an average of 10,000 feet. The scenery of the Gave de Gavarnie on its way to the Gave de Pau may count as among the very finest in the Pyrenees. The guides will tell you of short cuts to Cauterets and elsewhere, but my previous remark holds true, that the high road gives you finer scenery than the short cuts. Gavarnie may be reckoned the best head-quarters for mountaineers, and has a speciality for izard food. Here I met Count Russell, the mighty mountaineer of the Pyrenees, who told us that he had erected a hut for the convenience of climbers on the large mountains ahead. Two Eton companions with whom I had met contrived to miss it that night, and slept on the snowy rocks. I heard of a very distinguished man, who was pedestrianising in this neighbourhood, and slept out; he was obliged to cut away his boots next morning, as the only way of getting them off. Count Russell was off the first thing in the morning, having given the parting injunction to ascend the Pic di Midi di Bigorre, and if possible to do so on a certain day, when the French Alpine Club would be there. As I had walked from Luz to the Fall, I thought myself justified in riding back to that point of departure. It was sunset when I stood on the little bridge of Luz, the place being gay with music and banners, because some public-minded individual had given a fountain, or something of that sort. A diligence stood at the door of one of the inns, and we were informed that it would start *toute de suite*. We accordingly walked on, leaving it to catch us up. We heard that lumbering diligence roll into the little town more than an hour after we had ourselves arrived. A glorious moon came out, and lent a charm to the prospect which it would scarcely have possessed in the daylight. The road was by the furious torrent, the Bastan, now quiescent enough, and led by a long succession of zigzags to

highest watering-place in the Pyrenees. Once or twice we sat down and waited, and listened for the diligence that never came. All houses near the stream are built with the most solid masonry, or they would be swept away. Indeed, Barèges has to maintain a keen fight with Nature. It is swept by storms, avalanches, and inundations, and every winter a good part of the town is under snow. In the summer the owners come back and dig out their houses, and in the summer a multitude of shops and booths spring up, and it is a sort of world's fair. I may notice that the Barèges fabrics are not made here, but down in the valley at Luz.

When we started to resume our expedition next morning it was easy to see why a spot so bleak should be so popular with invalids. Of the hundreds of healing fountains in the Pyrenees there are none more potent than those of Barèges. At a very early hour the little town was alive. The Government has two military hospitals—the waters first earned their fame by healing gun-shot wounds—and cripples and invalids come from all parts of the world. I heard personal narratives of wonderful cures. A vapour floated all about the places, and the bathing-rooms, with their scummy waters, are very unattractive.

Emerging from the town we followed for a time the high road by the Bastia across the Tourmalet Pass to Bagnères de Bigorre. By and by we crossed the stream, and took the mule-path to ascend the mountain. "The path is steep and in many places dangerous, there being scarcely room for a horse to step" (Murray). A single false step might send you a thousand feet into the Lac d'Ouest. This is a tarn of most exquisite blue, some 2,000 feet below the summit, and just below the little inn. This inn is the highest and most peculiar inn in Europe. I am always anxious to sing its praises. It is established by a Scientific Society, and served as their Observatory for years during the construction of their buildings just below the very crest of the summit. The Curator was most civil and obliging, and prepared to dispense any amount of scientific information. We were fortunate enough to secure the only bedroom, a cell with stone walls. What became of various members of the Alpine Club, who continued to arrive that evening, I can hardly guess; but we were early turned out of the *salle à manger* that some of them might lie down in rows. The bill was most curious; even a lucifer match and a glass of water were charged for, having to be brought an immense height and distance, and, on the other hand, the Society generously gives humble fare and a bare lodging to poor wayfarers.

After dinner, as it was a fine afternoon, we resolved to do the summit. To obtain a sunset view is set down as a fine thing. The view is considered the most magnificent in the whole range of the Pyrenees. More than a hundred summits, conspicuous among them the Maladetta, flecked or covered by snow, were distinctly visible. It was dark when we reached the little inn, and all the night the winds were rising and the rain coming down in torrents: a bad look out for the Alpine Club. Next day, after waiting for some hours till the sun made a rift in the dense mists, we started for the longest tramp of the expedition. We descended the mountain on the other side, through the Hourquette de Cinq Ours, and the ravine that leads to Trameaigues, and thence to Gripp and the waterfalls. It was quite night when we reached on foot Bagnères de Bigorre. From thence to Lourdes, to Luchon, and to the Eastern Pyrenees.

F. ARNOLD

THE ENGLISH MEDAL—PEACE OF POJAREVATZ, 1718

THE illustration shows one of the forty-four medals struck by the Austrians in commemoration of their numerous conflicts with the Turks during the centuries of bloodshed, when Cross and Crescent were battling for the mastery in the Danubian Valley and its adjacent territory. This medal has a special interest for Englishmen on account of the part played by this country in the Peace of which it



is a souvenir—commonly referred to as the "Treaty of Passarowitz"—a little town on the Morava, in Serbia, whose correct orthography is given above.

Belgrade fell before the victorious legions of Prince Eugene of Savoy early in 1718, and the Turkish forces were driven as far south as Nish (ancient Nissa of the Romans), from whence El Hadji Mustafa Pasha, then commander, wrote to Prince Eugene that he was willing to treat for peace.

The Muti and Ulema of Stamboul were in favour of stopping the war, while the Grand Vizier, Muhammed Nishandji Pasha, was anxious to continue the struggle. The latter was forced to yield, and a month after the Nish Commander offered to treat for peace, the Grand Vizier wrote from the Moslem head-quarters, at Sofia, that England and Holland would act as mediators in the negotiations. This letter was brought to Prince Eugene by Mr. Heferman, of the English Embassy in Constantinople.

To render peace more probable, Wortley Montague, His Majesty's Ambassador at the Turkish capital, not being a *persona grata* at Vienna, was replaced by Sir Robert Sutton, and on the 5th of May, 1718, the mediatorial Court was solemnly opened by Sir Robert at Pojarevatz, Holland was represented by Count Colyer, Austria by Count Wirmend and M. de Talmau, Venice (who was allied with Austria against the Turks) by Procuratore Ruzzini, while the French

Ambassador, Prince Rakoczy of Transylvania, and the Spanish Ambassador, the Chevalier de Brissemene, intrigued against the efforts of England and Holland to conclude peace between the belligerents.

The Turkish Envoys took up their quarters at the village of Kostolatz (ancient Viminacium of the Romans), and after much discussion and many narrow escapes from open rupture, during a Session of seventy working days, the Treaty of Peace was finally concluded on the 21st of July, 1718.

Austria and Venice had good reason to be satisfied with the results of the campaign, and of the negotiations—Turkey lost, on the one side, Belgrade, Seinendria, and a large slice of Serbian and Wallachian territory, and on the others Cerigo, Voivitz, Prevesa, and Butrino.

Prince Eugene was hailed as being as great with the pen as with the sword; as potent in the Council Chamber as in field.

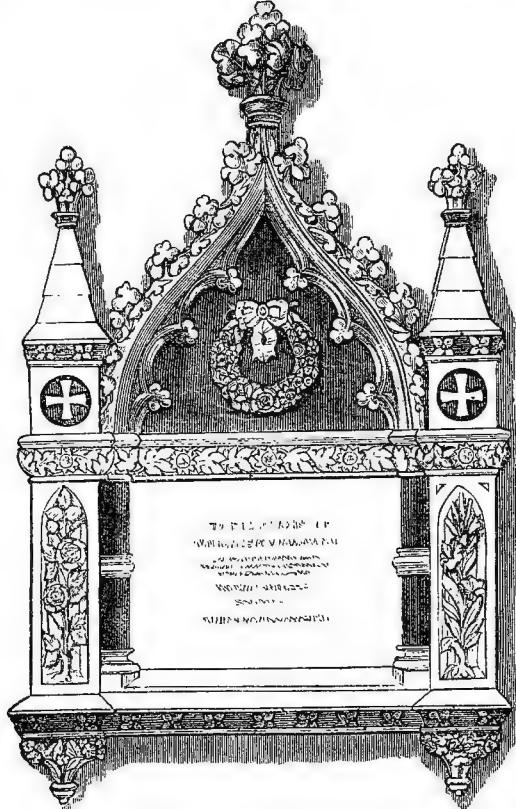
The medal was struck by the Austrians to commemorate particularly the mediatory services of England in the Peace of Pojarevatz.

It represents His Majesty King George resting his sceptre on the surface of the globe, as if partitioning the soil thereof (that is, of course, the portion which did not belong to him) among certain nations of the earth.

EDWARD MAXWELL GRANT

THE BOYD MEMORIAL AT NEW ROSS

THIS mural tablet has just been erected by the members of the Young Men's Christian Association, New Ross, Ireland, to Mr. Charles Daniel Boyd, who fell an innocent victim to the Land League Agitation in August, 1880. The monument cost over £100, and the entire amount was subscribed within a few weeks by the loyal inhabitants of the town to show their sympathy with the family of the deceased and their detestation of the crime which caused his death. The tablet is composed principally of Italian virgin statuary marble, and rests on a background of Galway black marble, 6½ feet high by 4½ feet wide. The tablet is erected in St. Mary's Church, New Ross, immediately over the family pew where the deceased worshipped not



two hours before he was assassinated on that fatal Sabbath evening. The inscription is as follows:—"Sacred to the memory of CHARLES D. BOYD, A.B., T.C.D., youngest son of Thomas Boyd, Esq., of Chilcomb, who died on the 9th August, 1880, in the twenty-first year of his age. His gentleness, amiability, and worth endeared him to the members of the NEW ROSS YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION and other numerous friends, by whom this tablet has been erected. 'Thy will be done.'—Matt. xxvi., 42."—Our engraving is from a photograph forwarded to us by Mr. E. T. Vickers, Hon. Sec. of the Association.

TOADS

WHEN we consider the great variety of opinion which prevails among the wisest men about the most ordinary matters, we are often sorely tempted to believe in that uncertainty of all things which was preached by the Sceptics two thousand years ago. Entire suspension of judgment seems to be our only course consistent at once with modesty and mental tranquillity. The toad in Shakespeare is the type of all that is foul and loathsome. Sir Thomas Browne, on the contrary, cannot tell why or by what logic we call a toad ugly. What can an ordinary man do under these circumstances but echo the maxim of the founder of the Pyrrhonian philosophy, "I determine nothing?" In this present age there are men who go beyond Sir Thomas Browne. One of the most profound morphologists of the day is so far from understanding why a toad should be called ugly that he has expressed very plainly his conception that this reptile is pretty. "No creature on earth," says this learned gentleman, "is in my opinion so perfectly beautiful as a toad." It is however, right to say that he makes one exception, solely probably out of a polite deference to popular prejudice, in favour of a beautiful woman. Moreover, if "handsome is that handsome does," there is many a fair page of domestic virtues to be found on the credit side of the toad's moral ledger. He is indeed that model husband and father which some scorers have held to exist only in monumental inscriptions. His behaviour in a drawing-room, as described by Pennant, is pure and without reproach. It recalls the days of chivalry, and is worthy the direct descendant of an ancient race which squatted under a torrid sun in the lacustrine swamps of the palaeozoic world. What is this picture of physical grace and moral excellence, compared to that drawn by some of the most celebrated poets, but Hyperion to a Satyr? Few of us can be expected to have read a book which is neither procurable at Mudie's or a railway stall, otherwise we might have seen things said about toads in the "Faery Queen" to shudder at. Even Milton, when he wished to represent Satan tempting our common mother, and tainting her animal spirits with inspired venom, could find no fitter shape for the Devil than a toad. The more we ponder on this

Batrachian, the more we are involved in doubt whether to consider him a beast of malignant aspect and evil omen, or a victim, as many in a higher order of animals, of undeserved calumny, useful, harmless, and well-behaved, a thing of beauty and a joy for ever. It is clearly impossible to reconcile such accounts as those of Pennant with the experience of those unlucky lovers in Boccaccio, who died from having eaten a bit of sage under which a toad had for some time sat. But the divergence of learned opinion does not in this matter end here. The great author of "As You Like It" held the toad ugly and poisonous, but in some degree compensating for these evils by a certain precious jewel in its head. Erudite contemporaries of the dramatist tell us that this jewel can only be found in the head of an old toad. Its name according to them is Borax or Stelon, and it is of great virtue against all venom. The bane and antidote are both before us in Shakespeare's toad, as in the spear of Philoctetes. If there be any doubt as to the genuineness of a toad-stone, all you have to do is to hold it before the eyes of a toad, who will immediately leap up to snatch it from your hand, so full is he of envy that man should possess that precious jewel. Pliny, however, a person of respectable erudition and not devoid of common-sense, says nothing about this stone in the toad's head, but declares that he has two small bones of marvellous virtue, one on his right side, the other on his left. If the bone on the right side be cast into boiling water, the water will immediately grow cold, and cannot be again warmed by any fire till the bone be extracted, but the bone on the left side will restrain the rush of a mad dog, and enkindle love. The natural history of this animal as collected from the ablest authors is thus extremely curious. Dryden calls him a vermin, and puts him in the same class, and indeed the same hole, with the serpent. Bacon tells us that in the time of the Plague of London many toads were discovered in the ditches with tails three inches long, whereas that great philosopher very justly observes, "Toads usually have no tails." His manner of life is variously reported. It does not seem to be a settled matter in the popular mind whether he devours dead insects or the vapour of a dungeon. Tales about his perennial seclusion in rocks, and stones, and trees abound. He will exist, with or without getting into a dormant state, sealed up in solid granite for centuries, and he will die of starvation, as scientifically-disposed clergymen have by many experiments shown, in less than a week. As an amphibian, he has been the cause of as much dispute as the famous *protopterus* or *lepidosiren*, yet his power of living in water seems to depend solely on suspended respiration. One breath will keep him alive for a long period, but his gills are closed up, and stop like the old clock "never to go again," immediately after he has graduated as a toad, and emerged from the state of what Yankee children call the pollywog. He will get venom, sweltering or not, under coldest stone or elsewhere, during thirty-one days and nights or more or less, and then eject it from his mouth or the warty excrescences on his back, or he will do nothing of all this, and the secretion attributed to him will be no more poisonous than a little largely diluted vinegar. If any one ate him of old time, scientific authorities looked that such an one should have swollen or fallen down dead suddenly, but now we are told we may make our meal of him without any worse effects than have been apparent in the many trusting souls who have eaten cats under the impression they were rabbits, or devoured dogs under the thin disguise of sausages made of the best dairy-fed pork. Nay more, the toad will serve as a medicine, and in cases of bleeding at the nose he is a never failing specific. Frederic the Duke of Saxony had dead toad wrapped in a linen cloth, which he constantly bore about with him for this purpose. Of this marvel, says the historian, the physicians could never give any reason, except that horror constrained the blood to run back, through fear of a beast so contrary to human nature.

JAMES MEW

A HOUSEHOLD DEMON

"THERE, dear, you see; I told you so, and you would hardly believe it. Look at it. The tablecloth is covered with blacks, and we were obliged to sit with the door open all day. Look how the smoke is pouring out now."

It was my Prime Minister who was speaking, and I was already looking at "how the smoke was pouring out now."

I ran to the bell, and rang it furiously.

"The fire has not been properly lit," I said; and as the housemaid came running in, looking very sulky and smutty, I took up *The Times* (yesterday's) from the sideboard.

"Look here, Mary: you ought to know," I said, "that in lighting a fire first it is necessary to get a current of hot ascending air to start it, and then it will go right enough. Now see."

I crumpled up half the paper, pressed it upon the fire with the poker, waited till it blazed, and then, after a momentary hesitation, the flame began to roar up the chimney, establishing a fine ascending current, and away went the smoke in its proper course.

"There," I said, triumphantly, with all the satisfaction of a successful scientific experimentalist, "look at that. Such nonsense about the chimney smoking! You ought to have known better!"

Woof!

That last was the smoke, which rushed back into the room in blinding volumes, just as if the strong easterly wind were having a game and blowing down the chimney-pot with all its might, driving us all back coughing, sneezing, choking to the other side of the room, and, as I saw, to the intense delight of my Prime Minister and Mary, the maid, of the house.

"It went on worse than that, sir," said the maid, "and it don't matter what you do, everything's covered with blacks. I never see such a chimney."

"It spoils everything, dear," said the Prime Minister. You are out all day, and don't notice it, but it's really dreadful to have to be in the room."

"Well, it does smoke, certainly," I said, for the fact was patent; "it only wants a blower, though," and, taking up another portion of the *Times*, I fastened it with a couple of forks across the upper part of the fire-place, with the effect that once more the smoke ascended, the fire burned up merrily, and all was well. There was a protest about the paper being dangerous, which I silenced by saying that it was only temporary, and that a proper iron blower should be made.

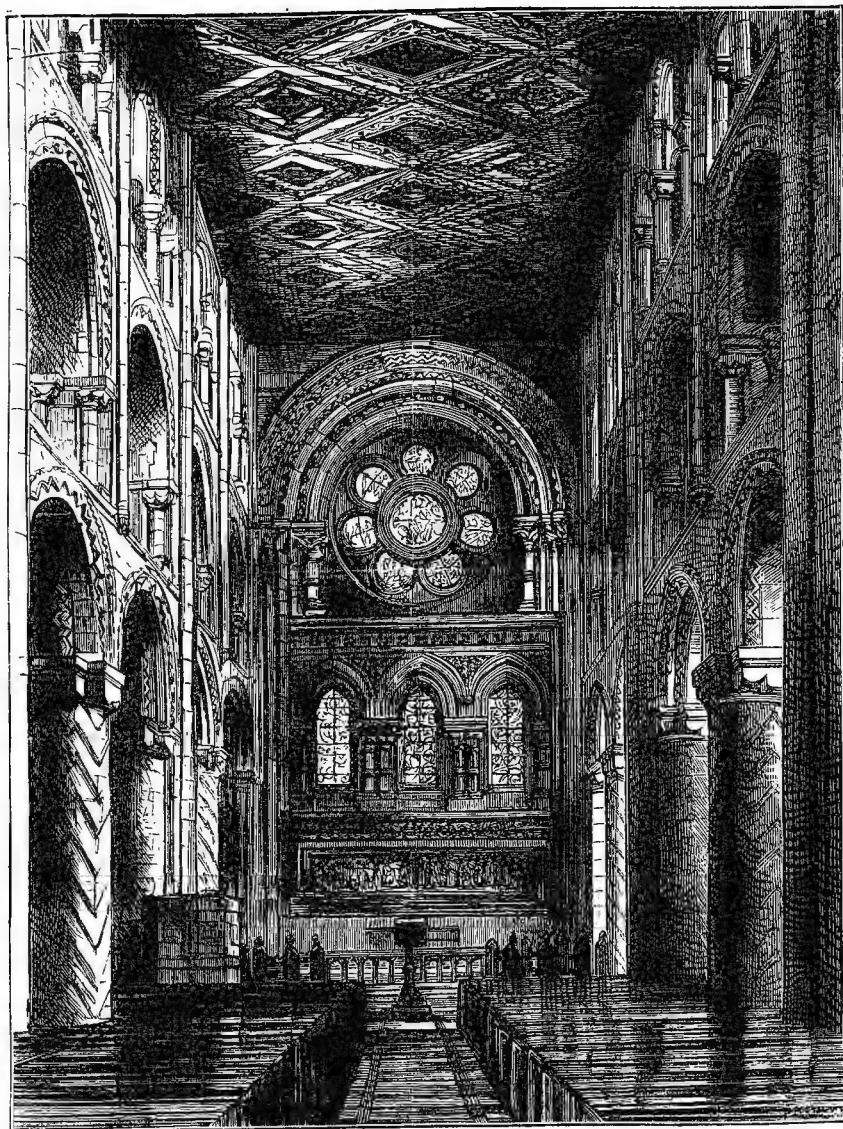
"These things only want a little *nous*," I said, pettishly. "I do hate people to be so helpless!"

Woof!

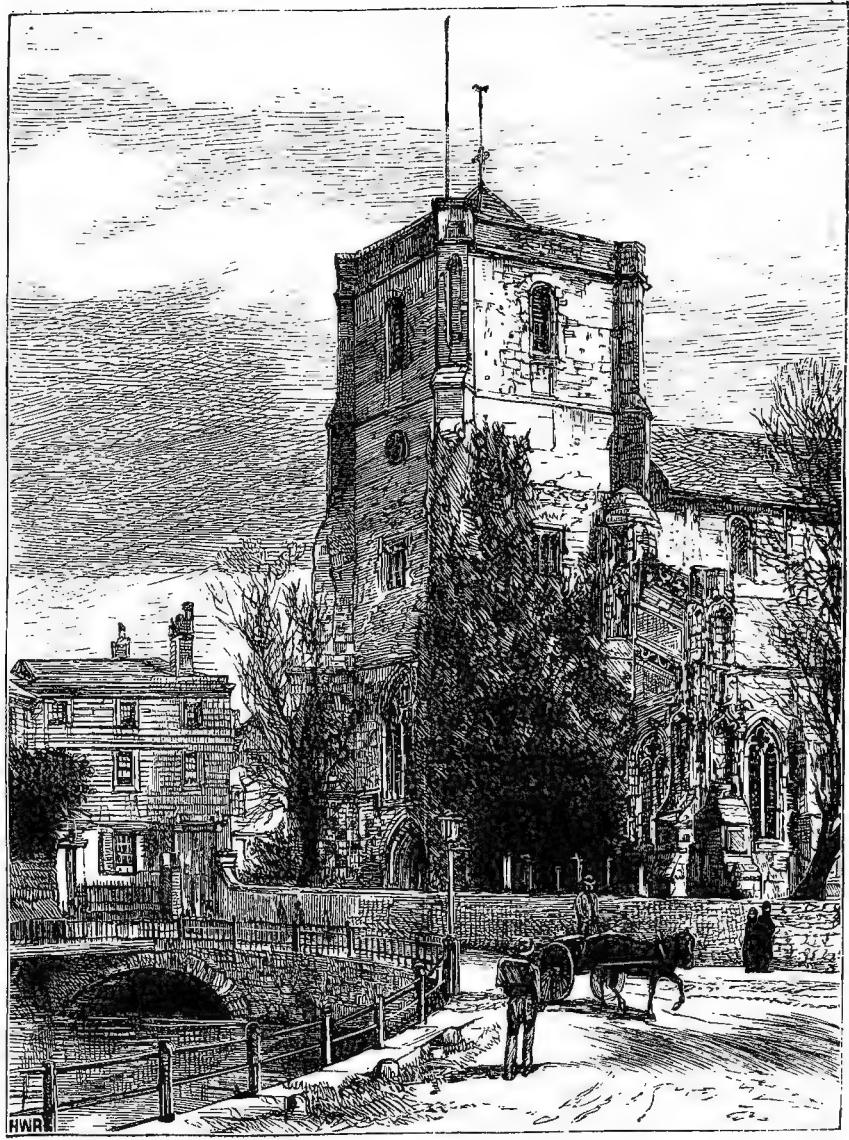
Down came the smoke again, with an ally in the shape of flame; the Prime Minister and the maid screamed, and for the next minute I was battling the blazing *Times* with the fire-shovel as it flamed away into the room, and then the fire once more burned sullenly, and the smoke came pouring out.

"Send for the sweep, directly; the chimney wants sweeping," but a host of female voices declared that every chimney had been swept the previous week, and, certainly, by way of corroboration, it seemed as if there was draught enough in the chimney, only it was more frequently down than up; and, at last, in despair, after one or two more blower experiments, I had to confess myself beaten, eat my fault-finding words, and rake the fire out, which I confess that I did with a great deal of unnecessary violence, and that a proper iron blower should be used.

As may be supposed, there was a great prevalence of carbon in the atmosphere as we partook of our comfortless breakfast, and the blacks seemed to have got into one's temper—for the old moralists were certainly right about the unpleasantness of a smoky house and



INTERIOR

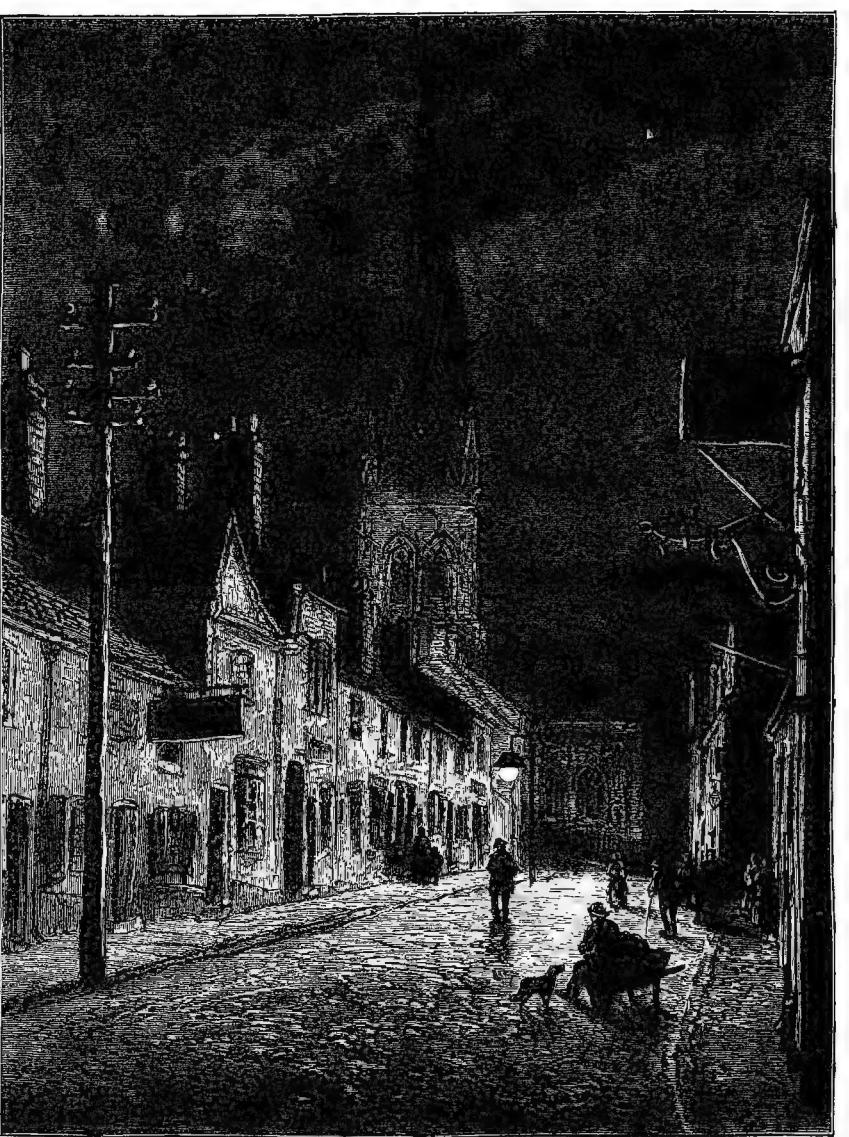


EXTERIOR

THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO EPPING FOREST: WALTHAM ABBEY

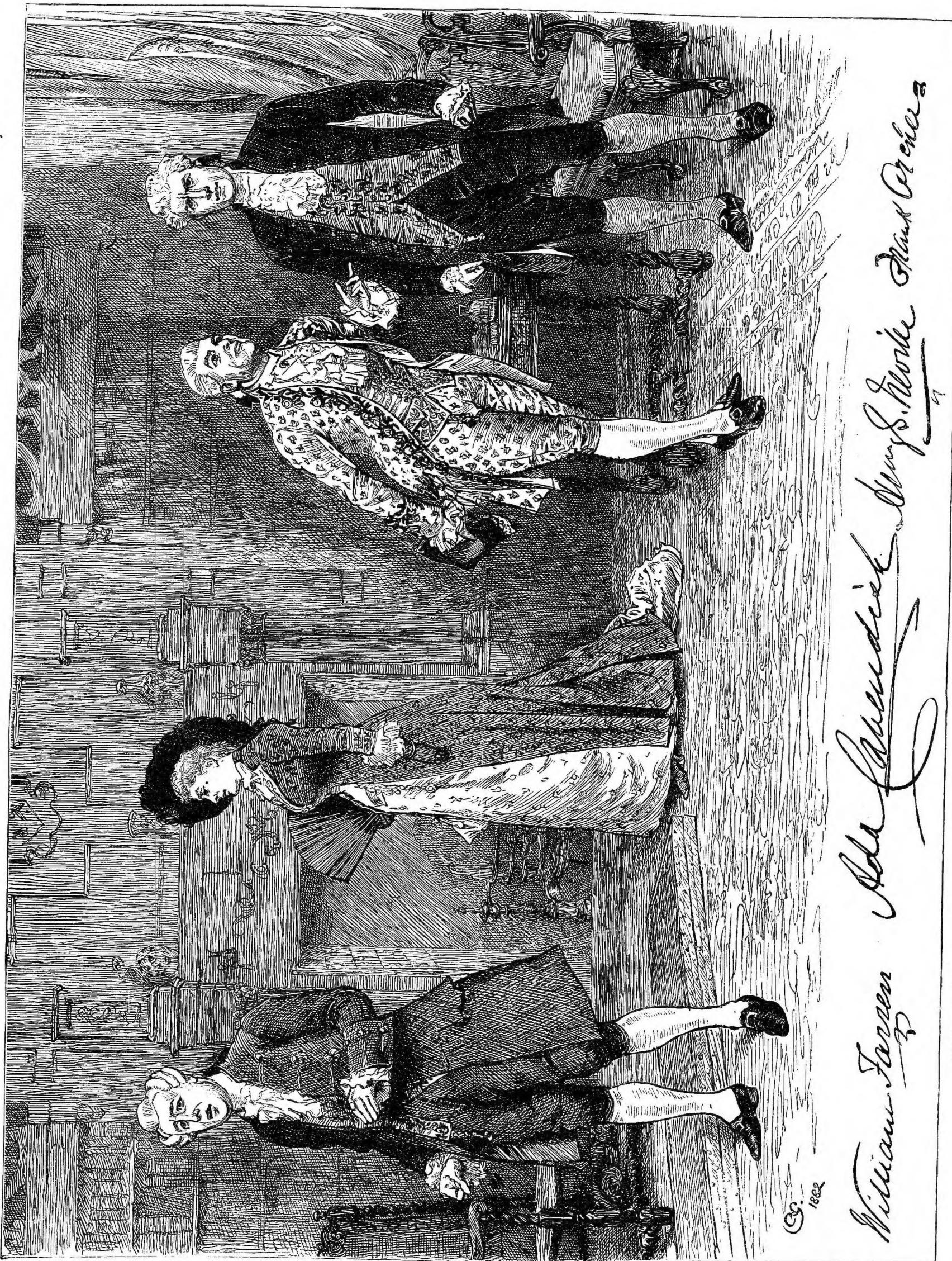


THE "LANE-FOX" INCANDESCENT LIGHT IN THE CHURCHYARD



THE "ARC" LIGHT IN ST. MARY'S GATE

ELECTRIC LIGHTING AT CHESTERFIELD
THE ONLY TOWN IN ENGLAND WHOLLY ILLUMINATED BY ELECTRICITY



THE "SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL" AT THE VAUDEVILLE THEATRE: THE SCREEN SCENE

*John Chaudieck, Henry S. Horne, Miss Adele,
William Farnum*

1882

a scolding wife, as far as the first half is concerned;—and as I thought this, and mused upon my irritability, I was fain to confess—of course only to myself—that the first would quite probably produce the second, and, under these circumstances, I was quite willing to discuss the question of what ought to be done. The result of the discussion was that a message should be sent to Smithers to come up at once.

Smithers was a—well, it is hard to say what Smithers was as a tradesman. He could not be called a bricklayer because he repaired pumps, neither could he be dubbed plumber because he saw to the drains when they literally shouted aloud during the hot weather, and proclaimed their presence in a most unpleasant way. Smithers papered the south room, too, and put back that slate that was blown off by the gale at the same time that he replaced the pane of glass which Master Bob broke with his bat. Smithers, however, seemed to be the man to send for, and Smithers came, announcing himself in the outer hall of our old country-house, which I had taken in the summer, by buzzing or burring in a low deep voice, as he spoke to the maid, and, upon going out to speak to him, he further announced himself and his dabblings in yet another trade by emitting a very strong smell of glue.

Our dining-room chimney smoked horribly. Could he do anything to it?

Oh yes, he did a deal in chimneys, he said, and he knew that chimney smoked, it always had smoked, but nothing had ever been done to stop it as he knew on; and, upon being invited to come in and look at it, Mr. Smithers began such a furious attack upon every mat he could reach—three in all—that it was evident that his love of cleanliness would induce him to make a good job of our objectionable smoke channel, while his confident manner plainly showed me that he was quite the right man.

He was a very sturdy, neutral-looking being, of a pepper-and-salt colour as to his hair, and a curious, one-sided style pervaded his motions, for he approached you right shoulder first, with his arm half raised, and his face screwed up, as if he expected you were going to hit out at him; and he advanced in this way both to people and to things. For instance, after bowing very humbly to my wife, he sidled up to the fireplace, went down upon one knee, and, holding on by the grate, partly disappeared from our view in a slow and elaborate way, coming back by degrees, and then shaking his head, he kept on gazing reproachfully at the fireplace and talking at it, but really to me, as he said with averted head :

"Smokes a deal, I s'pose, sir?"

"Horribly," exclaimed my Prime Minister and I in a breath.

"Comes down in puffs, like, sir?"

"Great puffs of flame and smoke," we exclaimed together, only that my wife put the smoke first.

"Yes, sir, I should think it would," said Smithers, rising slowly, and then dusting his knees as if he expected that our new hearthrug had soiled them. "I'll have a look at it from outside, please."

There was so much calm confidence in Mr. Smithers's ways, that my wife looked quite hopeful, and a certain sanguine feeling began to glow within my own breast as I went out with him on to the lawn, where, shading his eyes with one hand, and rubbing his ear with the brass tip of a two-foot rule, he had a good stare at the chimney stack; after which he gave vent to a low chuckle.

"There ain't nothing the matter with the chimbley, sir," he said.

"But there is," I cried angrily. "It smokes horribly."

"Course it does when there ain't no pot on. I'll come up s'afternoon and put one on. Chimbleys like that are sure to smoke if there ain't no pot."

This was hopeful, and in the course of the day a tall red pot was brought in a cart, with a long ladder and some bricks and mortar, fitted in its place, and the fire was lit soon after the men had gone.

Result : More smoke and more Smithers, who came, looked astonished, and visited the top of the house, coming back to say that we must have a zinc cowl on account "o' that there ellum tree as grew up above the chimbley-stack." I agreed to have a zinc cowl, and at the end of a week's misery the said cowl was brought and fitted up to swing round with its back to the wind; and once more, for result, the dining-room filled with smoke, as if the chimbeyley had been built the wrong way up, and the smoke knew it, and would follow the proper course.

Smithers again, and he said it was "a rum 'un." He'd cured hundreds o' obstinate chimbleys, but this one capped all ! What we wanted was a tall-boy—that was what we wanted. And the tall-boy came at the end of a fortnight, said tall-boy being a zinc tube with one of those spinning ventilator things on the top. But probably the boy was not tall enough, for we were still suffocated by the smoke. In disgust I paid Smithers's bill, and determined to try chimbeyley doctoring myself, and this I did, with only moderate success I own, but still I made a sort of half cure of my patient. To have made a whole cure would have necessitated rebuilding the chimbeyley from grate to pot, and that was like half pulling down the house.

It took some time to arrive at the source of the disease, but calm consideration gave me the facts, and for the benefit of those who may suffer in the same way I give them as they appeared to me. Firstly, I found that in building a house our ancestors invariably made enormously wide chimbeyleys, with room in them for plenty of conflicting currents, and also had the tops of their grates widely open, instead of closed in, so as to condense the heated air that rose from the fire, the modern practice being to give the heat and smoke quite a narrow way out to the roof, with the consequence that there is a far sharper draught. But even if we had possessed the smaller chimbeyley and smaller draught, the result would not have been good, for it must be taken as an absolute necessity that there shall be no adjacent buildings higher than the pot of the chimbeyley. If there be, so sure as the wind blows from a quarter facing those higher buildings, the air in motion strikes against those buildings as it passes over the chimbeyley top, and the result is a check and an eddy, part of the air going upwards, some to the right or left, and enough striking downwards to drive back the smoke, causing a fierce current in the opposite direction and a room full of smoke. In our case no taller building dominated the chimbeyley, but a tall "ellum" tree, as Smithers called it, towered above the pot, and, acting as it did like a check to the breeze, no sooner did the wind chop round to the east, than the various downward currents began, and with them misery in the extreme.

We had tried clear fires, wood fires, charcoal fires, everthing but smoky coal fires, and suffered from irritation of the bronchial tubes, painful eyes, gritty tempers, horrors untold. In fact, we were upon the point of being driven away by the vagaries of the household demon, when going out to watch how the smoke left the chimbeyley-pot one day, I saw the wind beat against the elm in mighty puffs, and every time it did so there was a check in the exit of the smoke. The secret was at my feet, and I ran in and reported progress.

"But it seems a pity to cut down so fine a tree," I said.

"Pity to cut it down!" cried the Prime Minister. "Why I would sooner cut down the New Forest than suffer this!"

So the elm fell, was cut up in pieces, and we merrily burned them in our fire as they began to dry, the chimbeyley being half cured now, and drawing as well as such a huge construction would. It gave us a hint at times, but only in the fiercest storms, and then the puffs were not so bad. But there is one thing I have not mastered yet : so big a chimbeyley demands a vasty draught, and to obtain that open stands the dining-room door both night and day.

Moral : We are a little wiser than our ancestors as far as chimbeyleys go.

G. MANVILLE FENN .



LAMBORN COCK.—Two pretty and easy trios for female voices are "The Breeze from the Moor," written and composed by Charles Rowe and M. W. Balfe; and "Beautiful are the Fields of May," poetry by George Soane, music from Sir Henry Bishop's obscure opera of *Aladdin*.—Mrs. Kendall has long been a favourite on the stage; we are happy to make her acquaintance as a poetess, she having written the very pleasing words of two retrospective songs for a soprano, "Ten Years Ago" and "Time Passes On;" the music for both songs is by Walter Maynard, who has done his best for them.—A merry hunting song, written and composed by R. E. E. Warburton and John Hullah, is "I Love But One Fair Face." This song is within the middle octave, and will prove first favourite in a country drawing-room.—For a sentimentally-disposed youth, "For Thee," a tender love song, also of medium compass, words by Charles J. Rowe, music by Charles E. Tinney, will be found very suitable as a contrast to the above-named.—Bishop Heber's beautiful poem, "I Praised the Earth in Beauty Seen," has been charmingly set to music by J. Greenhill for a soprano. A good sacred song is always acceptable in the home circle.—No. IV. of "The Fan Series," a collection of favourite pianoforte pieces, by classical and modern authors, is a popular "Gavotte and Courante" (in G), by J. S. Bach, carefully revised and fingered; a very desirable addition to the musical library.—Mr. W. H. Holmes has arranged a simple little pianoforte piece, composed by the Prince Consort, entitled "The Presentation," which introduces the pretty melody, "Sounds are Through the Forest Dying."—A Sonata in G, by Domenico Scarlatti, marked and fingered by Florence May, is an excellent example of this old master's school, well worthy of being learnt by heart.—"Chant du Pêcheur," by Francesco Berger, is a showy pianoforte piece for the schoolroom.—"The Waldeck-Pyrmont Valse," for the pianoforte, by Maxwell F. Webb, is not the worst specimen of the numerous compositions that the recent Royal Marriage has evoked, which is not saying much in its favour.

MESSRS. TIESSET (NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE).—A very graceful piece for the pianoforte is "Esperanza," by Chevalier A. Biagi.—Two showy and brilliant specimens of dance music by Miss A. L. Tankerville, are "The Dotterina Galop" and "Les Charmes d'Hiver" waltz; both will repay the trouble of learning by heart, as neither of them is very easy. We cannot say the same of the "Bridal Polka," by Claude Melnotte, which is a very weak specimen of its school.—The title of "The D. B. S. Galop" fairly puzzled us until we came across a note explaining that "Uncle Toby," to whom this merry piece is dedicated, has got up a society which numbers 55,956 children who pledge themselves to be kind to birds. "The Dicky Birds' Society" deserves to be encouraged; we advise our young readers to learn this galop, which is not difficult. The composer withdraws his or her name.

MESSRS. J. MACDOWELL AND CO.—A very witty skit upon the sentimental poetry of the period is a comic song by Howard Paul, entitled "Be Gentle to the New Laid Egg"; it would raise a hearty laugh even at the dullest of musical evenings.—Four very excellent compositions by G. Bachmann, arranged both as solos and for the pianoforte, are "Ronde de Nuit," "Romance Sans Paroles" (Op. 61), "La Reine Elizabeth Gavotte Favorite," and "Chanson Marie Louise."—Quaint and dainty, as its title would infer, is "La Coquette," a *morceau de salon*, by Joseph A. Toepper.

RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

THE story of Lady Jane Grey has always attracted dramatists, from Webster down to Mr. Buchanan, but it cannot be said that there is much to recommend the latest version, either from a poetical or a dramatic point of view. "The Earl's Revenge," a five-act dramatic play, by the author of "Tacitus and Bruciolini" (Diprose and Bateman), turns chiefly on Lord Arundel's schemes for the subversion of Northumberland, and is written in very blank verse indeed. Considering the preface, one wonders why it was written, or at any rate published, at all. The most remarkable point about the play is that the author gives rather more justice than is usual to poor Mary Tudor.

"Our Home Beyond the Tide," compiled by Ellen E. Miles (Glasgow : David Bryce), is a collection of religious pieces in metre of no poetical merit, and calling for no special attention.

It may be doubtful whether it was worth while to reproduce in sumptuous fashion Skelton's scurrilous old "Ballad of the Scottyshe Kynge," founded on the disaster of Flodden. However, this has been done in facsimile, with an historical and bibliographical introduction, by Mr. John Ashton (Elliot Stock), and the volume may interest people with antiquarian proclivities but small reading. The editor's remarks are at times obscure, as when he seems to claim a distinctive British form of ballad, in apparent oblivion of Scandinavian and other treasures of the kind, and inclines to deny the title to "The Nut-brown Mayde" because of its antiphonal form—by no means a sure test. For ourselves, we feel disposed to agree with Pope in his estimate of Skelton.

Most of the pieces in "Recaptured Rhymes," by H. D. Traill (Blackwood), have already appeared in existing journals, and were hardly worth reproduction in their present form. The author attempts to emulate both Mr. W. S. Gilbert and Mr. Calverley, but the mantle of neither can be said to have descended on him.

Those who patronise the present "cycle" of Wagnerian opera may find their profit in the study of "Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg," with an English translation by H. and F. Corder (Schott and Co.). The original text and the English version are given on opposite pages, so as to facilitate comparison.

There is much to please in "Our Holiday Among the Hills," by James and Janet Logie Robertson (Blackwood). The verse is melodious, and the section entitled "Horace in Homespun" is as witty as it is clever in the adaptation to Lowland Scots of the Sabine poet's thoughts. Among the best of the other pieces are "The Lovers' Walk" and "Autolycus and the Swallows," but it is to be feared that the genuine humour of the latter will be lost to Southron readers. None the less is it excellent of its kind.

Mr. Frederick B. Needham is at his best when writing such jovial songs as "My Polly" or "Jack's Fancy"; he shows to less advantage in the more ambitious pieces contained in "Glenavon, and Other Poems" (E. W. Allen). The chief poem is a rather dull story of rape and murder, told in passable Spenserian measure. The so-called pastoral, "The Bridal Day," is a failure. There was no earthly reason for Claudine's sudden repentance; and the attempt at a ballad, "Agincourt," might serve chiefly as a warning to tyros.

Mr. E. W. Gosse possibly rates too highly both the author's general reputation and her poetical gifts in his preface to "Ancient Ballads and Legends of Hindustan," by Toru Dutt (Kegan Paul). There are many well-read men and women to whom the deceased lady's name would be altogether unfamiliar, and the present volume affords no good reason why it should be anything else. The legends are prettily told in average verse, without much imaginative or descriptive power; but there is one piece, "France," which

shows decided force and fire, and it is not impossible that the author, had she lived, might have taken a good place amongst minor poets.

Few artists excel in more than one branch of art, so that we need not wonder if there is nothing of the highest order of merit in "A Poet's Harvest Home," by William Bell Scott (Elliot Stock). There are some pleasant verses, and others which ask even greater praise; e.g., "To the Dead," which is by far the best thing in the book, and "St. Columba"; but as a whole, the contents are not above the average, and the general rhythm of the pieces is, to say the least of it, eccentric.



"THE PET OF THE CONSULATE," a novel (3 vols.: Bentley and Son), has all the interest that can possibly be obtained from variety. Never does the author allow his reader breathing time between incidents which for the most part would be unlikely anywhere, and are distributed pretty evenly between Chicago, China, Japan, and Italy. The heroine is one of those ladies, scarcely less dangerous to themselves than to other people, who are perpetually tumbling into scrapes, and who reckon their passionate lovers by the number of their male acquaintances. The manner in which Milly falls into every imaginable sort of trouble, marriage included, is only less wonderful than the way in which she contrives to tumble out again. She affords no exception to the rule that nobody is so certain of sympathy as the *héroïne terrible*, and that in spite of any number of literary short-comings. High spirits, dash, and a delight in adventure are always welcome, especially when an author describes unfamiliar sides of life from obviously original experiences. Japan, for example, is still far from being exhausted ground, and the consular service is admirably adapted—allowing a fair amount of licence—for romantic purposes, now that the higher regions of diplomacy have become so painfully dull and dry. The best thing in the book, however, is a really vivid and brilliant description of the last great eruption of Vesuvius—an episode really worth reading. For the rest, "The Pet of the Consulate" can be recommended for nearly all the qualities that make a novel readable—a character more to the purpose than a great many that are higher. The plot is sheer romance, without disguise, and the disconnected incidents are chosen for the sensational and picturesque rather than for the legitimately dramatic elements they may contain. These simple conditions render the novel very readable indeed.

"Schloss and Town," by Frances Mary Pearn (3 vols.: Smith, Elder, and Co.), is the work of a novelist thoroughly imbued with the spirit of modern German fiction, or at any rate with that of its English imitators and translators. The story of the transformation of very mixed and opposing feelings into love between the young nobleman and the young *bourgeoisie* is told in the manner of the best German models, and in considerably better style than if it had been written by a real German. It is simple, natural, and pleasing, with a very moderate amount of sentiment, and this of an unaffected and unexaggerated kind. Tales of German life have of late threatened to become common, stale, and tiresome, but this deals with conditions and relations that create an exceptional degree of freshness, and will be new even to many who know Germany otherwise than by means of books and of railway tours from inn to inn. In every respect the spirit of that life is reproduced intelligently and faithfully.

Mr. T. Louis Oxley, in "Annunziata Grimani" (2 vols.: Kerby and Endean) has, he states, deviated as little as possible from "Les Usqueres," an historical romance, by M. Milkowsky. Unacquainted with the original, we can scarcely congratulate Mr. Oxley on his choice of a subject for translation or adaptation, except to the extent of its giving a picture of Servian history some three centuries ago—so that in point of place, if not in that of time, the work has an inherent interest that a great deal of obviously extravagant colouring cannot destroy. Who the Usqueres were, and the sort of intrigue that has gone far to make Eastern Europe what it is now, are matters worth knowing, and it is unpleasant to find them buried under a heap of romantic nonsense which makes the exact value of the knowledge thus gained somewhat doubtful. It is all very well to erect a structure of pure fancy upon solid and familiar ground, but neither M. Milkowsky nor Mr. Oxley seems to take into account the prevalence of perfectly contented ignorance concerning the historical relations between Venice, Servia, the Porte, and the Empire. Considered purely as a series of picturesque descriptions, some of the episodes are rapidly weak, others exceedingly strong. Among the latter is a horrible description of the impalement of a father, who thus sacrificed himself in order that his child might not be taken to be trained as a Janissary. In general, "Annunziata Grimani" may be classed as belonging to the Italian school of historical fiction—as a sort of florid fantasia upon a set theme designed less to satisfy the reader than to display the author's brilliancy.

"Owl Ash," a novel, by "Monica" (3 vols.: Marcus Ward and Co.), is, in form, the autobiography of a good and beautiful young woman, varied with occasional contributions from a villain. We know that the heroine is good and beautiful, because she never tires of telling us so—she even talks of her own high-souled honour and fearless rectitude. In like manner, that her husband is a villain is declared by himself with the simplicity of burlesque melodrama. The tone of the romance is sentimental to the highest pitch—the heroine's life is mixed up with so many mystical visions and reveries, and such incidents as the breaking of smiles of unutterable derision over the stony faces of monuments in churches, that we are never for a moment left in doubt of our admission into a loftier atmosphere than ordinary mortals are permitted to breathe. Unhappily this extreme softness both of tone and of language is apt to prove mawkish to some unaccustomed tastes, and exceedingly comical to others. This is unfortunate, because contemporary gush is seldom so completely innocent and harmless as in the hands of "Monica." She has evidently read a good deal of the fiction which admiring readers annotate with exclamations of "How Beautiful" and "How True!" and her apparent ambition for the same honour seems not unlikely to be gratified.

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